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THE  
TRAVELLER'S HANDBOOK  
TO THE RIVIERAS OF  
FRANCE AND ITALY









THE  
TRAVELLER'S HANDBOOK  
TO  
THE RIVIERAS  
OF  
FRANCE AND ITALY  
INCLUDING  
RHONE VALLEY, BASSES AND  
MARITIME ALPS, AND CORSICA

BY  
ROY ELSTON

Author of  
*Constantinople, Gallipoli and Asia Minor*  
*Venice and Venetia; Holland, etc.*

WITH MAPS AND PLANS



LONDON  
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## P R E F A C E

BECAUSE it is a convenient title this book has been called *The Rivièras of France and Italy*; and the area covered fulfils what is generally understood by that expression. It goes further, and embraces the Rhone Valley, the Basses-Alpes, the Maritime Alps, and Corsica.

Unusual space and attention have indeed been bestowed on the Rhone Valley, the Basses-Alpes, and the Maritime Alps; but although it is unusual, it is justified. The Rhone Valley, from Avignon to the sea, is one of the most attractive regions in Europe. The author of this book considers it to be the most beautiful and satisfying country in France.

The Basses-Alpes have also been woefully neglected in the past. There is no reason to neglect them any longer now that rail and motor communication have rendered them conveniently accessible. They conceal many highly interesting towns and many adorable little villages, and, besides, possess the finest series of cañons in France.

The providing of practical information has been the author's chief aim in writing *The Rivièras of France and Italy*. That is as it should be. But he has also endeavoured to give, as well as he could, a readable account of the pleasant places in this part of France. He hopes he has succeeded.

A number of authorities are referred to throughout the text, and special gratitude is due to Sir Theodore Cook's *Old Provence*; Mrs Eleanor Elsnér's *Romantic France*; the works of Lentheric, and the numerous French monographs available on Provence. To these sources the author acknowledges his indebtedness.

As a matter of course, errors are certain to exist. It is impossible to escape them, especially in a first edition; and doubtless the Publishers may continue to rely on the assistance of travellers who, from their own experience, are able to point out any such inaccuracy.

R. E.



# LIST OF HOTELS

Hotels are shown in their proper place throughout the text of this handbook. The following is a list of those for which Messrs Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., are the Authorised Agents.

*(To be able to select and reserve before leaving home the particular accommodation desired is an advantage which needs no emphasising. Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., can secure in advance accommodation at any class of hotel all over the world, from single bedrooms to suites of apartments, on any floor, with whatever aspect may be desired. They also arrange en pension terms for an extended stay in one place.)*

**ACQUI—**  
Nuove Terme.  
Vecchie Terme.

**AGAY—**  
Roches Rouges.

**AIX-EN-PROVENCE—**  
des Thermes Sextius.

**AJACCIO—**  
Grand et Continental.  
des Etrangers.

**ANNECY—**  
Imperial Palace.  
d'Angleterre et Grand.  
du Mont Blanc.

**ANNOT—**  
Grac.  
Philip.

**ANTIBES—**  
Royal.

**ARENZANO—**  
Grand.

**ARLES S/RHONE—**  
du Nord Pinus.  
du Forum.

**AVIGNON—**  
Grand Hôtel de l'Europe.  
Dominion.  
Grand.  
du Louvre.

**BANDOL S/MER—**  
des Bains.  
Pens. Les Lauriers.  
Villa le Goeland.

**BARCELONNETTE—**  
des Alpes.

**BASTIA—**  
Imperial (late Cynos Palace).  
Grand Hôtel de France.

**BEAULIEU—**  
Bristol.  
Bedford (late Panorama Palace).  
Victoria.  
Grand des Anglais.  
Royal.  
Savoy (late Suisse).  
Pens. de France.  
Londres.

**BEZIERS—**  
Cie du Midi.

**BORDIGHERA—**  
Grand Hôtel du Cap Ampeglio.  
Royal.  
Continental.  
Hesperia.  
Miramare.  
du Parc.  
d'Angleterre.  
Britannique.  
Pension Jolie.

**BORMES-LES-MIMOSA—**  
Grand.

**BRIANCON—**  
Grand Hôtel de Briancon.  
Terminus P.L.M.

**CALACUCCIA (CORSICA)—**  
des Touristes.

**CALVI (CORSICA)—**  
Citadelle Inn.  
Christoph Colomb.

**CANNES—**  
Beau Site.  
Californie.  
Carlton.  
Gallia Palace.  
Majestic.  
Métropole.  
Beau Sejour.  
Bellevue.  
Continental.  
Gonnet et de la Reine.

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Gray et d'Albion.  
Mont Fleury.  
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Alsace Lorraine.  
des Anglais.  
Bristol.  
Pavillon.  
des Pins.  
Splendid.  
St Charles Winter Palace.  
Cosmopolitan.  
Campestra.  
Hollande et Russie.  
Victoria.  
Alexandra.  
Geneva et d'Angleterre.  
de Paris.  
Carnot.  
Castelflor.

CAP D'AÏL—  
Eden.  
du Cap Fleury.

CAP FERRAT—  
Grand Hôtel du Cap Ferrat.

CAP MARTIN—  
Cap Martin.  
Bella Riva.  
Château Diodato.

CASSIS—  
Cendrillon.

CAVALAIRE—  
Surmer.

CAZE (CHÂTEAU DE LA)—  
Hostellerie du Château de la Caze.

CERBERE—  
Buffet Hotel Terminus.

CETTE—  
Grand.

CHAMBERY—  
Grand Hôtel de France.  
Moderne (late des Princes).

COLMAR—  
Grand Bristol.  
Terminus.

CORTE—  
Park.  
du Nord et de l'Europe.  
Paoli.

DIGNE—  
Hostellerie des Alpes.  
du Grand Paris.

EVIAN-LES-BAINS—  
Royal Palace.  
Splendide.  
l'Ermitage.  
Grand Hôtel d'Evian.

## EVIAN-LES-BAINS—continued

Beau Site.  
Bedford.  
Continental.

GENOA—  
Grand Hotel Miramare.  
Bristol and Palace Hotel Eden.  
Savoy Majestic.  
Grand des Gênes.  
Isotta.  
Grand des Princes.  
de Londres et Continental.  
France et Concordia.  
Italia and Minervia.  
Pens. Petracchi.

GRASSE—  
Grand.  
Belvedere Palace.  
Victoria.

GRENOBLE—  
Grand.  
Majestic.  
Grand Hotel Moderne.  
Suisse et Bordeaux.  
Pens. Select.

GRIMALDI-VINTIMIGLIA—  
Miramare.

HYÈRES—  
Albion, Costebelle et l'Ermitage.  
Golf.  
des Iles d'Or.  
Métropole.  
des Palmiers.  
des Ambassadeurs.  
Beau Sejour.  
Regina Hesperides.

ILE ROUSSE (CORSICA)—  
Grand de l'Europe.  
du Château.

JUAN-LES-PINS—  
Grand.  
Château Miramar.  
Splendide.  
Welcome.

LA CROIX  
Kensington.  
Grand.

LAUTARET (LE)  
des Glaciers.

LEGHORN—  
Palace.  
Terminus Corallo.

LES LECQUES (ST CYR)—  
Grand des Lecques.  
de la Plage.

LIORAN (LE)—  
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Bristol.  
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Grand Hôtel de Russie.  
Piolat and Lutetia.

### MANDELIEU—

Golf.

### MARSEILLE—

de Noailles et Métropole.  
du Louvre et Paix.  
Regina.  
Splendide.  
Grand.  
Terminus.  
Bristol.  
de Geneve.  
de la Plage.

### MENTONE—

Imperial.  
Winter Palace.  
Bellevue et d'Italie.  
des Îles Britanniques.  
Majestic.  
Riviera Palace.  
Royal and Westminster.  
Venise et Continental.  
Annonciata.  
Atlantic et Malte.  
Balmoral.  
Menton et du Midi.  
Côte d'Azur.  
Méditerranée.  
de Turin.  
Prince de Galles.  
Cyrnos Pension.  
Pension Flandria.  
Magali Pension.  
Pension Mignon.  
Pension Princess.

### MENTONE-GARAVAN—

des Anglais.  
Cecil.  
Wyder's Grand.  
Britannia and Beau Site.

### MONACO—

Etrangers.  
Condamine.  
de la Paix.

### MONTE CARLO—

Métropole.  
de Paris.  
Riviera Palace.  
Balmoral Palace.  
Grand.  
Hermitage.  
Mirabeau.  
Monte Carlo Palace.  
Prince de Galles.  
Windsor.  
Alexandra.

### MONTE CARLO—*continued*

des Anglais and St James.  
Beau Rivage.  
Bristol and Majestic.  
Gallia.  
de Londres.  
Royal.  
National.  
des Princes.  
Olympia.

### NERVI—

Eden.  
Savoy.  
Strand Hotel Miramare.  
de la Ville et Helvetia.  
Pens. Bonera.

### NICE—

Majestic.  
Negresco.  
Plaza et de France.  
Ruhl et des Anglais.  
Atlantic.  
Continental.  
Grand.  
Langham.  
de Nice.  
Palace.  
Royal.  
Westminster.  
Beau Rivage.  
Métropole.  
du Mont Boron.  
Grand Hôtel O'Connor.  
des Palmiers.  
Queen's.  
Terminus.  
West End.  
Excelsior Hôtel Funel.  
Merveille.  
des Princes.  
St Ermins.  
Windsor.  
Brice.  
Busby.  
Pension Trois Epis.

### NICE (CIMIEZ)—

Hermitage.  
Riviera Palace.  
Winter Palace.  
Grand Hôtel de Cimiez.  
Pavillon Victoria.

### NÎMES—

du Luxembourg.

### OSPEDALETTI LIGURE—

Grand Hôtel de la Reine.  
Miramare Palace Grand Hôtel.  
Royal.  
Suisse.  
Pension Métropoli.  
Pension Riviera.

### PAU—

de France.  
Continental.

# LIST OF HOTELS

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## PAU—*continued*

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de la Poste.

## PEGLI—

Grand Hôtel et Méditerranée.

## PEIRA-CAVA—

Bellevue Victoria.

## PIANA—

Grand Hôtel de Roches Rouge.  
Continental.

## PORTOFINO (MARE).

Grand Hôtel Splendide.

## PORTOFINO VETTA—

Grand and Villa Margherita.

## RAPALLO—

Grand Excelsior New Casino.  
Bristol.  
Grand Hôtel et Europe.  
Grand Hôtel Verdi.  
Bellevue et des Anglais.  
Elizabetta.  
Savoia.

## ROYAN s/L'OCEAN—

Palace.  
Grand et du Parc.

## SABLETTES—

Golf Hotel.

## SAN REMO—

Grand Hôtel Royal.  
Savoy.  
Grand Bellevue.  
Miramare Palace.  
Grand Hotel des Anglais (late Grand Hotel).  
de l'Europe et de la Paix.  
de Londres.  
Méditerranée.  
Belvedere.  
Cosmopolitain.  
des Etrangers.  
Mafalda.  
Morandi's.  
Pension Fleuri.

## SANTA MARGHERITA LIGURE—

Imperial Palace.  
Eden Grand Hôtel Guglielmina.  
Continental.  
Miramare.  
Regina Elena.  
Santa Margherita (late Métropole).  
Pension Paraggi.

## SARTENE—

César et de l'Univers.  
de Provence.

## SESTRI LEVANTE—

Grand Jensch.

## SPEZIA—

Royal Croce di Malta.

## ST GERVAIS LES BAINS—

Royal.  
Splendid.  
La Savoie.

## ST MARTIN VESUBIE—

Grand Regina.

## STE MAXIME—

Grand Hôtel de Ste Maxime.  
Les Mimosas.

## ST RAPHAEL—

Beau Rivage.  
du Parc.  
Select.

## ST SAUVEUR-LES-BAINS.

Pintat.

## TAMARIS—

Grand.

## THEOULE—

Grand.

## THONON-LES-BAINS—

du Parc.

## TOULON—

Grand.  
Victoria.

## TRAYAS (LE)—

Esterel.

## TURIN—

de l'Europe and Grand.  
Palace.  
Suisse Terminus.  
Rome.

## URIAGE-LES-BAINS—

Alberges et du Golf.  
du Globe et Continental.

## VALENCE—

de la Croix d'Or.

## VALESCURE ST RAPHAEL—

Golf.

## VAREZZE—

Savoie.

## VENTIMIGLIA—

Suisse and Terminus.

## VIAREGGIO—

Méditerranée.  
Pension Anglaise.

## VIZZAVONA—

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## INTRODUCTORY

THE name Riviera at once connotes a vision of warmth and splendour. You think of a congeries of bays and headlands, porphyry red and silver, where the blue beauty of the Mediterranean takes its ease ; above, in terraces of pink and green, the exotic foliage that shades the most expensive boulevards in the world ; and smart resorts which rise, from time to time, to an exuberant effervescence of marble pavilions and golden-domed casinos where the fashion of the world indulges its taste for luxury.

That alone is an attractive picture, whatever the moralist might say. Magnificence is always alluring. Never more so than when Nature and the Past lend it the lighter, subtler grace of romance. Both Nature and the Past are generous to the Riviera : the warmth and brilliance and colour of the day, with the deep blue of the sea running softly to the shore ; the full green of southern trees and the perfume of fantastic blooms ; castled peaks that overlook grotesque ravines ; flowery fields shelving away to pink hills, at the foot of Alpine summits whose snowy heads are lifted to the Raphaellesque blue of the sky.

There is something stagy about it. It is, however, a staginess that is always effective. Let there be no doubt about it : the Riviera is the most romantic spot on earth. Nowhere else is there such a marvellous combination of warmth, colour, perfume, luxury, gaiety, secrecy, vivid history and picturesque reminder of it. It is the atmosphere created unobtrusively by these features that has so telling an effect upon visitors, even those who care little or nothing for the individual causes. The sense of romance is in the air, irresistible.

This aspect of the Riviera is flaunted in posters, described in books, and nurtured in the hopeful breasts of half the world. And, for the most part, we shall leave it there, preferring to concentrate on things not quite so obvious. To do this we shall have to move away some



few steps from the actual strip of Riviera, delving into Provence and the Maritime and Ligurian Alps. We do this with an easier conscience—if a heavier heart—since the activities of transport organisers have, in effect, brought Provence and the seaward Alps into the region generally understood by Riviera.

Provence was the nearest approach to Greece in the West. The historical section, which follows this, will say that a complete and widely dispersed Greek civilisation flourished in Provence before the coming of the Romans. The scenery has so many of the attributes of Greece that it is easy to imagine an Hellenic civilisation in existence there; and that is one of the noblest beauties of the country—the classicism of its scenery, a characteristic here and there repeated in the features of the people.

Rome succeeded Greece; and with it the architecture of Rome, not less suited to the nature of the country. The character of these colonists and invaders impressed itself upon the native population, even as their architecture impressed itself upon the Provençal builders, with the result that the traditions and art of Greece and Rome were carried on when Greece and Rome were no more. To those influences in large extent must be traced the greatness of subsequent Provençal architecture and poetry, and it is the spirit of the two great classic nations of antiquity, and especially Greece, which informs the whole of Provence.

But you will not observe it in any great extent on the actual Riviera, though glimpses you do get, as at Antibes. It has been thrust inwards and westwards, and is found above all at Arles, Nîmes, Orange, and the neighbourhood of those places. It is doubtful if the spirit of Greece anywhere speaks more eloquently than among the stones of Arles. If you explore the country of the Rhône, from Arles to where it slouches in a series of lagoons to the sea, round about Aigues-Mortes, you will consistently be reminded of the distant forebears of Provence.

Equally fascinating, possibly more romantic, and certainly more numerous, are the medieval vestiges of Provence. Even the Riviera towns and hamlets have their full share of these, though it is along the banks of the Rhône that the finest relics exist. It is hardly neces-

sary to point to Avignon, with its stern Palace of the Popes, a grim, half-primitive thing, its flying buttresses whitened by time until they stand like the ribs of a monstrous Dinosaur. Over on the other bank are the peopled ruins of Villeneuve and Philip's arrogant tower.

So down the Rhône to Tarascon and Beaucaire; to Arles, with all the hierarchy of heaven sculptured on St Trophime's façade, to Montmajour, lonely on a hill, and deserted of the pious brethren who held their convent against the attacks of Saracens in the days when ships could come to the very walls of Arles. Hence it is a step to Les Baux, the most romantic ruin in the South, lifted in grotesque defiance from a basin rimmed by the saw-toothed, fiery edge of the Alpilles. On the other side of the Rhône lies St Gilles, the radiance of its abbey shining forth from the mutilations of a bitter war. And below this the pallid waters of the Camargue, lapping softly against the walls of Aigues-Mortes, that Woolwich and Chatham of the Crusades whose grim fortifications stand unchanged from the days of saintly Louis.

These are but a few of the extraordinary features of this land, to which must be added the Saracen relics, which are best observed among the Mountains of the Moors. But one should also bear in mind the agreeable circumstances in which all these characteristics may be observed. Provence is a land of ease. Nothing moves swiftly save the Rhône in spate, or the mistral blowing up from the Crau, or the blue train. Here are the quiet, plane-tree-shaded boulevards and squares, with their rambling cafés and sprawl of chairs and tables beneath the foliage, their groups of Provençals at *boule*, their piled baskets of grapes and melons, and their colours, half oriental.

Out of the towns are the long pale roads that pass through groves of cypress and olives, and by vineyards lighted with the vivid coifs of Spanish and Italian vendangeurs. The roads go on by flowery little villages perhaps to some forgotten stronghold among fastnesses of the western hills, or down to the stony Crau, littered, it is said, with the missiles used by Hercules in his encounter with the Ligurians.

Even less known to the English traveller is that region of Provence, inland some few miles from the sea, which is known as the Basses-Alpes. It is a region quite easy of access by train or motor, and full of diverse interest, with historic towns, fascinating hamlets, and an amazing grandeur of scenery. Though the people and their customs do not greatly differ from those of the plain and the coast, the scenery is, of course, entirely transformed, and the nature of the hill towns is something wholly different from the settlements along the Rhône valley.

The architectural relics are mainly medieval and later. There is nothing of the Roman period. But it is largely their disposition, in sites that would lift the most banal town to a romantic picturesqueness, that strikes the visitor. At Digne, Moustiers, Castellane, Annot, and Entrevaux, however, there are buildings which, in themselves, are of superior interest; and whole streets of medieval shops and dwellings may be seen, bearing the devices of five centuries ago, which do not seem in any way out of place, but rather seem appropriate to the ancient dignity and isolation of their surroundings.

Of no less interest are the peasantry, who pursue their eternal round of toil with a picturesque primitiveness that does much to create the atmosphere of other, quieter ages which pervades the Basses-Alpes. There can be few sights more pleasing than the movement of peasants along the road to Annot, taking their varied produce to the great fair, and returning, in the twilight, with the goods they have bought or failed to sell. Just so, one imagines, did the peasants of the fifteenth century make their way from remote, high-pitched village to the great fair at the town in the valley.

Finally, there is that marvellous succession of ravines known as the Gorges du Verdon, which pierces the hills between Moustiers and Castellane, and reaches the climax of its magnificence in a cañon equal to any in Europe, and more comparable—especially in colour—to the cañons of Colorado. There are few sights in Europe grander than these Gorges du Verdon, and many a day could profitably be spent in their exploration, with the delightful town of Castellane as one's headquarters.

Continuing eastwards from the Basses-Alpes to the Maritime Alps, and thence to the Ligurian Alps behind

Genoa, the scenery undergoes but very slight transformation, though the peaks of the Maritime Alps achieve much loftier heights than do any of the others, and, in the higher parts, give facilities for winter sports, while the lower slopes are warm with Mediterranean sunshine. To both these ranges, however, the remarks concerning the Basses-Alpes largely apply. They are little visited. Their scenery is of unusual and striking grandeur, and they hide among their numerous folds some of the pleasantest, oddest little towns in the world. They, too, are easily accessible, either by train or motor diligence.

There is a great deal else of unusual character which could be pointed out; for while the Côte d'Azur may be one of the best-known strips of territory in the world, what lies behind it, within the confines of the ancient kingdom of Provence, is scarcely known at all. There is no excuse for this avoidance of some of the most attractive parts of Europe. Communications either by railway or motor diligence are reasonably adequate, while the inns and hotels to be found throughout all Provence and Liguria are, except in very rare cases, thoroughly acceptable.

### § CLIMATE

Throughout the areas referred to above the climate undergoes fairly considerable changes, and the season for the coastal resorts is scarcely that for the cities on the Rhône or for the hill towns. As the Riviera is, however, the part chiefly visited, something shall be said first of its climate. It is not a perfect climate, although one of the best within thirty hours of London. The various resorts between Hyères and Leghorn, comprising both French and Italian Rivièras, enjoy a fairly mild temperature, a small proportion of rainy days, an abundance of sunshine, and, on occasions, no little wind. The actual rainfall at Nice during the winter months is greater than that in London, but the number of rainy days is about thirty as compared with London's seventy-six. The chief objection to the Riviera climate, especially in the western districts, is the troublesome north-west wind, known locally as the mistral, which the surrounding mountains

are too low to shut out. It used to be a saying in Provence—

“Parlement, mistral et Durance  
Sont les trois fleaux de Provence.”

Parliament is gone, but the mistral still blows in all its accustomed fury, and the Durance still overflows and devastates.

The average mean temperature in winter is 50° to 51° F., or about 10° higher than in England. The coldest months are December and January, and the season in the invalid resorts begins in November and ends in April. In the fashionable pleasure resorts, however, such as Cannes, Monte Carlo, and Nice, the season commences later and reaches its height during the months of February, March, and April, which are perhaps the three most enjoyable months from the point of view of the climate on the coast.

These remarks apply chiefly to the strip of coast as you go eastward from Marseille, but along the valley of the Rhône, winter is an extremely doubtful period, subject to the full fury of the mistral and to serious floods. The season for these parts is, however, fortunately placed in relation to the season for the Riviera, immediately preceding and following it. Thus it would be a very pleasant experience for a leisurely traveller to make his journey to the Riviera by slow stages, visiting the towns and ruins of the Rhône valley during the autumn months, and moving on to the Riviera, preferably by way of the Basses-Alpes, and reaching his destination at the proper season. Even better perhaps are the spring months throughout Provence. Autumn in the valley of the Rhône, during the time of vintage; winter at the favoured resorts along the French or Italian Rivas; and spring, that most enchanting season of the South, through the Maritime and Ligurian Alps—such a succession of beauty, intellectual and emotional, enjoyed under the influence of continuous sunshine, and with the seasonable diversions of the coast, could scarcely be bettered in any climate or any land. *La belle et douce Provence* taken in that fashion will, indeed, prove itself to be both beautiful and gracious.

## § FLORA AND FAUNA

The twofold uniformity of climate and vegetation is a feature of the Mediterranean region. Thus it is that all the countries washed by this inland sea have certain notable characteristics in common, especially the seductive colouring, half Greek, half oriental. If you have travelled in Northern Africa, Syria, Asia Minor, Greece, Italy, or along the coasts of Catalonia and Andalusia, and come then into Provence, the general aspect will strike you as something familiar.

The flora which is, however, peculiar—though not exclusive—to Provence are the cork oak, the umbrella pine, and the olive-tree. Speaking generally, the Mediterranean flora is chiefly distinguished by the evergreen oak, the fig, the almond, the Aleppo pine, the laurel, the juniper, the myrtle, the lentiscus, and the aromatic labiatae, such as thyme, rosemary, and lavender. These you will find throughout Provence and Liguria, but the three trees mentioned above belong specially to Provence, and the chief of the three is the olive.

The little grey legions of the olive are found all over Provence, yielding a plenteous harvest, even when ill-thriven and stunted. On every little hill, down every slope, and along the plains, from Donzère to the sea, you will find these useful, unobtrusive trees. As you go seaward and eastward the olive bursts into a vigour of leaves and fruit, and reaches quite a respectable height. Those which yield the best and softest oils are grown in the plain of Aix.

“The tree would seem by degrees to assert its freedom and throw off the yoke of slavery, and isolated specimens begin to assume magnificent proportions. After passing Toulon, it grows larger in the lovely plain of Luc, though it still retains the uniformity of its rounded head, which gives a peculiar and rather monotonous aspect to the landscape of upper Provence. To know and admire it, however, as one sees it at its best, one must have passed the chain of the Moors and the Estérel; until then, indeed, it has somewhat of a pitiful look, but from Cannes on eastward it becomes more and more splendid; it is no

longer pruned, for it is now robust, monumental in its size—a sort of primeval tree, which seems rejoicing in the pride of its vigour. And thus it accompanies one all through Provence, growing taller and more luxuriant as it escapes the influence of wind and cold; but it does not attain its full development till close to the Italian frontier.”—*Lentheric*.

The flora and fauna of this favoured land are not the least of its attractions, as the subsequent remarks<sup>1</sup> will, it is hoped, prove. To a botanist these shores of the Mediterranean are peculiarly attractive, for not only do many rare English plants make their headquarters here, but of late years numerous other countries, not excepting even the Antipodes, have contributed their most useful and conspicuous plants to add their beauties to those of the indigenous kinds. Here the blue gums of Australia have found a home, and, although planted by the present generation, have become stately trees 60 feet high, with a circumference of 10 feet. Apparently they thrive so well that in the distant future, not improbably, they will oust the native trees and look on the country as their own. At present their culture is encouraged as far as possible by man, in consequence of the influence their aromatic juices are supposed to possess over the various ills which human flesh is heir to. Here also flourish the casuarinas, or Australian beefwood trees—those mock conifers, as they may be called, which are worth cultivating were it only to hear the wind softly sighing upon a summer's evening through their long, pendent, horse-tail leaves. Several acacias and mimosas from Australia, seen only under glass in England, are also here, and with them the so-called pepper-tree (*Schinus molle*), whose racemes of berries, like coral beads, would add grace to the most beautiful garden in the world.

Among the exotic plants which are to be seen in the gardens here, and which testify to the high mean temperature of the air, may be mentioned the bamboo, the date-palm, the sugar-cane, and American agave, which many of our Transatlantic cousins, coming from the north, see for the first time flourishing in hedges here. Indeed, so com-

<sup>1</sup> Extracted, by permission, from papers contributed to the *Field*, of London, by Mr E. Lockwood.

pletely do the 36 hours from London change the scene, that on entering the garden of the Beau-site Hotel at Cannes late in November, it appeared as though we were walking in some gigantic conservatory, whose glass had suddenly been removed by fairy hands.

Unfortunately the ornithological life of the country is not quite so profuse. Mr Lockwood gives his observations in this matter gained during a walk from Cannes to Mentone on New Year's Day.

"The first portion of the walk lay through the town of Nice, and here were seen the small game of the inhabitants exposed for sale: blackbirds and thrushes, hawfinches, goldfinches, mountain finches, with here and there a woodpecker, blackcap, and cirl bunting. These constitute the ortolans of visitors, as short-lived larks and wagtails pass for ortolans in India. One would imagine that the insignificant size of the gold crest would have saved it from destruction; but no! here it is exposed for sale as food; and we saw a stout gentleman come and buy one for a penny.

"Here also exposed for sale is a kite, which some fortunate chasseur has brought down; but he must be nearly the last of his race, for the birds are wellnigh exterminated in this country, and no song is heard to break the silence of the woods.

"Notwithstanding the scarcity of birds, the naturalist who passes the winter at, say, Mentone need not find time hang heavily. The geologist may examine 100 miles of quarry along the Corniche Road, hewn out of the solid rock. The palæontologist may speculate on the bones and flints found in the limestone caves close to the town. The entomologist may chase swallow-tails, painted ladies, and Camberwell beauties over sunny hills and valleys; and whilst the arachnologist is studying the domestic economy of the trapdoor spiders found in every mossy bank, he who takes an interest in the inhabitants of the sea will find an endless variety in the fishermen's nets or exposed for sale daily in the markets.

"We passed on to the market, where baskets of octopi were coming in, together with sea-urchins and sea-wolves (*loup*), millions of small fry (which are eaten raw), snails, and thrushes, to feed the people of the town. The women



who kept the stalls were glad to see me, for I often paid them a visit, and would purchase for a trifle what no one else would buy—fishing-frogs and sling-fish, spider-crabs and mantis shrimps, just arrived from the bottom of the sea. The basket which I carried was soon filled with sufficient specimens to stock a good-sized aquarium.”

Flowers, both wild and cultivated, flourish in amazing profusion throughout the Riviera. Here is a garden between Mentone and Vintimille. It stands some 300 feet above the sea. On one side are yellow and red rocks, with distant purple hills; below, bordering on the sea, are emerald-coloured pines and bushes of yellow spurge, which in the dazzling sun appear like huge topazes set in among the rocks; whilst the distant white town of Bordighera, at the extremity of an undulating promontory, resembles the ivory horn of some huge monster thrust into the sea. Within the garden are the choicest plants, collected from every country which has a climate like Mentone—blue-gum trees, acacias, and mimosas, palms and aloes, with lilies and roses of every shade and hue. But the chief attraction is the anemones, thousands of which were growing side by side with brilliant-coloured tulips, producing a panorama never to be forgotten. A thrush in an orange-tree was trying to drown the distant murmur of the waves, and the sighing of the wind through the horse-tail leaves of the casuarina-trees produced a mysterious dreamy feeling.

The wild flowers, especially those about the lower parts of the Maritime Alps, are of equal richness. The woods are ablaze with tulips and lilies, myrtles and orchids and anemones, whose stamens, through generations of high feeding, have become converted into brilliant coloured petals. The variety of the plants is quite as remarkable as their colour. The great pea family has four times as many representative species in the Alpes-Maritimes as are to be found in the British Isles; and the vast plains of Bengal probably do not contain one-half the number of plants which a resident of Mentone may find within a single day's journey from his home. Then the Labiates have twice as many species as are included in the British flora; and also the Composites, which threaten in time to

drive all other competitors into the sea, and outnumber their cousins across the Channel by nearly two hundred species.

### § HISTORICAL SKETCH

When Julius Cæsar landed on the coast of Provence he found that country occupied almost entirely by semi-barbarous tribes to whom civilisation had come in isolated patches, which were, indeed, the settlements and trading-posts of the Phœnicians and the Ionian Greeks. What they knew of corn, the olive, and the vine they had learned from the Greeks. But more than that is chiefly legend. They must have been a poor, warlike race, and certainly their first conquerors were set no easy task to subdue them. The Romans considered it something of a feat to have crushed the Ligurians, as the ruined tower on La Turbie signifies; but their principal struggle in Provence, on which we shall touch presently, was against a much greater foe.

The Phœnicians spread their trading depots along the coast—especially at Marseille and Nice—at a very early date, their settlements bearing the generic name of *Heraclæan*, that is to say, town dedicated to Hercules (Phœnician *Melkarth*). The legend of the Crau, referred to on p. 3, where the existence of numerous boulders over the region is explained by the story of Hercules' struggle with the Ligurians—called giants because of the huge stone monuments raised by them—in which Heaven rained down a shower of stones upon the gods' opponents, recalls the Phœnician struggle with the natives.

The Phœnicians' great emporium was Marseille. Through this port passed the tin of Britain, the amber of the Baltic, and produce from all parts of the then known world; while the lesser ports along this coast were connected with Marseille by a road known as the *Heracleian Road*, which was afterwards strengthened and made use of by the Romans. The Phœnicians paid little attention to the people of the interior, and doubtless suffered little interference from them. After the initial struggles, the natives must have realised that they had more to gain than to lose by friendly intercourse with the traders who had settled on their shores.

Indeed, the people of the interior themselves began to

realise the advantage of trading settlements on a proper basis, and established at Arles, Tarascon, and other places, little ports accessible enough to the bigger traders but well removed from the onslaughts of pirates. Simultaneously the Phœnician settlements began to multiply, and, though it is impossible in these days to trace them all, there are some which in their names have left an echo of their origin. St Gilles, in their time known as Heraclea, was one of these. Although now some thirty miles inland, it was then a port at the mouth of the Rhône. St Tropez, another, was possibly Kaccabe (the name by which Carthage was first known); and an islet outside Marseille was called Phœnice.

"They were assuredly an energetic people, these Phœnicians. Inventors of alphabetical writing, of calculation, and of astronomy, essential to them in their distant navigations; skilful architects, gold-workers, jewellers, engravers, weavers, dyers, miners, founders, glass-workers, coiners, past-masters of all industries, wonderful sailors, intrepid tradesmen, the Phœnicians, by their incomparable activity, held the old world in their grip; and from the Persian Gulf to the Isles of Britain, either by their caravans or by their ships, were everywhere present as buyers or sellers."—Vinet, *L'Art et l'Archéologie*, Mission de Phénicie, Paris, 1862.

Now, in the year 542, a fleet of Phocæans came from Asia Minor and settled along the coast of Provence. With their coming the power of the Phœnicians declined. It was not a question of war between the rival settlements, but simply one of superior character, or perhaps superior shrewdness. At all events, the Greeks bided their time until presently Marseille, Nice, and other important Phœnician settlements were entirely under Greek control, and the trade of the country became dominantly Greek. As already pointed out, the new-comers were not, as the Phœnicians were, a race of sailors and commercial travellers. They could trade as well as their rivals, but they also had the additional gift of agriculture, and brought both the vine and the olive to their adopted home. After the fall of Carthage, in 146 B.C., the trade of the Mediterranean came almost entirely into the hands of the Greeks.

This proved to the liking of Rome, who kept on excellent

terms with the colonists, and was well served by them. The approach of Hannibal was first notified to Rome by the Greeks, and a contingent of Greeks from Marseille assisted Marius in his efforts to stem the tide of Ambrons and Teutons pouring down into Italy. When the destruction of Phocæa was threatened by a decree of Rome, a deputation from Marseille waited upon the Senate to plead for the mother city, and were successful in securing a revocation of the decree. The Romans, in their desire to keep on good terms with the Greeks, sent an army to their aid against the native Ligurians, and handed over the conquered territory to Marseille.

The vestiges of those great buildings which still remain in Provence are of supreme interest. There is hardly anything left of the great baths, except the very interesting fragment at Nîmes, but the size of some of the other ruins, and their excellent state of preservation, will help us to form some idea of the appearance of Provençal towns in the days of the Romans. The principal relics are those of the arena. Huge structures were raised at Nîmes, Arles, Fréjus, and Cimiez, monuments to the brutalities of the decaying empire.

"One can hardly look upon these great arenas without a feeling of horror. People must have fallen very low if they needed amusement of that sort, and yet they did. Captives and wild beasts were brought from the uttermost ends of the world to make a Roman holiday, whether in Rome itself or in the provinces. There were legions of gladiators, all kept in special training for the shows. They fought sometimes singly and sometimes almost in battalions. The proof how these spectacles dulled the sense of those who came to enjoy them lies in the various devices that were made at different times to impart some novelty into the spectacle. They would, for instance, arrange, with the help of some great aqueduct, to flood the arena, so they could have a naval battle done in miniature. The water was deep enough to drown those who were upset from their ships. Sometimes they had elaborate arrangements by which a forest would arise from the ground, and in these forests wild beasts, that were hunted as if in real life."

So the life of Provence sped forward as a Roman colony.

The Christian era dawned, and missionaries came to convert the people. Legend has it that Mary, Martha, and Lazarus all came in a little boat, heaven-guided, to the shores of Provence; Mary stayed at a spot now called Les Saintes Maries; Lazarus went to Marseille, and Martha set about ridding the country of its all-devouring Tarasque. At all events Christianity was notably introduced, though history records that the early fathers were set a hard task to eradicate paganism, and even when a Christian Emperor was resident at Arles, the Christian faith was still in a minority.

This state of affairs had changed, however, with the fifth century. Both the paganism and licentiousness of Rome became the subject of popular attack, and even the old Roman amusements were discontinued. The last race in the circus of Arles was run in 462. Earlier in that century the theatre had been wrecked by a deacon called Cyril, who, followed by a howling mob, burst into the noble building, smashed the Greek statues, and mutilated every manner of decoration. Even the colonnets of the stage were thrown down and broken, except for those that were carried off to ornament churches. There was, after all, some excuse for this fury. "If," says Salvian (quoted by S. Baring-Gould), "as often happens, the public games coincide with a festival of the Church, where will the crowd be? In the House of God or in the amphitheatre?"

Perhaps the greatest historical event—and certainly the most dramatic—to take place in Provence during the time of the Romans, was the defeat of the barbarians by Marius upon the plains of Pourrières. It was, indeed, that great Roman General's most important victory—"Caius Marius, that great conqueror from the ranks of the people, who crushed the barbarian horde beneath his chariot wheels at Aix, and bound their kings in chains."—*Mistral*. It was a victory that saved Provence, and Italy herself, from a fate even worse than that which had threatened it when Hannibal advanced, over much the same territory, to his defeat at the hands of Domitius and Fabius. It is, moreover, a victory which captured the imagination of historians, and of the people themselves, and the campaign against Hannibal, compared with that against the Teutons, is wrapped in silence.

"Hannibal passed like a thunder-cloud. His goal was Rome, and he paused not on his way. The invading hordes whom Marius annihilated were a menace to every population on their route. The massacre of their whole strength upon the plains near Aix was a catastrophe which no nation would observe unmoved. The Provençal has never forgotten it, and from his memories of that blood-stained cataclysm have arisen some of the most enduring and the most beautiful of his beliefs."—Sir Theodore Cook, *Old Provence*.

The Cumbrians and Teutons had advanced from the Baltic Sea. In the Bernese Oberland they were met by the Ambrons, and the great horde, numbering some twelve hundred thousand souls, poured down relentlessly to the promised land of the South. Marius, whose generalship had been proved in Africa, was sent immediately to stay the onrush of the barbarians, and was aided in his task by the unexpected decision of the barbarians to divide their forces, the Teutons marching into Spain and the allies keeping steadfast to the Italian goal.

While the Teutons were crossing and recrossing the Pyrenees, Marius prepared his encampment somewhere in the Alpilles, and built the famous Fosses Mariennes, by which his supplies were assured. Meanwhile the Teutons, advancing from the Pyrenees, crossed the Rhône at Tarascon, and continuing over the Tarascon plain, worked up to the foot of the Alpilles, near St Remy. Here it was that Marius had pitched his camp. The barbarians came—they came close enough to hurl stones at the Roman outposts—and then passed on. True, a skirmish was followed up by the appearance of the legions, who were satisfied to create panic in the ranks of the barbarians, and leave it at that. One may ask why Marius refrained from the attack. This is the answer given by Sir Theodore Cook :—

"He desired, first, to accustom his soldiers to the sight of the Barbarian army, whose exploits and ferocity had been unwarrantably exaggerated; and he desired to do that at a spot where the narrowness of the route would compel the Barbarians to pass by slowly in a narrowed formation, while his own men would easily be able to repel any attacks that might be made during that passage. His

second wish was to destroy the invaders utterly and irremediably upon a battlefield that he had chosen previously, and which they must necessarily accept. All turned out as he had planned it."

Presently the rearguard of the barbarians, failing in their attempt to draw Marius from his stronghold, had reached a plain beyond Aix, with Marius coming up behind them. Here they joined up with the main body, which included the Teutons and the Ambrons, who had fled in panic from the banks of the Lar, and made ready for the attack. Meanwhile, Marius and his legions were close behind, advancing directly on the barbarian host, who were met first by squadrons of the Roman light cavalry.

The enemy, without waiting for the attack to develop, at once engaged the main body of the Roman army and were repulsed. They quickly rallied for a fresh assault, which, however, was diverted by the strategy of the Roman General. There is to-day an old fort on Pain-de-Munition, overlooking the battlefield. At the time of the battle there was an old Celtic fortification on this hill, which was rapidly strengthened, and which formed the point from which Claudius Marcellus, who had gone with three thousand infantry north and east as far as Puits-de-Rians, was to make a turning movement.

The route by which Marcellus advanced completely screened his men, and resulted in utter surprise to the barbarians. The Teutons at once drew back to meet this unexpected assault, and, as they turned, the Roman legions fell upon them like an avalanche. "A hundred thousand fighting men were slain in that awful carnage on the right bank of the Lar. Three hundred thousand of the camp-followers and women were exterminated or sold in every slave-market along the coast. The stream of the Arc was choked with blood. The plains were thick with corpses. So complete was their defeat that the principal fact which history records of these Barbarian wanderers is their entire extermination."

Apart from the battlefield itself, on the plain of Pourrières there are several traces of this great campaign to be found throughout Provence. Traces of the enormous pyre upon which Marius celebrated his victory by a holocaust of booty, have been found on the plain of Pourrières; relics

of the Roman army's occupation have been revealed among the Alpilles ; there are several vestiges of a stone pyramidal monument raised near the encampment by the soldiers of Marius, and though the great General's monuments in Rome were destroyed by Sulla, there remains a beautiful triumphal monument at St Remy, raised to his illustrious relative by Julius Cæsar. But more than this: the tale of the victory has come down from generation to generation in legends and customs that are active even to the present day. The historical details have, of course, been largely forgotten by the peasants, and the following story, told to an English visitor, and quoted in Cook's *Old Provence*, is typical of many of the legends: A great victory was "gained by a Roman General named Caio Mario, against two large armies of Saracens, in gratitude to Heaven for which victory Caio Mario vowed to build a monastery on the mountain for the service of the Virgin Mary, in honour of whom he had been baptized." Even the legend of the Three Maries (p. 14), and particularly the stelæ at Les Baux, which the countryside accepts as a representation of the landing of the Holy Three, are attributed by certain antiquarians to Marius and his campaign against the hosts of the barbarians.

The next important campaign in Provence was occasioned by the approach southwards of the Gauls, who had secured the co-operation of the Ligurians. An outcome of Roman victory over the Gauls was the annexation of Provence, which now became popular among the wealthy citizens of Rome. Villas and gardens sprang up in all the favoured spots, and the influx of Romans, bringing with them their taste for vigorous and even cruel entertainment, resulted in a crop of amphitheatres, theatres, and baths springing up all over Provence. Wherever the Romans were established there was need for these things.

There came, however, another and more important threat from the barbarian lands of the North. A German race had begun to overrun the lands of Gaul, and presently we find the Visigoths settled in Provence and beyond the Pyrenees. In 412 Ataulf the Visigoth settled in the Rhône valley. But the new invaders were not the plundering barbarians whom Marius annihilated. They recognised the native inhabitants, and were prepared to live peaceably



beside them, and were themselves recognised as peaceable colonists by the Imperial court. Meanwhile, the Burgundians had also come south, and, like the Visigoths, had proved themselves no mere devastating horde, bent on plunder. The crumbling empire might have fallen into the complete control of the Visigoths, had not a new invader appeared—a loose confederation of Germanic tribes, headed by a family known in history to-day as the Merovingians.

These were the Franks. In the year 486 they had broken in on the last stronghold of Roman power in Gaul—the legions of Syagrius of Soissons. Clovis, the leader of the Franks, adopted Christianity. First the Burgundians were subdued; then the Visigoths; and the Franks, with the Merovingian family at its head, were confirmed in their occupation of the whole of Gaul. But in the eighth century came a change of dynasty. The Merovingians were vanquished, and there rose the great house of Caroling, destined to lift the fortunes of the Franks to universal empire.

It was Charles Martel, the first of the Carolingians, who saved Provence from dire ruin. In 711 the Saracens, or Moors, invaded Spain, and extended their power to Sicily, Sardinia, and the Balearic Isles. In the full flush of victory they looked for fresh worlds to conquer, and saw Gaul, a rich land, unevenly defended, and accessible through the passes of the Pyrenees. Over the fertile plains of Aquitaine and Narbonne they poured in devastating hosts, sacking towns, massacring the male population, and despatching the women to be sold as slaves in the market squares of Islam. Arles, St Gilles, and Béziers were wrecked in their terrible advance up the valley of the Rhône, and by the year 725 all Provence to the Alps was subdued.

In the year 732 came the most terrible of their incursions, when Abd-el-Raman, at the head of some 500,000 men, filed through the passes of the Pyrenees, took the road to Bordeaux, which they destroyed, and descended the coast till they were met and annihilated by Charles Martel on the field of Poitiers. The Christian forces now assumed the offensive, pursuing the retreating Moors to the coast and taking from them the towns they had captured in

their advance. It took seven years to dislodge them from Narbonne, their last stronghold; but at its fall in 759 the Moorish power in France was utterly crushed, and all the south from the Alps to the sea was a mass of blackened ruin.

That proved to be the last serious invasion of Provence, though it was by no means the last which Provence saw of the Saracens, who continued to raid the towns on the coast and to harass the shipping, finally reducing the inhabitants of the coast to a state of passive despair. The custom of the Saracens was to arrive unexpectedly with a few vessels at some port along the littoral, where they conducted pillage and murder till content with the amount of booty and captives taken. As soon as any armed forces arrived they would take to their ships and flee, starting over again at some other point along the coast. In 846 they had spread desolation over the whole plain of Aix, and were masters of all vantage points along the coast. Then by the wreckage of a Moorish pirate ship in the Bay of St Tropez the strategic value of the ridge now called the Mountains of the Moors was revealed to the Saracens. A large band of them crossed the sea and took possession of the whole chain, followed by large contingents of Abassid supporters, who were not prepared to remain in Mussulman Spain now that the Abassid family had been succeeded by the Ommiads.

On every suitable height in this corner of Provence the Saracens erected a fort which the Christians called *fraxinet*, and which served as a watch-tower from which the movement of merchant vessels could be descried. The trade of the Mediterranean was completely paralysed by these pirates, who also were established in the Islands of the Balearic, in Sardinia, and in Sicily. The position became utterly intolerable, with Moorish ships raiding the sea and Moorish soldiers perpetually on expeditions of pillage, even as far as the Alps and into the plains of Lombardy. One band crossed the Great St Bernard and attacked the monastery of St Maurice, where many of the Provençal prelates had stored their ecclesiastical treasures; still another party succeeded in taking Genoa and putting all its inhabitants to the sword. At last Hugh, Count of

Provence and King of Italy, was prevailed upon to act. He called in the aid of the Byzantine Emperor, whose fleet thereupon entered the Gulf of St Tropez and burnt the Saracen ships. Meanwhile Hugh had invaded the mountains and reached the Moorish headquarters of the Grand Fraxinet. There, however, he decided to return to Italy without pushing his advantage any further, in order to win back possessions which had been taken during his absence. The Greek fleet was dismissed, and Hugh allied himself with the Saracens. Thereafter the Moors continued their ravages with little or no opposition, until at last the Provençals were roused to undertake their expulsion.

St Majolus, born near Rea in Provence, who became Abbot of Cluny, was the motive force behind this crusade. It took him ten years, however, to create sufficient courage in the despairing Provençals to undertake this crusade. Finally William, Count of Provence, at the abbot's instigation, placed himself at the head of a large army and hemmed the Moors into the chain of mountains that still bears their name. It took several years to dislodge them; but after the fall of their chief stronghold, the Grand Fraxinet, one fort after another fell into the hands of the Christians, and the Moors who were not killed or who had not escaped were reduced to servitude. Provence saw no more of the Saracens as armed invaders, but suffered them for a long time as slaves. It is said that their blood can be detected to-day in many a Provençal village, but truth to tell there is scarcely any trace of the ancient Saracenic occupation of the Provençal littoral: indeed, even the ruins of their ancient strongholds are hardly intelligible.

The Grand Fraxinet may be visited and a few traces of the stronghold may be detected, but little more than a few sub-structures and a cistern. Elsewhere through Provence, from the Pyrenees to the Italian border, from the Alps to the sea, there are relics of Saracen fortresses, but rarely is there anything worth preserving. Although the Moors in Spain had developed a high state of civilisation, proving themselves to be architects of great skill and men learned in science and literature, in Provence they proved themselves to be simply destructive, doing nothing

for civilisation and leaving behind them nothing save blackened embers, a few names, and fearful legends of their atrocities.

Now we return to Charlemagne. When his empire was dismembered, Provence became separated from France and was constituted a kingdom under one Boso, who was crowned at Arles in 879. Boso, whose sister was married to Charles the Bald of Burgundy, at once seized that part of his brother-in-law's territory which lay on that side the Jura and added this to his kingdom of Provence. The history of Provence henceforth is composed of successive changes which are dealt with more adequately when dealing with each of the numerous countships throughout the country. Here we shall pass rapidly to the end and conclude with some little account of the best known of all the Provençal rulers. Provence was annexed to the crown of France in 1481, Avignon and the Venaissin remaining distinct until 1791; the story until that time was largely one of endless feuds between rival seigneurs. It is of René that we shall speak a little here, for his was as near an approach to the golden age as Provence ever reached.

"René, by the grace of God, King of Aragon, Jerusalem, and Sicily, of Valence, of Majorca, Sardinia, and Corsica, Duke of Anjou, Duke of Bar, etc., Count of Barcelona, of Provence, of Piedmont,"<sup>1</sup> etc. This is an incomplete rendering of the ornate titles of good King René, whose name has come down to posterity in conjunction with one of the smallest of his possessions, which, indeed, was one of the very few of his possessions which were his in fact as well as name.

René was the second son of Louis II., Duke of Anjou, and his wife Yolande, Princess of the house of Aragon. It was through his father that he succeeded to the titles of King of Sicily and of Jerusalem, which titles had come to Louis of Anjou through the will of Queen Jeanne. He was born on January 16, 1409, in the Château d'Angers, and he was named René in honour of the saint of that name. At the age of eight he was adopted as heir by the

<sup>1</sup> See *Romantic France*, by Eleanor Elsner. London: Herbert Jenkins.

Cardinal Duke of Bar, and three years later, when not yet in his eleventh year, he was married to Isabella of Lorraine.

In manhood he is said to have exhibited extraordinary courage, skill, and amiability. He was not, however, at any time very successful in war. Early he lost the Duchy of Lorraine, which had come to him through the death of his wife's father, the Duke of Lorraine, to the Count de Vaudemont. At the battle of Buigneville he was taken prisoner by the Duke of Burgundy, who had allied himself with the Count of Vaudemont, and spent the next three years in fortress prisons. During this period of captivity he much engaged himself in the writing of verse, composing of music, and even the illuminating of missals. It is suggested that it was during this time that he acquired that love for artistic exercise which he afterwards improved so much and which occupied a far greater part of his time than he could well afford, unless many of his possessions were to slip from his hands.

On the death, in 1434, of his elder brother, Louis III. of Anjou, and in the February following the death of the second Queen, Jeanne, René became not only Duke of Anjou and Count of Provence, but also King of Jerusalem and Sicily. It was not, however, until two years after the inheritance that the Duke of Burgundy permitted his prisoner to go free. In the meantime René's wife, Queen Isabelle of Lorraine, had gone to Naples to claim possession of her husband's heritage, but in vain; for on her arrival she had found Alphonse, King of Aragon, with his army at the gates of the city. War ensued, which lasted for four years, and which proved that René was a valiant soldier, but the kingdom of Sicily was lost to Aragon, and René and Isabelle returned to find, says an old chronicler, "more happiness and glory in the lands of Lorraine, Provence, and Anjou than in the magnificent but empty titles of Jerusalem and Sicily." A great deal of the next ten years of René's life was spent in Provence, where he held his court in the famous castle on the banks of the Rhône at Tarascon. To this court he invited not only painters, but poets, architects, metal-workers, embroiderers, and especially painters of miniatures and missals. He gathered in his artists from Italy, Spain, and Flanders, and created what was probably the first truly

cosmopolitan court. "During his four years' reign in Naples, René had attached to himself some of the oldest noble families there, who followed him to France and linked their cause with his. The King rewarded them by titles and dignities, and the presence of these foreigners, as well as the fact that King René loved to entertain, gave his court an international air which may safely be said—with the exception, possibly, of the Papal Court itself—found no other place in Europe at all in the fifteenth century. One met at this court nobles from all the countries of Europe, as well as distinguished Orientals, Moors, and Egyptians. In his endeavour to encourage foreign visitors, René instituted an order, called the Order of the Cross, which he founded in 1448, and which he intended should 'stimulate genius and encourage zeal.' As members of this Order we find enrolled the Duke of Milan, Francesco Sforza of Florence, and well-known members of the noble families of Naples, Venice, and Rome."

There is, in one of the manuscripts in the Royal Italian archives, a letter sent to the King by his special friend, Jacques Antoine Marcello, the Italian (a member of that great Venetian family who claimed descent from Marcellus, the conqueror of Hannibal), thanking him for special gifts received. This letter gives us a special insight into the peculiar fancies of the King, and particularly emphasises his great love of illuminated missals, books of hours, etc. It speaks with pleasure and appreciation of the copy of a Greek manuscript—a "Homily of St Jean Chrysostème"—and a map of the world. Maps seem to have pleased the King enormously, especially drawings dealing with the Holy Land, of which he was titular king. Copies of the cosmography of Ptolemy, and the geography of Strabo, together with a fascinating little miniature representing Marcello on his knees before his royal friend, are all included in the list for which René sends his thanks, and certainly represent a magnificent gift from a knight to a king: small wonder that Marcello was one of the first recipients of René's Order! And these were not the only gifts sent by the devoted Italian. He offered to Isabelle, René's Queen, a very wonderful pack of cards, which had been painted by a well-known Italian artist, Michelino da Besozzo, for a former Duke of Milan. The

cards showed as royalties all the Gods of Olympus: Jupiter, Mercury, Apollo, Neptune, Mars, Juno, Minerva, Diana, Venus, Ceres, Bacchus, and Cupid. These cards were intended for the *Jeu des Dames*, which was just beginning to be in favour with court ladies in those days. But cards in those days usually depicted famous kings and queens, and Queen Isabelle's pack was considered absolutely unique! The King's library held one of the most remarkably diverse collections of books of the day. He had the works of Dante and Boccaccio in the original Italian text. In Latin his books were innumerable, for without mentioning examples of all the sacred writings, he had a collection of the best theological works then known, and a special list of geographical works which always interested him enormously. Then he possessed the works of Cicero, Seneca, Livy, the *Phædo* of Plato, and translations of the works of Herodotus, as well as various books in Hebrew and Arabic. Not only did he possess these works but he evidently read and knew them intimately, for he constantly quoted them in his own writings.

Regarding his own compositions, they are so numerous that one wonders how he found time for all his other activities! First come innumerable love poems—for he was a troubadour of the troubadours! There is one in particular, written to his adored second wife, called *Regnault et Janneton*, in which he imagines himself no longer king, but an ordinary peasant, humbly pleading for the hand of his beloved in simple language. The original manuscript of this is adorned at the sides with little sketches of peasant scenes and love-making, obviously rubbed in by the hand of an amateur. One wonders if they are King René's own work, for, if so, they would make a complete picture of René in his characters of lover, troubadour, and artist. One of his larger works was a poem written in true troubadour style, part of which was spoken, and part sung, called *La cœur d'amour épris et la conquête de très douce Mercy*, and I believe a copy of this little book was published in France more than fifty years ago, but I have been unable to find a copy. It is an allegorical story dealing with the search of the heart for its ideal mate, and I am told that in the Royal Archives

in Vienna a copy exists, which is illuminated with miniatures and small pictures showing episodes in the private life of the King.

Then comes another manuscript of a very different order, called the *Mortifement de vaine plaisance*, in which the King shows—again in allegorical language and pictures—the repentance of the soul and its trials and spiritual adventures in its return to God. One of the pictures of this treatise is preserved in the Royal Library in Brussels, by which it will be seen that the King's work became the special treasure of various Royal Houses. One of the finest copies of *Regnault et Janneton* was in the Imperial Library of the Czar in Petrograd—one wonders where it is now! It was in this, the original copy, that René had drawn that most famous device of the two turtle doves, to which he likened himself and his beloved Jeanne de Laval, and which he had reproduced on medals and in pictures, eventually even using it as a kind of signature or royal cipher. In the library formerly belonging to the Dukes of Burgundy there is a little picture of King René writing in his study, a strange little picture indeed, for it shows the King in a special costume, surrounded by his books and manuscripts, feverishly writing in what seems a most uncomfortable position. Not content with writing himself and collecting the famous writings of others, René specially chose for his ministers, and those closest to his person, nobles who were interested in poetry and literature. Thus his Grand Senechal was Louis de Beauvau, who translated into French Boccaccio's *Filostrato* and also his *Teseide*, and one knows with what honour he welcomed the cavaliers and poets of the *Gai Savoir*.

But it was not only to literature that he devoted his own time and his royal patronage. We are told that he was enormously interested in architecture, that he himself drew designs for castles, churches, fortifications, as well as plans of gardens and pleasancess, of shrines and bowers. He brought the finest wood-carvers from Spain, and sculptors from Italy to carry out and complete his own ideas and designs, always giving them a free hand to improve and change, should any suggestion of theirs appear to enhance the beauty of the work. His knowledge and appreciation of painting was extraordinary. There is no



doubt that he illuminated some missals himself, that he painted many of those delightful little scenes and miniatures in those innumerable Books of Hours of which he was so inordinately fond, and of which he possessed more than any other royal personage. It has even been suggested that he painted some of the larger works which were amongst the greatest treasures of his court, but here any real proof becomes obscure and uncertain. He certainly gathered round him some of the most famous painters of his day, his favourite being Barthélemy de Clere, whose name is often written in manuscripts found in the Royal Archives as *de Cils*, or *de Eils*, and even twice as *Barthélemy d'Eick*. He made this artist his chief court painter, and a human touch is shown in the fact that he insisted on his working in a studio next to his own private apartments, so that he could constantly see how the various works were progressing, and even when he went on a journey he always insisted on Barthélemy travelling with him. In addition to Barthélemy, Geffelin d'Angers, Coppin Delfet, Pierre Garnier, Jehannot le Flamand, Enquerand Charonton, and Pierre Villati, all had the right to inscribe themselves as "by letters patent, painter Royal to King René." Then comes the great Nicholas Froment, who executed the magnificent triptych now in the Cathedral in Aix-en-Provence. This triptych, executed by the order of the King in 1475, was intended as an altar-piece for the Church of the Carmelites in Uzes, where the heart of René was to rest. Here it remained for some time, but ultimately was removed to Aix.

The triptych is well known under the name of the Buisson Ardent, and is a remarkable piece of allegorical painting. The subject is the Old Testament story of Moses and the Burning Bush, treated, it is true, in a somewhat original style, with the addition of figures belonging to mediæval story and tradition. Moses is seen with his flocks around him in the act of removing his shoes in obedience to the command of the angel who reveals the vision to him. In the heart of the flames which play round the bush without consuming it is a figure of the Blessed Virgin with the Holy Child on her knees. Every part of the picture represents some allegory: the twelve trunks are the twelve Books of the Law—or, according to

legend, the twelve signs of the Zodiac—the robes of Our Lady have special significance, as has the little hill from which the tree springs, the number of sheep in the flock, the collared dog at the feet of the prophet, the medallion of the angel, and many other details, the exact meaning of which has been lost in the obscurity of the ages. On the left wing of the triptych is the figure of the King kneeling on a prie-dieu in an attitude of adoration, and behind him stands his patron saints, St Mary Magdalen, St Antoine, and St Maurice. The Queen—Jeanne de Laval—is painted on the right wing with her patron saints, St John the Evangelist, St Catherine, and St Nicholas. This work of art has figured in many exhibitions, and is considered one of the priceless treasures of the Middle Ages. Its value is immensely enhanced by the fact that it shows the authentic portraits of both King René and his second wife: pictures so similar to other drawings and paintings of them that there can be no doubt of the excellent likeness. René was never good looking. His face, in middle age, became heavy, the cheeks hanging like jowls, and the mouth and chin distinctly under-hung. His nose is almost his worst feature, it is weak and shows considerable depression at the base, broadening out at the nostrils into a flat blob of flesh. The Queen's face is equally unattractive, the eyes being set in the slanting, oriental fashion, the nose long and badly shaped, and a thin and pinched mouth. There can be no doubt that the likenesses are faithful to life—no artist would have dared present them to his royal patron had they not been true—and one hears that René was especially pleased with them, and rewarded Nicholas Froment with many other commissions. Indeed, this famous painting made the artist's name, placing him at once in the first rank of the painters of his day. That the King was indeed satisfied is proved by the fact that he had the portraits copied on a small diptych of wood which he gave to Jean de Matheron, his Keeper of the Privy Purse in Provence, on the occasion of the baptism of one of his children, to whom René was godfather. The King referred to these portraits of himself and his Queen as "the incomparable couple," "the turtle doves," and many other names which would sound equally absurd were it not almost pathetic to remember the extraordinary love

which he bore for his second wife, and the affection and devotion which he showered on her till the day of his death. The story of René's second marriage is the romance of his life, and he was peculiarly fortunate in those days to find romance possible in a legitimate love. When he married Isabelle of Lorraine he was barely eleven, and it was, of course, the usual marriage of a royal prince of the Middle Ages. But even in his first marriage he was fortunate, for King René and Queen Isabelle were quite fond of each other, and lived amicably together till her death in 1453. Indeed, he seemed quite broken-hearted at her loss, and, in order to get over it, he engaged in one of those disastrous campaigns in Italy as ally of the Duke of Milan and the Count Sforza, which ended badly for him. He found that both his friends were using him as a catspaw, and he returned the next year to Provence. René, however lucky in love, was certainly most unfortunate in war. Whenever he took to arms the cause seemed cursed by Fate, and the issue went against him. He lost his cause against the Duke of Burgundy, he lost his kingdom of Naples, later on he lost his Aragonese campaign, and eventually he was obliged to accept the terms of his nephew, the French King, which united Provence with France at his death. If, however, his campaign in Italy did not bring balm to his stricken heart, another event which occurred almost directly after his return to Provence healed him completely. It was a case of one nail knocking out another, for he became violently enamoured of another lady, the same Jeanne de Laval whose portrait faces his on the right wing of the famous triptych. And this was no ordinary fascination. King René fell in love in the fashion of middle age—desperately, wildly in love. He himself spoke and wrote of his *ardent désir*, his *amour fou*, as well as the complete impossibility of his being able to live without this incomparable lady. She was just twenty-one and the King was forty-five. She was the daughter of the Count de Laval and Princess Isabelle of Brittany, and he was King René with his long list of titles, and his vast possessions. But a king's royal pleasure brooks no delay, and they were married on September 10, 1454—a short sixteen months after the death of his first wife.

An ancient historian tells us that his love and infatuation for this second Queen was such that one might have imagined the King had never worn the wreath of Hymen before. It was then that he pictured himself as a simple peasant, pleading for the hand of a young maiden ; it was then he chose the emblem of the turtle doves, giving the name of the female dove to Jeanne—*tourterelle*—and taking for himself the name of the masculine dove—*tourtereau*—and acting in general the part of the lovesick swain so completely that it says much for the esteem and affection in which he was held that none of his courtiers ridiculed him, even in secret. It is good to know that Jeanne de Laval herself fully reciprocated this *folie d'amour*—she is said to have made René perfectly and absolutely happy.

They seem indeed to have lived an ideal life together. The Queen loved the country, gardens, fêtes for the people, and in all these things the King himself revelled. He loved his people, and he understood very well how to please and amuse them. He realised, for instance, how devoted the people of Tarascon had become to their beloved Tarasque, and he instituted the famous *jeux de la Tarasque*, which actually still take place in Tarascon. Each year, at Carnival time, the procession is headed by a strange monster shaped like the Tarasque, which is carried round the streets, wreathed in flowers, and hailed with songs and shouts of joy and pleasure. I am told that the peasant people from all the country round, and especially from the banks of the Rhône, crowd to this Carnival, still believing implicitly that the Tarasque was the means of bringing St Martha to Tarascon, and so bringing to them the true gospel. I have never seen the actual procession in Tarascon, but I have seen pictures of the immense beast which heads the procession. A huge, unwieldy-looking creature, looking like an enormously high turtle, with horns and scales of armour on its back, and a small benign-looking head with rows and rows of teeth in a mouth that looks kindly and smiling. The head moves to and fro as the figure is dragged along. One can always get a smile from a native of Tarascon by mentioning this procession : “ *Ah ! notre bon Tarasque . . . !* ” they will exclaim.

The clever King René coupled these *jeux de la Tarasque*

with the exercise of devotion and thankfulness to St Martha, and enjoined on the people of Tarascon the necessity of embellishing her shrine and keeping her day as a feast of thankfulness and rejoicing.

Another residence of King René in Provence which he greatly loved was his castle at Aix, and for the people of this favourite town he invented yet another *divertissement*: *les jeux de Fête-Dieu d'Aix*. Here was no particular dragon of the country to play with, so the King hit upon the amusing idea of inserting into this sacred procession figures of the gods of Olympus, "to remind the people, who were formerly pagans, how the true faith had been sent by God to save them." Thus the procession at Aix must certainly have been unique. It contained—apparently all mixed up together—the Prince of Love, an Abbot, Youth, Devils, the Queen of Sheba, the Magi, Pluto and Proserpine, Jupiter, Juno, Venus, Cupid, as well as figures of the saints and various religious emblems. I think this is something which shows René's broadminded and tolerant spirit in a very modern light. He introduces lightness and gaiety into what might have turned into a melancholy and sombre procession, and yet in a manner which points the moral and adorns the tale.

We are told that the King occupied himself much with the arrangements of these plays or pageants, that he designed many of the costumes, drew designs for the symbolical figures, and even lent live animals from his private menagerie to walk in the processions.

The menagerie of the King was one of his great hobbies. He had several lions "each answering to his own name"—as a Provençal historian tells us—leopards, "a strange animal called a tiger," dromedaries, lynx, white foxes, bears which danced, stag, chamois, as well as practically every known species of bird, ranging from ostriches to nightingales, and those doves of which he was so particularly fond. When these animals were used to amuse his court, or to walk in the famous processions, they were led by black servants clad in oriental costumes, many of which the King kept at court. There is even a medal, struck in 1461, of one of his many dwarfs or jesters. This dwarf was a particular favourite called Triboulet. René ordered the great Italian sculptor Francesco Laruana to

make a medal bearing the head of Triboulet on the one side and a lion "couchant" on the other.

Amidst all these plays and *divertissements* King René and Queen Jeanne found time for more serious things. They were both especially devout, and spent much time at their devotions. It was René who, after hearing a sermon on the Sacred Maries, vowed a great oath to recover the bones believed to be in the Church of les Stes-Maries-de-la-Mer, and ordered his confessor to have all papers and archives searched till they could locate the sacred resting-place. When, after much searching, the bones were eventually discovered, René took his whole court down to the little place, ordering all the dignitaries of the country to present themselves there for the great ceremony of the installation of the relics in the casket he had had prepared for them.

Although so happy in the love of his wife, much sorrow came to the King in his later years. One by one he saw his children die before him, and at last the whole masculine line of heirs—issue of his first marriage—were gone, save only one little grandson. This child was the son of the daughter who married the Count of Vaudemont, and became, in his turn, René II., and also by virtue of his inheritance from his grandmother, Isabelle of Lorraine, the Duke of Lorraine. It will be remembered that René's mother was Yolande, a Princess of Aragon; and in 1466 the crown of Aragon was offered to him, the direct succession having failed. René was too old by then to undertake another campaign, or, possibly, he was not encouraged by his former adventures in war. But the Aragonese crown evidently tempted him, for he sent his eldest son, Jean d'Anjou, Duke of Calabria, to take possession for him. The young Prince got no farther than Barcelona, where he died so suddenly and mysteriously that there is small doubt he was poisoned. Thus again the crown of Aragon passed from René, as the crown of Sicily had done years before.

And then began the intricate and difficult negotiations with the King of France, his nephew, Louis XI. This monarch envied his uncle, and had already made up his mind to succeed him on his death; but he was not content to wait for that. He tormented the poor old King, even

threatening him with charges of high treason and legal processes, so that René abandoned his Duchy of Anjou, and retired for the rest of his life to his fair lands of Provence, where the lovely climate pleased his dear Jeanne, and where his subjects worshipped and adored him.

René, who, in spite of his continued activities, was really getting old, was yet able to see far ahead. It appeared to him that the best thing for Provence would be to be united with France, freed from the almost incessant wear and tear of feudal warfare. Doubtless the King saw even further than anyone knew. He visualised the golden dawn of the Renaissance, of which he had dreamed, and of which, in very truth, he had been the prince who prepared the still-distant way.

Small wonder that this King, who lived with his people and for his people, has kept his place as one of their greatest historical personages all through the ages. Even though he was the last sovereign to reign over Provence as a separate kingdom, the wisdom of his counsel and the glory of his reign, as well as the love he inspired in the hearts of his subjects, have enshrined him in the country he loved so well, not only as their most beloved King, but as one of their most treasured traditions.

#### § ROUTES TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE

*Sea Routes.*—A pleasant way of reaching the Riviera is by sea. There are several English steamship companies running a passenger service to Marseille. The service of the P. and O. Co. from London for Marseille (and Marseille for London) is weekly. The passage takes under seven days. This route is actually less expensive than the overland one, for any reasonable amount of luggage is carried free, and, of course, the passenger's keep must be considered in comparing the relative cost of the two routes.

The "Bibby" line, from Liverpool, calls at Marseille outward and homeward. A fortnightly service; eight days' voyage. Between Marseille and Nice or Genoa there is frequent communication by sea.

*Rail.*—*Ordinary Seats* can now be reserved in advance

between Calais and Paris on payment of 2s., and between Calais and the Riviera on payment of 2s. each place, by all ordinary trains (except "de luxe").

The principal trains to the Riviera are warmed by hot water.

*Special Passenger Accommodation* available between London and Paris on the Southern Railway and Northern of France Railway.

*Pullman Cars* are attached to the Boat Trains from London, in which seats can be reserved on payment of 3s. 6d. (1st class only). Refreshments obtainable *en route*.

*Lavatory Carriages*.—The Boat Trains from London to Dover and Folkestone are composed of Lavatory Carriages of the newest type. Lavatory Corridor Carriages run from Calais and Boulogne to Paris in connection with the 9.0, 11.0 a.m., and 2.0 and 8.20 p.m. Services from London, and from Paris to Calais or Boulogne by the 12.0 noon and 20.45 trains. A Third Class Lavatory Corridor Carriage from Boulogne to Paris in connection with the 13.02 Service (returning from Paris at 8.25).

*Luncheon and Dining or Buffet Cars* between Calais and Boulogne and Paris, and *vice versa*, in connection with the 10.45 and 11.0 a.m. and 2.0 p.m. trains from Victoria, and 8.25, 9.15, 10.0 and 12.5 and 16.0 trains from Paris. Second class as well as first class passengers may now travel in these Cars. Those who travel by the 11.0 a.m. Service lunch at Calais station buffet, but there is always time for a meal at the buffet (gare maritime), the interval varying from 50 to not less than 30 minutes, even if the boat arrives late.

A *Lits-Salon* (First Class) is run on the French trains in connection with the 9.0, 10.45, and 11.0 a.m. and 8.20 p.m. Services, returning from Paris at 20.45.

*Private Cabins* between Dover and Calais or Folkestone (or Dover) and Boulogne may be had at the following rates (payable on board), irrespective of the number of passengers :

Summer period, 20s. to 60s. ; winter period, 30s. to 80s., according to steamer.

INVALID CHAIRS for carrying invalids from platform to



carriage can be obtained at London Stations, Dover, Folkestone, and also at Calais (Maritime) and Paris.

*London to Paris, Aeroplane Services.*—A regular daily service is maintained by the following companies, viz.: Imperial Airways and Air Union. Particulars of times, fares, etc., on application to any of THOS. COOK & SON'S Offices.

The routes between London and Paris are numerous and varied. From Paris, the shortest and most direct route to places on the coast between Marseille and San Remo is via Dijon and Lyons; to places east of San Remo it is via the Mont Cenis Tunnel and Turin. The railway between Turin and Savona obviates the necessity of going round by Genoa.

*Route I.—London to Paris, via Dover and Calais, 287 miles.* Departures from Victoria. This, by the shortest sea journey, occupies about  $7\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Express trains, first and second class, leave London every morning at 10.45 and 11 o'clock, and first, second, and third class, 2.0 and 4.0 p.m. The journey may be broken at Dover, Calais, and Amiens. By this route the traveller from London can reach Cannes in about 22 hours, Nice in about 23 hours, and Mentone in 24 hours. During the season a through first class carriage with *lits-salon* runs daily from Calais to Marseille, Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, Mentone, and other Riviera stations, in connection with the 11.0 a.m. train from Victoria.

*Route II.—London to Paris, via Folkestone (or Dover) and Boulogne, 259 miles.* By this route there are two services daily, leaving Victoria at 9.0 a.m. (first and second class), also leaving Victoria at 9.0 a.m. and 2.0 p.m. (first, second, and third class). Total time by morning service, 7 hours 20 minutes.

*Route III.—London to Paris, via Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen, 240 miles.* Departure from London Bridge or Victoria. There are two fixed daily services, leaving Victoria at 10.0 and 20.20, London Bridge at 9.48 and 19.38. This route, although involving a longer sea journey than via Dover and Calais, is shorter in actual distance, is considerably cheaper, and possesses the attraction of being the prettiest route to Paris, the scenery between Dieppe and Paris being strikingly picturesque.

The journey may be broken at Brighton, Newhaven, and Dieppe ; and there is correspondence by Ceinture Railway between the St Lazare and the P.L.M. Railway Stations, Paris. Through carriage to the P.L.M. Station from Dieppe in connection with the 20.20 service from London.

*Route IV.—London to Paris, via Southampton and Havre.* This service leaves Waterloo Station every week day at 21.30, reaching Paris (St Lazare) about noon the next day (sea passage about 7 hours). Passengers either drive across Paris to the P.L.M. Station or travel by the Ceinture Railway.

*The Special Passenger Accommodation* on the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway may be classified as follows :—

*Sleeping Cars (Wagons-lits).*—The Sleeping Cars are divided into compartments of two berths (sometimes four) each ; but Trains de Luxe have two-berth compartments only, providing beds (which are converted into seats during the day time), also lavatory, w.c., etc.

Sleeping Cars are attached to certain trains on the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway, between Paris, Marseille, Mentone, and Turin, as follows :—1. Between Paris and Turin all through the year ; 2. Between Paris and Ventimiglia, *winter service* only ; 3. Between Paris and Marseille throughout the year.

When accommodation has been booked and a postponement of the journey is desired, the date of departure can be altered (providing accommodation is available) on forty-eight hours' clear notice being given before the scheduled time of departure as originally fixed, and on payment of a second booking fee, *always provided*, however, that the Company shall not have been compelled to refuse accommodation for the same car, thus resulting in a loss to the Company. The day of departure can also be advanced under the same conditions, and in all cases when change is desired the Sleeping Car ticket must be surrendered.

*Lits-salons.*—These Carriages are very comfortable. They usually hold three passengers in each compartment, but a few of the carriages have a small compartment for two passengers (see also "Two-lits Salon with Beds"

below). The seats are converted into couches at night. Lavatory accommodation is provided. In cold weather the carriages are warmed either by hot-water pipes or hot-water tins. These carriages provide similar accommodation to the Coupé-lits Toilette, but are rather larger. Pillows are provided, but not sheets or blankets. Rugs can be hired at almost any large French terminal Station, 2 fr. A very comfortable mode of travelling for invalids.

**TWO-LITS SALON WITH BEDS, ETC.**—This type of carriage is attached to the 16.0 and 19.55 Trains from Paris to Ventimiglia. The compartments of Two-lits Salon (with beds), etc., contain two places very similar to the ordinary Lits-Salon, although wider and fitted with beds, sheets, and blankets. These compartments must be reserved in their entirety. Each compartment has separate toilet accommodation.

*Couchettes.*—These carriages are also very comfortable. Each compartment holds four passengers, and the berths are superposed at night. They contain lavatory and toilet accommodation, but no bedding is provided. During the winter months a through carriage runs from Calais (in connection with the 11.0 train from Victoria) to Riviera destinations.

## § PRACTICAL DETAILS

*Passports* are at present absolutely necessary for British subjects travelling on the Continent (visas also required for Italy, but not France, for British subjects), and they are also frequently useful, in order to gain admission to certain museums, to obtain letters from a *Poste Restante*, registered letters, and to establish identity whenever necessary or desirable. If it is desired to stay in France more than two months visitors must, within 48 hours of their arrival, apply to the police station or town hall of their place of residence for a *carte d'identité*, costing 375 fr. (40 fr. for students and workers). British passports will be considered sufficient evidence for the issue of identity cards. The card is valid for one year, after which period it must be renewed, and any change of address must be

notified within 48 hours. Four full-face photographs without a hat are also required.

*Language.*—To visit the countries portions of which are described in these pages nothing save the traveller's mother-tongue is absolutely essential, English being spoken in most of the principal hotels, and interpreters met with at the principal railway stations. Of course a knowledge of French or Italian is of great advantage; but no one need hesitate to visit France or Italy on the score of not knowing any language but English. "The Tourist's Conversational Guide," in English, French, German, and Italian, by Dr J. T. Loth, published at 1s. 6d. net, will be found useful (sold by THOS. COOK & SON, Berkeley Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1, or their agents).

Travellers will find it convenient to provide themselves with a certain amount of French or Italian money before leaving England. This can be obtained from the principal offices of THOS. COOK & SON. This is especially advisable while the rate of exchange is so much in favour of this country as against French and Italian currency.

*Coinage.*—Foreign currency is puzzling at first, and it will be well for tourists to familiarise themselves with the following tables (calculated at par).

The coinage of France and Italy is practically the same, except that in France the unit is the Franc and in Italy the Lira.

	French.	English.	America.
Gold.—	20 franc piece	=16s.	= 4 dollars
"	10 " "	= 8s.	= 2 " "
Silver.—	5 " "	= 4s.	= 1 dollar
"	2 " "	= 1s. 7d.	=40 cents
"	1 " "	= 9½d.	=20 " "
"	½ " "	= 4¾d.	=10 " (or dime)
Nickel.—	25 centime piece	= 2½d.	= 5 " "
"	10 " "	= 1d.	= 2 " "
"	5 " "	= ½d.	= 1 cent.

Notes are issued by the Bank of France for 5, 10, 20, 50, 100, 500, and 1000 frs., and are legal tender.

	Italian.	English.	American.
Gold.—	20 lire piece	=16s.	= 4 dollars
"	10 " "	= 8s.	= 2 "
Silver.—	10 " "	= 8s.	= 2 "
"	5 " "	= 4s.	= 1 "
"	2 " "	= 1s. 7d.	=40 cents
"	1 lira "	= 9½d.	=20 "
Nickel.—	50 centesimi piece	= 4½d.	=10 "
"	20 " "	= 2d.	= 4 "
Bronze.—	10 " "	= 1d.	= 2 "
"	5 " "	= ½d.	= 1 cent

The money in general use is a paper currency in notes of 5, 10, 50, 100, 500, and 1000 lire.

Only Italian silver coins should be accepted for use in Italy, as, although the 5-franc French silver pieces pass, the smaller silver coins of the Latin Union are not generally accepted.

Travellers should take care to have a supply of small change, which can usually be obtained at the hotels, for porters, concierges, etc.

*Postal Arrangements.*—From Great Britain to France and Italy, 2½d. per oz. for a letter (1½d. for each additional oz.), 1½d. for a post-card, 3d. for a reply post-card. Registration, 3d. To England from France, 1 fr. 50 c. per 20 grammes (=about ¾ oz.), plus 90 c. for each additional 20 grammes (from Italy the charge is 1 l. 25 c. for 20 grammes at present). In France post-cards at the 25 c. rate may contain full name and address of sender plus MS. not exceeding 5 words. In France 50 c. not exceeding 20 grammes for letters; 75 c. to 50 grammes, 1 fr. to 100 grammes. Post-cards 40 c. Reply 80 c. There are two mails daily for England from all towns of the Riviera, and there are two deliveries daily of mails from England.

Generally speaking, the Poste Restante hours at the various Post Offices are from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. in summer, and 8 a.m. to 9 p.m. in winter.

*Parcels Post Rates.*—To France from Great Britain: not exceeding 2 lb., 1s. 9d.; 7 lb., 2s. 6d.; 11 lb., 3s.; to Corsica 1s. 9d., 2s. 9d., and 3s. 3d. respectively. From France to Great Britain: not exceeding 1 kilo 360, 9 fr. 25 c.; 3 kilo, 13 fr. 75 c.; 5 kilo, 16 fr. 25 c.; 10 kilo, 27 fr.

From France to the United States: 1 kilo (about  $2\frac{1}{3}$  lb.), 9 fr. 75 c.; 5 kilo (11 lb.), 16 fr.; 10 kilo, 28 fr. 75 c. To Italy from France: 1 kilo, 7 fr. 25 c.; 5 kilo, 11 fr. 25 c. To Italy from Great Britain: not exceeding 2 lb., 2s. 3d.; 7 lb., 3s. 3d.; 11 lb., 2s. 9d.

It should be borne in mind that as this service is not directly undertaken by the Post Office abroad, parcels must be handed to a Railway or Forwarding Agent.

*Telegram Rates.*—Between France and Great Britain, 25 c.; Spain, Italy, and Germany, 18 c., gold multiplied by, at present, 5; Great Britain and Italy, 3d.; France and New York and Canada, 1 fr. 05 c.; Great Britain and France,  $2\frac{1}{2}$ d.—per word in all cases. Minimum charge, 10d.

From Italy the rate per word (33 c.) is added to an initial sum of 1 lira. Between any two places in France, 4 fr. (minimum) for 16 words, address counted; ditto in Italy 2 lire (minimum) for 8 words, plus 25 c. each word beyond (add surtax, which varies according to rate of exchange).

*Telephone Rates.*—In France—local conversations, 50 c. for 3 minutes; inter-urban, 1 fr.; beyond, 1 fr. 50 c. to 4 fr., and more according to distance.

*Time-Tables.*—Cook's Continental Time-Table and Steamship Guide is published monthly, price 2s. 6d. Local Time-Tables, such as the *Indicateur Chaux* for France and the *Orario Ufficiale* for Italy, may be obtained at the railway stations. The winter service on the French railways comes into force on the 15th October, when the times of many of the trains are altered, and additional trains run to the South of France.

*Time.*—Greenwich or West European Time is used on French railways and Mid-European Time (one hour in advance of Greenwich) on Italian railways. Italian and French time-tables and Italian clocks are arranged on the 24-hour system, the hours from midnight being numbered from 1 to 24, e.g., 13.0 is equivalent to 1 p.m.; 18.0 to 6 p.m., and so on; 24 o'clock is midnight, and 0.1 is one minute after midnight.

*Customs Examinations Outwards.*—During the winter months (from the beginning of November) luggage registered from London by the 11.0 a.m. service (except by the Calais-Mediterranean Express, in which case registered

and hand-luggage is examined in the train *en route*, usually between Calais and Amiens) to the following destinations is examined by the French and/or Italian Customs at the places specified, viz. :—

*Via Calais.*

For	Examined at
Paris	Paris.
Marseille, Hyères, St Raphael-Valescure, Cannes, Nice, Beaulieu, Monaco, Mentone, Ventimiglia, and San Remo	Destination.

*Passengers to San Remo are recommended to clear their luggage at Ventimiglia.*

*Via Boulogne (9.0 a.m. service).*

Paris	Paris.
South of France	Boulogne.

*Via Dieppe.*

Paris	Paris.
Beyond Paris	Dieppe, and possibly Newhaven.
Italy.	Modane or Chiasso.

*All baggage not examined at Modane or Chiasso is sent to destination in bond at owner's cost, causing great trouble and delay.*

*Via Le Havre.*

Paris	Paris, and possibly at Southampton.
Beyond Paris	Southampton, also at Le Havre.

*Via Mont Cenis.*

Italy	Boulogne and Modane.
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*Except by train de luxe and night rapide from Paris, in which case baggage is examined on the train, and by the 13.15 train from Paris at Modane.*

Unregistered and hand-baggage is examined as follows :—

Toulon, Fréjus	Marseille.
Grasse and stations from Golfe-Juan- Vallauris to Nice-St Augustin inclusive	Cannes.
Cap d'Ail, La Turbie	Nice.
Monte Carlo	Monaco
Mentone-Garavan	Mentone.
Stations beyond Ventimiglia	Ventimiglia.

*Customs Examinations Homeward.*—Registered luggage passing from Italy into France via the *Mont Cenis Tunnel* is examined at Modane or Paris ; from France into Great Britain via *Le Havre* at Le Havre and Southampton ; via *Dieppe* at Victoria ; and via *Calais* or *Boulogne* at the Gare du Nord (Paris) and Victoria.

Luggage registered to Victoria Station not claimed within 24 hours after arrival is subject to a charge of 3d. per package for the first day, and 1½d. for each day beyond for storage.

*Customs Duties.*—The chief contraband articles sought for by French officials among passengers' luggage are tobacco, cigars, cigarettes, snuff, tea, spirits of any kind, matches, and new wearing apparel. In any case, quantities of these articles, *however small*, should be declared to the Customs Officers.

Travellers arriving in France by sea or rail and *immediately continuing their journey into the interior* are, as a matter of simple tolerance, allowed to import duty free—*on condition that they are specifically declared*—the remains (small quantities) of provisions for the journey ; also a maximum quantity of 10 cigars, 20 cigarettes, or 40 grammes (about 1½ oz.) of tobacco. Only one of these quantities is allowed, and the concession does not extend to women and children. *These articles, however, must be on their person or in their hand luggage examined at the frontier or landing port.*

The duty in France on Havana cigars is 520 fr., on other kinds of cigars and cigarettes, 320 fr. ; Turkish tobacco, 280 fr. ; other tobacco, chewing tobacco, and snuff, 200 fr. per kilogramme ; but tobacco is only admitted for personal use of the importer to the extent of 10 kilos per consignee per annum after obtaining from the "Contributions Indirectes" a special permit. The duty on tea is 4 fr. 26 c. per kilo, plus 7 per cent. of the value of the merchandise with the duty.

Only 40 grammes of tobacco are allowed to be taken duty free into Italy by any one traveller. Passengers found in possession of more than this quantity are liable to a fine anywhere in Italy, unless they can prove that the duty has been paid. The duty on tobacco is 100 gold lire per kilo, and on cigarettes and cigars, 130 gold lire.



On entering England, the search at the English Custom Houses is less rigorous than formerly, but only a weight of  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of cigars, cigarettes, or tobacco,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of ordinary drinkable spirits,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of cordials or perfumed spirits, *if declared*, is allowed duty free. Books of the Tauchnitz editions are liable to be seized and confiscated.

*Cab Fares.*—These we have not indicated under the headings of the respective towns, as they are continually being increased almost everywhere and cannot be relied upon for any length of time. Visitors are advised to ask the drivers of vehicles for their tariff if not posted up in the vehicles.

*Baggage.*—The weight of baggage allowed on the French Railways between Paris and Ventimiglia, or any intermediate station, is 30 kilos (about 66 lb.). In Italy, between Ventimiglia or Modane and any station of the Italian Railways, all registered baggage is charged for. Small packages may be carried in the compartment without charge. The regulation dimensions, however, are 20 inches by 9 by 12, *i.e.*, the width of seat occupied by the passenger. Weight should not exceed 20 kilos (44 lb.). Between London and Paris, by the Dover and Calais and Folkestone and Boulogne routes, 56 lb. of luggage are allowed free, and by the Dieppe route, 66 lb. of luggage are allowed on each passenger ticket. By using the tickets provided and issued by THOS. COOK & SON, passengers can register baggage through to the farthest point of their journey on the French Riviera, or to the Italian frontier, and can break the journey at any intermediate station.

*Dogs.*—Particulars of the conditions, etc., under which dogs are allowed to be brought into the United Kingdom from abroad may be obtained on application to the Shipping and Forwarding Department, Berkeley Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1, and all Branch Offices.

*Duty on Cycles.*—The French Customs tax cycles entering France at the rate of 2 fr. 86 c. per kilo (=about 43 fr. for a cycle weighing 30 lb.), but this charge will be refunded on leaving France, provided that the passenger declares at the time of payment his intention of reclaiming it. A "consignation" must be obtained and given up on leaving France. Similarly, entering Italy, a charge of 35 fr. in gold per 25 kilos is made, which is refunded on

leaving. The Refund Permit is valid 12 months. Foreign cyclists holding COOK's return tickets or producing club membership tickets will not be charged duty.

The annual cycle-tax is not claimed from cyclists merely passed through the country, but passengers must immediately on entering France apply for a "constat d'entrée" (also known as a "permis de circulation"), costing 60 c., and the holder is not subject to the cycle-tax (3 fr. annually) nor called upon to have a "plaque de contrôle" for the space of three months. The tax for motor-cycles or automobiles is 12s. per seat.

The rules and regulations for cycle traffic in France are as under: Every machine must be provided with a bell or other warning apparatus, audible at a distance of 50 metres (about 54 yards), which must be sounded as often as required. Immediately after dusk a light must be carried in front of the machine. Every machine must carry a plate bearing the name and address of the owner, as well as a registration No. if the owner is a cycle-lender.

Cyclists must proceed at a moderate pace in passing through crowded districts, as also at cross-roads and turnings of public thoroughfares. They are not allowed to form groups in the streets, nor to ride through any processions or troops on the march. In case of obstruction cyclists must alight and wheel their machines. Cyclists must keep to their right, when *meeting* vehicles, horses, or other cyclists, and to their left when *overtaking* them; in the latter case they must warn the driver or rider by means of their warning apparatus and moderate their speed. Drivers of vehicles and riders must keep to their right at the approach of a cycle so as to leave a free available space at least five feet wide. Cycles must stop when a horse shows signs of being frightened at their approach.

Cycle-riding is forbidden on paths or thoroughfares reserved for pedestrians. This prohibition does not apply to machines being wheeled along. Outside towns and crowded districts cycling is allowed on paths and thoroughfares reserved for pedestrians along routes and ways that are paved or being repaired.

Cyclists when riding along any paths and thoroughfares reserved for pedestrians where cyclists are authorised to ride, must adopt a moderate pace when meeting

pedestrians, and reduce their speed to a walking pace when passing in front of isolated habitations.

Cycle-riding may be prohibited by municipal orders, temporarily or permanently, on the whole or part of a public way. At each extremity of the prohibited spaces notices to this effect are exhibited and maintained by the municipality.

The office of the T.C.F. (Touring Club de France) is 65 Avenue de l'Armée, Paris.

The following are the charges on bicycles, etc., accompanied and at owner's risk, from London to

	Bicycles.	Tricycles.	Motor Cycles.
Calais or Boulogne .	8s. 6d.	£1	£1, 6s.
Dieppe . . . . .	7s. 6d.	15s.	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{up to 120 lb. 15s.} \\ \text{up to 200 lb. £1, 10s.} \\ \text{up to 300 lb. £1, 17s. 6d.} \end{array} \right.$
Havre or Cherbourg	7s. 6d.	15s.	15s.

On French railways cycles are accepted as passengers' luggage (the total allowance not being thereby exceeded), subject to the usual registration fee.

*Duty on Motor-cars.*—When the car is accompanied by a "Tryptique" (issued by the Royal Automobile Club or the Automobile Association and Motor Union) (*i.e.*, by a document certifying that the duty has been deposited in England or that the car is being returned to France, and the owner is in possession of a "permis de réserve de retour," exempting from duty for 12 months and issued on the car leaving France), no duty is payable. Failing this, the full amount of duty chargeable must be deposited, and a receipt (valid for a year) obtained in order that the amount paid may be refunded on leaving the country.

The French Customs duty on motor-cars entering France is an *ad valorem* duty of 45 per cent., plus a luxury tax of 12 per cent., charged on the value of the car plus the duty.

Motor-cycles of British origin pay at the minimum tariff of 1078 fr. per 100 kilos, to which, if over 500 fr. in value, must be added a luxury tax of 12 per cent. on the value plus the duty.

The Italian Customs duty on motor-cars entering Italy is at the following rates, viz. :—

	£.	s.	d.	
Under 8 cwt.	2	9	0	per cwt.
From 8 to 18 cwt.	2	7	0	„
„ 18 to 32 „	1	7	0	„
„ 32 to 49 „	1	11	0	„
„ 49 to 79 „	1	19	0	„
Over 79 „	1	4	6	„

In addition there is a tax of 35 per cent. on the value of cars under 49 cwt., plus 1 per cent. on the value of cars under 25 h.p., and 2 per cent. on the value of cars over 25 h.p.

Motor-cycles pay a fixed sum of 300 gold lire each.

The International Travelling Pass and Plaque allow motorists to travel for a twelvemonth in those countries (including France and Italy) which have accepted the agreement, without obtaining special licences or carrying the special numbers adopted in the country travelled in. The distinguishing letters for Great Britain are G.B. These Passes and Plaques may be obtained from the Royal Automobile Club, Touring Department, on payment of the necessary fees.

The following charges are made for the conveyance of motor-cars, *accompanied and at owner's risk* :—

Between Dover and Calais or Folkestone (or Dover) and Boulogne—

<i>Closed Cars having permanent tops.</i>	£	s.	d.
Wheel base not exceeding 6 ft. 6 in. .	7	0	0
Wheel base not exceeding 8 ft. 6 in. .	8	0	0
Wheel base not exceeding 10 ft. 6 in. .	9	0	0
Wheel base exceeding 10 ft. 6 in. .	10	0	0

*Open cars with detachable or collapsible hoods.*

Wheel base not exceeding 6 ft. 6 in. .	5	0	0
Wheel base not exceeding 8 ft. 6 in. .	6	0	0
Wheel base not exceeding 10 ft. 6 in. .	7	0	0
Wheel base exceeding 10 ft. 6 in. .	8	0	0

## Between Newhaven and Dieppe—

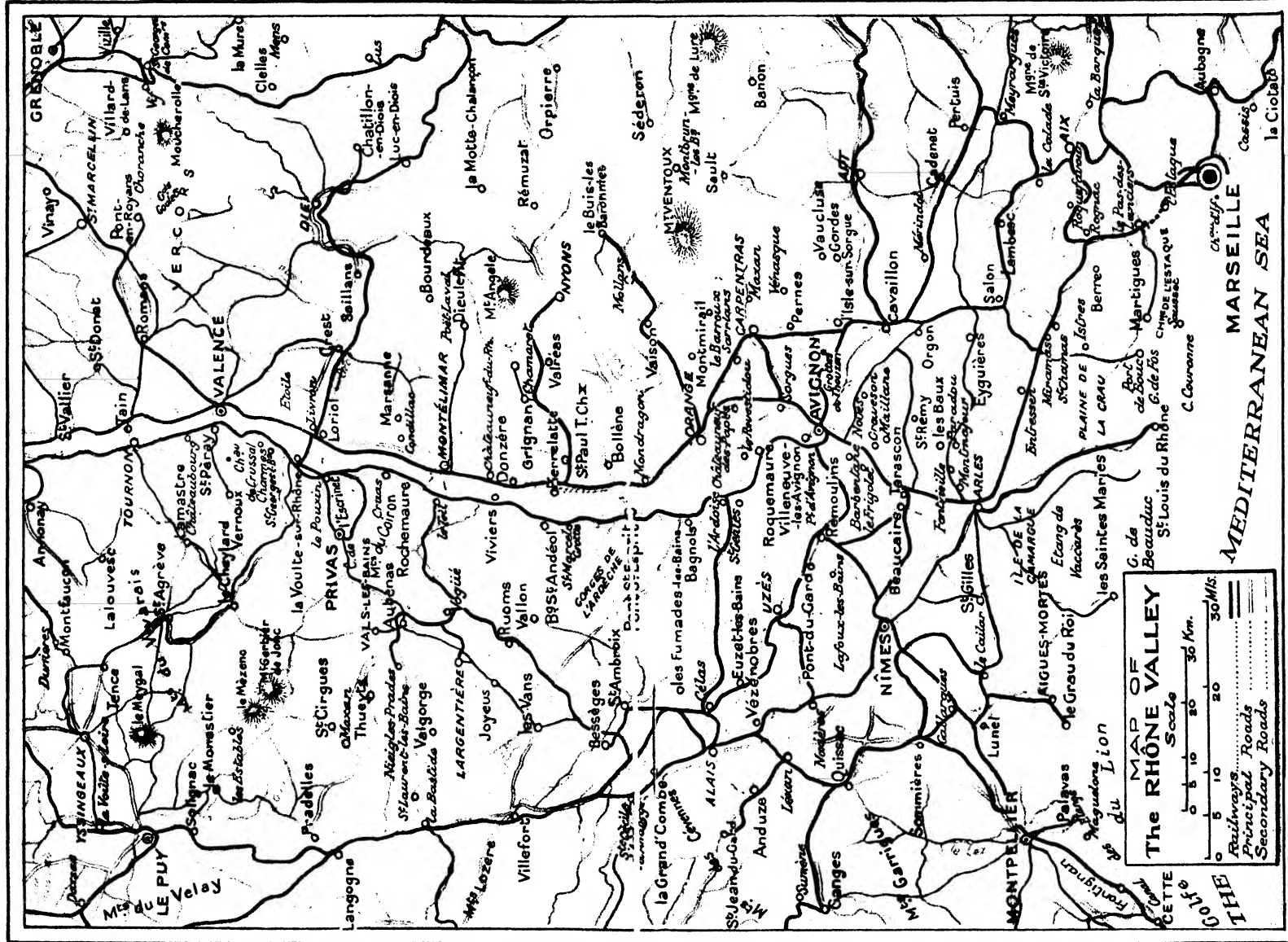
	£.	s.	d.
With wheel-base less than 6 ft. 6 in., each	4	15	0
6 ft. 6 in. to 8 ft. 6 in.	5	15	0
8 ft. 6 in. to 10 ft. 6 in.	6	12	0
Exceeding 10 ft. 6 in.	7	10	0
Light motor-cars or cycle-cars not exceeding 12 cwt. and 8 ft. 6 in. wheel base	3	15	0

Between Southampton and Havre, Cherbourg,  
or St Malo—

Weight not exceeding 10 cwt.	.	.	4	0	0
Weight not exceeding 1 ton	.	.	4	15	0
Weight not exceeding 25 cwt.	.	.	5	15	0
Weight not exceeding 30 cwt.	.	.	6	12	0
Weight not exceeding 40 cwt.	.	.	7	10	0
Weight not exceeding 50 cwt.	.	.	8	10	0
Weight not exceeding 60 cwt.	.	.	9	5	0

Landing and shipping charges may also be incurred according to circumstances.









## FROM LYONS TO MARSEILLE

THE railway journey from Lyons to Marseille covers a distance of  $217\frac{1}{2}$  miles, usually accomplished in from 5 to 7 hours. The road journey is over a distance of 269 miles, crossing Vienne, Tain, Valence, Montélimar, Orange, Avignon, and Salon. There is also the mountain route via Grenoble. The first part to Grenoble is via Côte-St André, a good road, though not so picturesque as that via La Tour du Pin and Voiron. From Grenoble to Marseille the route is via Sisteron (see p. 146), Manosque (see p. 145), and Aix-en-Provence.

Leaving the great manufacturing centre of Lyons, the line crosses the Rhône and continues past *Chasse*, where a line diverges for Givors, and Estressin, presently reaching the old and somewhat moody town of Vienne.

*Vienne* is one of the most ancient towns in France. It is mentioned by Cæsar, by Ausinus, and by Martial, and later became the cradle of Western Christianity. Some interesting relics of the Roman period are to be seen, but the town is now busily industrial, with a population of 21,861. It is situated at the confluence of the Rhône and the Gère, with mountains penning it in on the east. As *Vienne Senatoria* it was capital of the Roman province of Gaul, and in the fifth century was selected as the capital of the kingdom of Burgundy; still later as the capital of the kingdom of Arles. Its archbishop, known as the Primate of the Gauls, shared the territory with the Dauphin of the Viennois until the city became part of the province of Dauphiny in the reign of Louis XI.

The *Post Office* is situated in the Avenue Victor Hugo; there are *steam trams* from Vienne to Le Grand Lemps and Charavines-Bains; the *Grand Hôtel* et du Nord is situated in the Place de Miremont; the *Hôtel* de la Poste in the Cours Wilson.

From the Place de Miremont we reach the conspicuous

*Church of St Maurice*, formerly the Cathedral. The nave dates from the twelfth century; the western front was commenced in the fourteenth century, and the central portal is of the fifteenth century. Of the exterior the three portals in the western front and the decoration of the lower storey are the most interesting, the major portion of the front having been mutilated during the religious troubles of 1567. Entering the nave there is seen on the right the excellent seventh-century *tomb of St Leonianus*; some curious bas-reliefs of the twelfth-thirteenth century are seen in the south porch, and in the thirteenth century choir is the somewhat exaggerated mausoleum of Cardinal de Montmorin, by Michael Angelo Slodtz.

Opposite the north door of the church is the old Archbishops' Palace, beside the gateway of which is a street leading to the Place du Palais, where stands the *Temple to Augustus and Livia*, said to have been built by the Emperor Claudius about A.D. 44, and regarded as a smaller version of the Maison Carrée at Nîmes. The building was converted into a church during the Middle Ages. From the Place du Palais runs the Rue des Clercs, in which, on the right, signified by a tablet, is the house in which François Ponsard, a dramatic poet of some note, was born. This is a very old street, and some of the houses and courtyards are worth a few minutes' inspection. At the end of the street is the unfinished twelfth-century *Church of St-André-le-Bas*.

In the Place de Miremont is situated the *Museum and Library*, in the former of which is a small but interesting collection of modern paintings and antiquities, including Roman remains, among which is a fine ivory head of a woman; there is also a good collection of French china. The Museum is open to the public on Sunday and Thursday, 10 to 12 and 2 to 5. Strangers may be admitted on other days.

From near the Church of St Maurice the Quai Jaurès reaches the old Church of *St Pierre*, now used as the *Lapidary Museum*, with a number of Roman relics, and, in the Chapelle de Poisieu, of the twelfth century, the tympanum from the original doorway of the church. Beyond this is the *Public Garden*, in which has been exposed a portion of the Roman Via Aurelia. The Rue d'Avignon

goes thence to the *Aiguille*, an arch crowned with a pyramid and marking the site of an ancient Roman circus.

A suspension bridge connects Vienne with the town of *Ste Colombe*, the tower of which is seen conspicuously on the other side of the Rhône, and was erected in 1349 by Philip VI. to guard the then frontier of France. It is an easy excursion to *Mont Pipet*, east of Vienne, on the slopes of which are the relics of a *Roman theatre*; further Roman relics are observed among the ruins of a thirteenth-century castle on the summit of the hill. There is a good eleventh-century church at *Le Motier*, on the steam tramway line to Le Grand Lemps (see p. 47).

The railway now continues from Vienne along the left bank of the Rhône, passing the thirteenth-century village of *Le Péage-de-Roussillon*, so named from the ancient toll-gate set up by the Lords of Roussillon, whose chief town, *Roussillon*, lies about three-quarters of a mile to the east, and possesses a sixteenth-century château where Charles IX. is said to have signed the edict establishing 1st January as the beginning of the civil year. The next station is *St Rambert-d'Albon*, the junction for Peyraud and Annonay, the former with a fine Louis-Treize château and the latter a picturesque little town which has been the birthplace of many famous men of science—and also for Rives. The line from St Rambert to Rives ascends the Valloire valley, passing *Moras*, an interesting little medieval town; *Beaurepaire*, with a fifteenth-century church; *La Côte-St-André*, junction for the tramway from St Marcellin to La Côte-St-André-Ville; *St Etienne de-St-Geoirs*, with a fourteenth-century chapel, fifteenth-century houses, and some old fortifications; then descending into the valley of the Fure to *Rives*, a centre for steel-works and paper-mills, including the factory where the notes of the Bank of France are made. Rives is on the line from Lyons to Grenoble.

The next station on the line from Vienne is *Andancette*, connected with Andance on the other side of the Rhône by a bridge (p. 108). Then follows the town of *St Vallier* (*Hôtel de la Poste*, *Terminus Hotel*), which lies at the mouth of the Galaure and has the interesting Gothic

château of Chabrillan. (From St Vallier to Le Grand-Serre is a distance of  $19\frac{1}{4}$  miles, accomplished by light railway in  $2\frac{1}{4}$  hours. It commences with the valley of the Galaure by the rugged Gorge de la Rochetaillée, above which rises the ruined castle of the Dauphins of Viennois. Le Grand-Serre, which is the market for the valley, is interesting with its old walls pierced by five gateways and its thirteenth-century church.)

Crossing the Galaure the main line runs to *Sevres-Erôme*, which has a ruined castle. Then in the narrowing valley of the Rhône it comes to *Tain*, which is connected with Tournon, opposite, by two bridges. In the vicinity of Tain the celebrated wine known as L'Hermitage is grown, being so called from a hermit's cell on the hillside to the east. In the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville stands an altar dating from A.D. 184, and said to have been used for the sacrifice of bulls. (There is a light railway from Tain to *Romans*, which goes over the plain where the Gauls were defeated by the Romans in 121 B.C. [At *Clévieux* a line diverges to St Donat-sur-l'Herbasse in the centre of vineyards and with a castle and church of the eleventh century.]) Continuing to La Roche-de-Glun, we observe on the left, distantly, the Alps of Dauphiny. The Isère is then crossed, and beyond the Rhône is seen the striking castle of *Châteaubourg* (p. 109), followed presently by the ruins of *Crussol* and then by the important town of Valence.

*Valence*, situated on the left bank of the Rhône, is the capital of the Department of the Drôme, and has a population of approximately 27,000. It is the seat of a bishop, and possesses many medieval buildings of note. In Roman times it was known as *Valentia Julia*, having been founded as such in 123 B.C. For a time it was the headquarters of Constantine, a usurper who raised Gaul and Spain against Honorius. In medieval times it was under the rule of its bishops, against whom it constantly struggled, and from whom it was partially freed by Louis XI. in 1450. The University, founded in 1542, was suppressed in 1793, and it acquired some fame outside its own quarters through its famous Professor, Justus Scaliger, and its still more famous pupil, Rabelais. Napoleon is said to have lodged at No. 48 Grande Rue while studying at the Artillery School from 1785-91, and here died Pius VI.

in exile in 1799. The title of the duchy is now hereditary in the family of the Prince of Monaco.

*Hotels.*—De la Croix-D'Or in the Place de la République ; de Lyon in the Avenue de la Gare ; de l'Europe in the Avenue Félix Faure ; d'Angleterre in the Place Madier de-Montjau. The *Post and Telegraph Office* is in the Place Championnet.

You arrive at the station in the modern part of the town and then take the Rue Papin, the Boulevard Bancel, and the Avenue Gambetta, the principal thoroughfares of the town. From the station the Avenue de la Gare leads to the Avenue Victor Hugo, on the left of which is the Champ de Mars and the pleasant Parc Jouvet. On the right of the Avenue Gambetta is the old Bishops' Palace, now used as a *museum* (admission 1 to 4, 2 to 5), with several interesting souvenirs of Napoleon and a Roman mosaic from Luc-en-Diois. Adjoining this is the Cathedral. The *Cathedral*, dedicated to St Apollinaris, is an eleventh-century building of peculiar construction. It has been several times restored, the tower and porch dating from as late as 1861. The choir itself was unevenly restored in 1730. The narrowness of the aisle excites certain interest in the interior, and in the choir are a bust and monument to Pius VI. by Le Laboureur, a pupil of Canova. But, on the whole, the Cathedral of Valence is disappointing. Just north of the Cathedral is a curious square building raised as a monument to the Mistral family in the sixteenth century and known as the *Pendentif*, from the shape of its vault. Opposite, in the Rue Pérollerie, is the *Maison Dupré-Latour*, with a fine Renaissance doorway of the sixteenth century. Behind the Cathedral, in the Grande Rue, is the *Maison des Têtes*, with some fairly preserved sculptures in the courtyard. There are a number of other excellent specimens of domestic architecture of the sixteenth century to be found throughout the town.

Several agreeable excursions may be made from Valence into the wine districts. On the side of the Rhône, opposite to Saulce Station, is *Crussol*, a curious fortified abbey still retaining its ancient ramparts, gates, and dungeons ; the church is a most interesting specimen of twelfth-century Romanesque architecture. From Valence there is a

steam tramway in  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours to Bourg-de-Péage, passing Chabeuil, a good starting-point for the Gorges d'Ombrière. Bourg-de-Péage is a suburb of Romans, on the other side of the Isère. *Romans* (Hôtel de l'Europe) is a picturesque old town at the junction of the Savasse and the Isère, and still retains part of its ancient fortifications. The old abbey church of *St Bernard* dates from the early twelfth century and has a fine but ill-preserved portal. It was at Romans that Humbert II., last of the independent Dauphins, signed away his domains to Charles of Valois in 1341. It was at Romans, also, that was held the fateful meeting of the Provincial Estates summoned by Louis XVI. in 1788. There is a light railway to *Pont-en-Royans*, a circuitous line passing the fourteenth-century castle of Rochechinard and going over the famous Route de Combe-Laval. The steam tramway from Valence to *Crest* goes via Beaumont-lès-Valence, which has a church of the eleventh century. Valence is on the line to Grenoble and Chambéry.

Leaving Valence, the main line now crosses a lovely plain and passes *Etoile*, which has a twelfth-century church of note; then follows Livron, which is a junction for the line to Die and Veynes. There is another line with through trains from Valence to Privas (see p. 109), via La Voulte.

*From Livron to Veynes.*—This is a distance of  $72\frac{1}{2}$  miles, usually accomplished in from  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to  $4\frac{1}{2}$  hours with a through train daily from Valence to Veynes. The line ascends the Drôme valley to *Crest*, to-day a manufacturing town with a twelfth-century keep, the only remaining relic of the castle demolished by Richelieu (Grand Hôtel). *Crest* is a good centre for excursions up the valley of the *Vèbre*, through the *Forêt de Saou*, and to the *Gorges d'Ombrière*. *Saou* itself has some interesting remains of an abbey of *St Tiers*. There is a motor omnibus each morning from *Crest*, via *Saou*, to *Bourdeaux*, an interesting old town with a ruined castle. Leaving *Crest*, the line goes on to *Aouste*, birthplace of the poet Fabre des Essarts, and a good centre for excursions through the *Forêt de Lente*. There is an omnibus from *Aouste* to *Plan-de-Baix*, passing *Beaufort-*

*sur-Gervanne*, which has ruins of a monastery and keep. Beyond Plan-de-Baix are the *Gorges d'Omblèze*, and beyond this, via *Leoncel*, with ruins of a Cistercian Abbey, is *St Jean-en-Royans*. The line continues now via *Pont-d'Espenel* and *Vercheny* to the picturesque village of *Pontaix*, with ruins of a feudal castle. About seven miles from Pontaix is the castled village of *St Julien-en-Quint*, the principal village of the wild Vallée de Quint. Diane de Poitiers was for some time a prisoner in the castle of St Julien. A little over four miles beyond Pontaix we reach Die.

*Die* (Hôtel de St Dominique and Hôtel des Alpes, both in the Rue Nationale) is situated on the right bank of the Drôme and was the *Dea Vocontiorum* of the Romans, for whom it was one of the principal colonies on the road from Milan to Vienne. Of this period there is a triumphal arch known to-day as the Porte de St Marcel, erected in honour of Marius. There are some antique columns in the eleventh-century cathedral.

The railway to Veynes now continues up the valley of the Drôme, passing the Château de la Salle above Pont-de-Quart-Châtillon, Recoubreau and *Luc-en-Diois*, anciently known as *Lucas Vocontiorum*, from which period a number of interesting relics have been found, including the mosaic exhibit in the museum at Valence. There is an omnibus hence to *La Moitte-Chalançon*, at the meeting of the valleys of the Eyguesbelle and the Oule. A road goes on from here to *Montmorin*, the highest village in the valley of the Oule and the birthplace of Philis de la Tour-du-Pin-la-Charce, who was a sort of local Joan of Arc, defending her native valleys against Victor Amadeus II. of Savoy. The valley narrows to a defile, and the line crosses a viaduct, passing *Lesches-Beaumont* and quitting the Drôme valley for that of the Maravel. Beyond *Beaurières* the line begins the ascent to *Col de Cabre*, through which it is carried by a tunnel  $2\frac{1}{4}$  miles long. The descent is made via *La Beaume* to the valley of the *Buëch*; then passing *St Pierre d'Argençon* and *Aspres-sur-Buëch*, the line comes to a halt at *Veynes*, which is the junction for the line to Digne and Marseille.

From Livron the main line crosses the Drôme, and

passing through a country which gives increasing evidence of the line's southward trend, it passes *La Courcourde-Condillac*, approaches the Rhône, and halts at *Montélimar* (Hôtel de la Poste in the Place D'Aygu; Hôtel des Princes in the Grande Rue, and Hôtel de la Gare). This is an ancient and prosperous town, with a population of some 9100 inhabitants. Its castle, now used as a prison, dates from the fourteenth century. In the church is a fifteenth-century apse. From the terrace of the castle there is a splendid view of the mountains of the Vivrais. Montélimar has acquired some celebrity for its nougat. There is a light railway from Montélimar up the valley of the Jabron to *Dieulefit*, a stronghold of French Protestants and an industrial town of some 2750 inhabitants. In summer the P.-L.-M. auto-car runs to *Vals-les-Bains*, via Le Teil (see p. 110).

Leaving Montélimar, the line proceeds to *Châteauneuf-du-Rhône*, which lies beside Viviers (p. 110). The *Robinet de Donzère*, or the gate of Provence, is then entered, admitting to *Donzère* at the foot of a rock which has the ruins of a thirteenth-century castle. There is a curious apse in the Romanesque church. The line now crosses the Berre to *Pierrelatte*. Three miles to the north is La Garde-Adhémar, which has some splendidly-preserved ramparts and a remarkable Romanesque church with a double apse of the eleventh century. Pierrelatte is said to take its name from a rock brought there by a giant (*Pietra Lata*). From Pierrelatte there is a railway in from  $1\frac{3}{4}$  to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours to Nyons. It passes *St Paul-Trois-Châteaux*, an ancient Roman settlement and the seat of a bishop from about the year 100 to 1792. There is a fine twelfth- and thirteenth-century *Cathedral*, elaborately finished. The tomb of the first Bishop of St Paul lies beneath a curious isolated tower in the twelfth-century church of *St Restitut*, under two miles to the south-east. The line now goes on to *Grignan*, which has an interesting château where Madame de Sévigné, the famous mother of the Comtesse de Grignan, died in 1696. Her tomb is in the sixteenth-century church of *St Sauveur*, and there is a statue of her in the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville. There are portraits of the Marquise de Sévigné and her daughter in the château. The line continues now to *Valréas*, which



## FROM LYON

has a twelfth-century church, the religious wars. Now called (et de Louvre) on the Eygues many medieval houses. east are the small baths of Condorcet.

The main line now goes on via Bollène-la-Croisière to Suze-la-Rousse, which has a medieval castle. Presently the line enters the fertile plain of Orange, and crossing the Eygues, with Mont Ventoux bounding the horizon on the left, it continues to Orange.

*Orange* lies on the left bank of the Rhône, among meadows, orchards, and mulberry plantations through which runs the little River Meyne. The highly fertile district is overlooked by the splendid summit of Mont Ventoux. The population of the city is approximately 7742. It was anciently known as *Arausio*, capital of the Cavi, and later became an important Roman colony, as is testified by the fine Roman relics which exist even to this day. Its ramparts and other notable public buildings suffered destruction or mutilation during the advance of the Alemanni and Visigoths, and were further ruined as a result of new buildings in the Middle Ages. Included in the kingdom of Austrasia, Orange fell into the hands of the Saracens, from whom it was recovered by Charlemagne. In the eleventh century it became an independent county, and in the following century Count Bertrand de Baux received from the Emperor Frederick I. the title of Prince of Orange. In the year 1530 the title with its inheritance fell to René of Nassau-Dillenburg, Stadtholder of the Netherlands, who, leaving no direct heir, chose his cousin William, afterwards William I., to be his successor. In the Treaty of Cateau-Cambresis William's rights to the Principality of Orange were confirmed by Henry III., and the title Prince of Orange thus remained to the Stadtholders from Maurice to William III. The principality was seized by Louis XIV. in 1672, and handed over to the Count of Auvergne to compensate for the loss of the marquisate of Bergen-op-Zoom, confiscated by William; the title was, however, restored to the House of Nassau by the Peace of Ryswick. A dispute arose over the principality after

the death of William, whereupon Louis XIV. declared the principality forfeit to the French crown, and bestowed it on the Prince of Conti, who was confirmed in the *Dominium Utile* by the Treaty of Utrecht. The title and coat-of-arms were, however, left to the King of Prussia; the title was also taken by John William Friso of Nassau-Dietz, and has been borne by the Stadtholders and Kings of the Netherlands ever since.

*Hôtels de la Poste* and *des Princes* in the Avenue de l'Arc de Triomphe; de l'Europe in the Avenue de la Gare; du Louvre, also in the Avenue de la Gare. *Post Office* in the Place de la République.

Orange is interesting chiefly for its Roman remains, of which the most important is a triumphal arch erected to commemorate the victory of Tiberius over the Gauls. The Roman Theatre is one of the most perfect existing in France. Leaving the station, you pass along an avenue of plane-trees and cross the river, turning to the right along the Boulevard de Meyne parallel to the river; turning to the right again the stream is recrossed and a road leads direct in about fifteen minutes to the *Triumphal Arch*. It stands at the northern entrance to the town and is about 70 feet long by about 70 feet in height and nearly 32 feet wide, set to the four cardinal points of the compass. It consists of three arches in a fair state of preservation, the central arch being much larger than the others and all of them adorned with a wealth of decoration. The entablature is held aloft by twelve Corinthian columns, and there are reliefs of naval and military trophies and processions, of foliage, fruit, and mythological figures, on the north, east, and south faces; the west front was denuded of adornment in the process of restoration. "The upper panel of the huge attic story, over the central arch, is filled with a large bas-relief of crowded fighting figures. The rostra of the ships and other maritime emblems are remarkably well treated; and Ruskin observed particularly that the carvings of this arch afforded an excellent example of 'sketching in sculpture,' being surrounded with a deeply cut line, which emphasises their outline, just as an artist might do with his pencil upon paper. There are certain mathematical irregularities in the constructive measurements, to which I attach no importance as signs of de-

cadence ; in fact, they probably contribute very largely to the general effect of the mass, which is undeniably imposing ; and neither beauty nor ' proportion ' depends on mathematics. But the design as a whole shows fatal signs of a loss of that delicate appreciation of appropriate balance and harmony which was the Greeks' best legacy to Rome. It seems to me to be the rough copy, made by uninstructed workmen, of the original at St Remy ; and its architect has only brought his ignorance into greater prominence by increasing the whole bulk of the great mass of stone he reared.

" . . . It would be difficult, whatever phrase were written here, to lessen the delight of anyone who sees that mighty monument of a great and warlike people, set at the head of the vast highway by which their legions marched towards the conquest of the North, and softened to the mellow tint of an exquisite gold against the brilliant blue of the Provençal sky."—*Sir Theodore Cook*. The coppered vaulting is best preserved in the central arch ; that in one of the smaller arches has disappeared.

Returning to the river, turn to the right immediately after crossing the bridge, keeping straight on along the Rue Victor Hugo. The Rue Notre Dame goes left to the church of that name, which dates itself from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries and has one or two pictures. At the end of the Rue Victor Hugo turn to the left, passing through the Place de la République, where the first turning on the right, the Rue Caristie, is faced by the Roman Theatre.

The *Roman Theatre* of Orange, hollowed out of its hill probably about the time of Hadrian, was capable of holding 7000 persons. Its wall is 118 feet high, 340 feet wide, and 13 feet thick, and is pierced by three square gates surrounded by a range of blind arches and a double row of far-projecting corbels. The theatre, considerably restored in 1895-97, could now house about 18,000 spectators, and is, indeed, occupied annually in August at the open-air performances given there. It was in this theatre that Sarah Bernhardt achieved one of her greatest triumphs. In the old Proscenium is a small museum containing statues, antiquities, and inscriptions found in the neighbourhood. Under the Princes of Orange the

theatre was made an outwork of the castle which they erected on this hill and which was demolished by De Grignan, who had captured the town for Louis XIV. For a long time it was filled with hovels and stables, which have since been swept away to permit the putting into effect of considerable plans for the theatre's preservation. Traces have been found in the neighbourhood of the theatre of a *hippodrome* capable of accommodating 20,000 persons, and statues, bas-reliefs, and ruins of an aqueduct further serve to show the importance of Orange in Roman times. The allegorical *monument* beside the theatre was erected in 1901 to represent the muse of antique tragedy handing to the modern muse a flambeau of the arts. There is an excellent view from the summit of the hill overlooking the theatre. It takes about an hour and a half to ascend, passing to the left of the wall, then turning to the right along the Rue Pourtule, where steps will be found. A statue of the Virgin surmounts the hill, and there are also some ruins of an ancient castle.

From Orange it is a distance of about five miles north to Sérignan, on the road to Valréas, where is the home of the entomologist Henri Fabre, whose house at the entrance to the village is to be used as a centre for entomological study.

From Orange it is a distance of  $17\frac{1}{2}$  miles by tramway to Vaison, an interesting old town situated on the Ouvèze. Until the end of the eighteenth century it was the seat of a bishop, and its former *Cathedral* is of unusual interest architecturally. The cloisters have been made into an architectural museum. The church of *St Quentin*, higher up, has a twelfth-century choir and a seventeenth-century nave. On the side of the Colline de Puymin is a *Roman theatre*, in the vicinity of which excavations have revealed a number of Roman relics, including the Diadumenos now at the British Museum. There is a medieval *château* and some old fortifications, and over the Ouvèze is a Roman *bridge* leading to the medieval town, with its ramparts and gateways and its fifteenth-century church, which was at one time used as a cathedral. The tramway goes on from Vaison to Malaucène-Crestet and Le Buis-les-Baronnies.

There is a line from Orange to Carpentras and L'Isle-sur-Sorgue, a distance of 24 miles. The station of Sarrians-Montmirail serves the sulphur baths of Montmirail (Grand Hotel) ; then comes Carpentras (see p. 70), followed by *Pernes*, which has an old church and a bridge on which has been built a chapel. There are a number of relics of medieval fortifications, including the *Tour Ferrande*, which has some thirteenth-century wall paintings (permission to visit should be obtained from the Hôtel de Ville). *L'Isle-sur-Sorgue* (p. 71), whence Cavaillon (see p. 72).

As the main line leaves Orange it enters the wide plain at some distance from the Rhône, and the effect of the piercing north-west wind known as the mistral is seen. The numerous plantations of cypress-trees laid out in this neighbourhood serve as a protection against this wind. Presently *Courthézon*, with its fourteenth-century fortifications and a modern chateau, is observed, and to the right stands *Châteauneuf-du-Pape*, celebrated for its wines ; then comes *Bédarrides*, where the Ouvèze and the Sorgue meet. The latter is crossed to *Sorgues*, a small town with a branch line to Carpentras (see p. 70). Then passing *Le Pontet*, the line, approaching the Rhône, comes in full view of the palace and cathedral-crowned *Rocher des Doms*, and halts at Avignon.

## AVIGNON

THIS is a very lovely city, though its loveliness is not so completely, obviously Provençal as that of Nîmes, let us say, or Arles. You must bear in mind that Avignon cherishes, as her greatest memory, a medieval period, when it became the seat of the Papacy. Arles, Nîmes, and a great deal of Provence hark back to Rome and Greece ; Avignon is content to be reminded of the day when popes ruled from Les Rochers des Doms, and royal princes were her guests, very often her suppliant guests.

Nevertheless, the place was of some importance during Roman times, and is said also to have had some special connection with the Greek colony at Marseilles. It must have been a fairly large trading colony, and there is reason to think that the native Gauls had established there a post which traded with the Phœnicians. When the Burgundian kingdom was established Avignon was brought within its territory, but upon the dissolution of the Burgundian State it was pronounced a free Republic.

All that, so far, has nothing unusual about it. The unusual came in 1309, when Clement V. exchanged the turbulence of Rome for the peace of his own papal territory in France, the Comtat Venaissin. Avignon was not then included in this territory, but was brought under papal control by purchase from Joan of Naples in 1348. Avignon ceased to be the papal headquarters in 1377, when Gregory XI. returned to Rome, though it continued from 1378 to 1418 to be the seat of a line of French anti-popes.

"The influence exerted by the Avignonese popes on the development of the Provençal character and Provençal history was very great, although temporary in character ; Avignon rose to a height of splendour unequalled in the history of the Rhoneland through its position as the headquarters of the Roman Catholic faith, and the influx of

Italian princes, cardinals, artists, men of letters, had undoubtedly a formative effect on the medieval mind. The tide brought in new wealth, and, when it receded, left behind a rich deposit of ideas and fashions which René was quick to cultivate. The *régime* of the popes, though it was largely medieval in outlook, still opened up new prospectives to the Provençaux and prepared the way for the Renaissance which was ushered in by René."—Hugh Quigley, *The Land of the Rhone* (Methuen).

The union with Revolutionary France took place in 1791.

Petrarch is said to have visited Avignon as a child in 1313, and to have seen the beautiful Laura in 1327, as she was attending the now vanished Church of St Clara (p. 67). Petrarch remained in Avignon until 1337, when he retired to Vacluse (see p. 72). John Stuart Mill lived here from 1868 until his death in 1873. He is buried in the cemetery.

*Hotels*: Dominion, Grand, de l'Europe, Crillon, du Louvre. *Restaurants*. In addition to the restaurants at the leading hotels there are the Lance, 26 Rue Bancasse; the Hiély, near the Palace of the Popes; the Des Négociants at 13 Rue de la République; and the Rich Tavern in the Place de la Préfecture. *Post Office* in the Rue de la République. *Railway Station* (buffet) just outside the fortifications in the Cours de la République. There is another station on the other side of the river on the Lyons-Nîmes line. *Electric Tramways* from the Place Clemenceau through the town to the suburbs and to Sorgues; from the Place Carnot to Porte St Lazare and Les Rotondes; auto-cars in the season to Arles, Châteaurenard, St Remy, Carpentras, Les Baux, etc.; motor-bus to Pont d'Avignon and Villeneuve; steamers up the Rhône to Lyons.

The ideal way to enter Avignon is, of course, down the Rhône. P.-L.-M. tickets are interchangeable, so that the Rhône voyage from Lyons to Avignon may be accomplished without difficulty, and Avignon may be observed as it must have been observed by the travellers of ancient days. By this means you pass the Pont St Esprit, which Mistral calls the triumphal gateway to Provence; then you come by the broken bridge of St Bénézet, and so anchor at Avignon, which is seen aspiring from its giant rock—"Avignon with its tower and belfries all pointing up to the sky—Avignon so filled in ancient days with glory and splendour that she need no longer trouble her head about them." On this river journey one should be accompanied by Mistral's *Poème du Rhône*, where the lost

significance of the Rhône is lamented, and the days recalled when great teams of horses were used to tow the barges on their leisurely voyages ; and where a beautiful legend of the river is interwoven with what is, unfortunately, a weak love story.

Entering the town from the station you pass through the *Porte de la République*, a modern gateway in the well-preserved *ramparts*, which were constructed in the fourteenth century by Innocent VI. and Urban V. They are nearly seven feet thick, and are flanked by thirty-nine round or square towers, from one hundred to one hundred and twenty yards distant from each other. There are seven gates. A profitable morning could be spent in traversing the boulevard which follows the ramparts ; for thus you will come upon many interesting old features of the city and observe the Provençal engaged in his native pastime of *boule* ; while, if it be autumn, much of the boulevard will be strewn with baskets of grapes continually augmented with the arrival of fresh dray loads from the vineyards around, and as quickly depleted as the baskets are weighed, sold, and taken off to the fruit markets and wine-presses of the city.

Soon after the *Porte de la République* is entered there is seen on the right the *Barracks* of Avignon. Behind these are the cloister and chapel of the *Celestine Convent* founded by the Queen of Sicily in 1393. Now continuing along the main street you pass on the right the Square St Martial, where there is a ruined cloister. The street ends in the Place Clemenceau, the principal square of the town, which is surrounded by cafés, a theatre, and the *Hôtel de Ville*, from which rises a fourteenth-century clock tower surmounted by a crocketed steeple erected a century later. Here also is the *Monument du Centenaire*, erected in 1891 to the memory of the union of Avignon with France one hundred years earlier. It is a short walk hence by the Rue des Frères-Brian to the Place du Palais, on the left of which is the *École de Musique*, established in the early seventeenth-century *Mint*, which still bears the arms of Cardinal Borghese, a former legate. A little farther along is the *Petit Palais*, once a residence of the archbishops ; and in the square is a statue of *Louis de Crillon* (died 1615),



who is known as *Brave Crillon*, and was called by Henry IV. the "Premier capitaine du monde." On the right of the Place du Palais is the irregular pile of Gothic buildings known as the Papal Palace.

*The Papal Palace.*—Avignon was made the centre of the Papacy by Clement V., who, refusing the turbulent atmosphere of Rome, chose this city because of its close proximity to Venaissin, which was the property of the Vatican. It was first intended to make Avignon but a temporary residence, though presently it became clear that the city must, for an unknown period, be the centre of Papal government, and, in fact, the Papacy's principal stronghold. It was Benedict XII. who commenced the massive structures later to be known as the Palace of the Popes, which is indeed more fortress than palace, being a magnificent specimen of fourteenth-century military architecture spread over an area of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  acres. It was constructed by four successive Popes between 1335 and 1364. The massive walls are stiffened with buttresses, and everywhere are windows and loopholes placed there for the purpose of resisting an attack. Formerly it had moats and redoubts, which have now disappeared, and within the fortifications are the monastic dwellings of the Popes, and the halls in which were held their luxurious Courts. Simple enough in construction, and hardly bigger than an ordinary monastery, was this interior palace, but the adornments were of the richest, and included the work of the best Italian artists. The interior has suffered considerably since the palace was deserted by its Papal lords, though arrangements were made to keep the great building up and to effect such restorations as were necessary. By the middle of the seventeenth century it had, however, become scarcely habitable, and during the Revolution it was transformed into a prison. In 1792 it was decided to destroy the Palace altogether, but ultimately the need of a barracks brought about its preservation, and, at the same time, not a little of its decay. From time to time under the Empire restorations were attempted. Napoleon III. decided to restore it at the cost of the State, but his decision was never acted upon, and gradually steps were taken by the city itself and the Commissioner of Historic Monuments to prevent its further decay. The

great rooms which had been built up and plastered over were cleared, and something of their old glories was restored to the walls of the palace.

Visitors are conducted through the Palace in parties at 9, 10.30, 2.30, and 4, the charge for admission being 2 frs. They await the start of the party at the Guard Room on the right after entering the curiously vaulted vestibule which leads into the *Cour d'Honneur*. The party then passes through the *Salle d'Audience des Contredites* in the *Tour de la Gâche*. Then comes the great *Audience Chamber*, added by Clement VI. in 1352. This is the Papal Court of Justice, and has a vaulted hall divided into two aisles by a row of pillars; some wall paintings remain at the eastern end, and some also of the vault-painting by Matteo Giovanetti of Viterbo may be seen. Above this hall is the *Pope's Chapel*, in which is a little museum illustrating the history of the Palace; the adjoining Pope's Vestry and Cardinals' Vestry should also be seen; and then follows the *Tour de la Garde Robe* with its fourteenth-century rural frescoes. It is followed by the *Tour des Anges*, which has the frescoed bedroom of the Pope on the second floor. The private apartments of the Pope used to be situated in the long wing, which is now visited, and is traversed by a vaulted passage. The *Banqueting Hall* is seen on the first floor, and to the right of this, in the *Tour St Jean*, is the *Chapelle St Martial*, with frescoes by Giovanetti. Presently the great kitchen is observed, and then comes the *Tour de la Glacière*, which was the scene of a terrible massacre in October 1791. Rienzi, "The Last of the Tribunes," is said to have been imprisoned in the adjoining *Tour de Trouillas* in 1352. Descending now the *Cour d'Honneur*, you visit the *Consistory Court* and the *Chapelle St Jean*, adorned with frescoes. From the summit of the *Tour de Trouillas*, which is reached by 119 steps, there is a beautiful view over the town and the surrounding country. It is said that in this tower there existed a torture-chamber, and many curious legends have been built around it. One of the best of these is that told by Mistral in his *Muerto*. The secret passage that led to the Palace from underneath the Rhône was used by a little maid who came to save a Pope who was being besieged by the royal forces of France.

*Notre Dame des Doms*.—To the north, and almost adjoining the Papal Palace, is the *Cathedral of Notre Dame des Doms*, which dates in its present condition from the twelfth century, though restorations which took place in the seventeenth century serve largely to obscure the architectural interest which the church once possessed. It is said to stand on the site of a chapel erected in the first century of the Christian era on the ruins of an ancient pagan temple. The tower is Romanesque and is surmounted by a modern Virgin. The rather dark interior is richly decorated with frescoes, paintings, marbles, and tombs. Some *frescoes* by Simone Martini may be seen in the porch, and in the fifth chapel of the south aisle is the beautiful *tomb* of John XXII., on which is the recumbent statue said not to be that of the Pope. The *marble chair* of the Popes and the *cenotaph* of Louis Crillon are in the Choir, and in the second and third chapels of the north aisle is the *tomb* of *Benedict XII.* To the right is the *Promenade du Rocher des Doms*, on the summit of the hill, and the site of the earliest settlement. The Rocher des Doms is laid out as a garden and commands a magnificent panorama of the surrounding country, the view extending to the Cevennes and the Alps. In the gardens are statues of Jean Althen, who introduced the cultivation of madder into the district in 1766 ; of Venus rising from a small pond ; and busts of Paul Sain, Paul Vaison, and Félix Gras, the first two of which were painters of some reputation, while Gras was a poet who died in 1901. The view from this belvedere is best obtained from the terrace to the north. Below, at one's feet, is seen the Rhône with its ruined bridge of Bénézet, and the Isle de la Barthelasse ; behind this rises the solitary Tower of Philippe le Bel, and a little beyond this is Villeneuve, from which rise the twin towers of the Fort St André. To the right are the hills which culminate in the peak of Mont Ventoux, and in the distance are seen the pink hills of the Alpilles.

*Bridge of Bénézet*.—A flight of steps descends from the terrace to the Quai de la Ligne, whence access to the Bridge of Bénézet may be gained. The bridge is reached through a little house on the quay, where a gratuity must be paid for permission to enter it. The Pont St Bénézet was built in 1177-85 by St Bénézet and his disciples, and of the

original twenty-two arches only four remain, the rest having been destroyed by flood and war. It is the subject of the well-known song—

“Sur le pont d'Avignon  
L'on y danse, l'on y danse,”

which should probably read “*Sous le pont*,” for just beneath the bridge rises the little Ile de la Barthelasse, which is still resorted to in sportive mood by the Avignonnais. Above the second pier is the Chapelle St Nicolas, a little Romanesque chapel with a thirteenth-century baptismal chamber below it.

Returning to the Quai de la Ligne, continue along the outside of the ramparts to the Porte d'Oulle, within which the royalist populace of Avignon assassinated Marshal Burne, one of Napoleon's Generals, in 1815. The Rue Joseph Vernet and the Rue St Agricol lead hence to the Church of *St Agricol*, which is said to have been founded by the saint himself in 680. The present building is of the fourteenth-fifteenth century and has a sixteenth-century marble holy-water vessel and some interesting paintings. In the Rue Joseph Vernet is situated the *Chapelle de l'Oratoire*, behind which is the Musée Calvet, established in the eighteenth-century Hôtel de Villeneuve-Martigny.

The *Musée Calvet* (open to the public free on Sunday, 9 to 11.30 and 1 to 5, and every other day to strangers. Fee 1 fr., or 50 c. if more than one person).—The museum was founded by a physician of the same name in 1810, although many of the artistic treasures it contains were plundered at the Revolution, and to this Dr Calvet's collection was added in 1814. On the ground floor is the Municipal Library, which contains 117,000 volumes and 3000 manuscripts (open daily, 9 to 12 and 2 to 4). The ground floor of the museum, comprising the vestibule and two galleries, contains Roman antiquities, ancient and modern sculptures, medieval and Renaissance sculptures, tombs and fragments of tombs. In Room III. is an important collection of capitals from the Merovingian period of the fifteenth century. In Room IV. is the Noël-Biret collection of iron-work. At the end of the garden is the Salle des Illustrations Vauclusiennes with

portraits of famous citizens or guests in the city of Avignon ; here also there is a Natural History Museum.

The first floor is one long gallery containing a number of paintings, chiefly by old masters, some by unknown artists of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and others by Joseph Vernet, an Avignonnais, Th. Gudin, H. Rondel, and P. Vaison. In the rooms adjoining the entrance are ivories, enamels, medals, miniatures, antiquities, bronzes, vases, and a small ethnographical collection. In Room I. are paintings of the French school ; here also are pictures of the Italian schools, including works by Iacóbello del Fiore, Virgin and Child by Lorenzo de Credi, and some paintings by the Caracci, Guercino, Piazzetta, and Sassoferrato. The Spanish school is represented by Zurbaran (Egyptian girl), El Greco, and Ribera. There are also works after Albrecht Dürer, a portrait attributed to Holbein the younger, and a Crucifixion by Eeckhout. Opposite the door of *Room II.* is an ivory Christ. For the rest it is chiefly paintings, drawings, miniatures, coins, medals, ivories, etc. In the middle of Room III. is some Roman glass found in the neighbourhood, and a bronze kitchen article which dates from Roman days. In all cases it is a miscellaneous collection. In Room IV. are some interesting ethnological pieces, and a number of medals and Roman coins.

In the courtyard of the Museum is the *Museum Requien*, or Natural History Collection, formerly in the Old Benedictine Abbey, which is now used as the Post and Telegraph Office. The contents of this museum were given by a citizen named Requien, whose bust is exhibited in the Public Garden.

The Rue Joseph Vernet presently crosses the Rue de la République and passes the Post Office and the Church of *St Martial*, a fourteenth-century structure now used as a Protestant church. The street is continued now by the Rue des Lices to the *Collège St Joseph*, in which are the remains of the Church of the *Cordeliers*, said to be the burial-place of Petrarch's Laura. There is, however, no trace of her tomb. Very little is actually known about this Laura, save what we learn from Petrarch's own poems. It is suggested that she may have belonged to some minor Order, but we do not even know her surname. She was

probably born somewhere between Avignon and Vaucluse, at a little place now called Pieverde, the place where Petrarch saw her so frequently, "Like a flower among the grass." The story that Petrarch first saw her in a church at Avignon on Good Friday is discounted by many critics, though it is difficult to see for what reason. Petrarch describes how he saw her on the way to church. It has been suggested that Laura, like Petrarch himself, was an Italian in exile. A charming little portrait in the Laurentian Library, though it reveals her beauty, gives very little hint of her nationality. Most critics seem to agree that she was buried at Avignon, though it is also suggested that she was buried near the village where she was born.

A turning on the left from the Rue Joseph Vernet leads to the Church of *St Didier*, which dates from the fourteenth century, and in the first chapel on the left is a fine relief of the Bearing of the Cross, by F. Laurana, which is considered to be one of the oldest examples of Renaissance art in France. Over the second chapel on the wall under the triforium window is a kind of encorbelled pulpit or rostrum. In the third chapel on the left and the third on the right are paintings on wood by Simon de Chalons. Opposite the eastern end of *St Didier*, at No. 7 Rue de la Masse, is the Hôtel Crillon, with a good seventeenth-century façade. The Rue des Fourbisseurs leads now to the Place Carnot and the Church of *St Pierre*, which has a Madonna by Péru on the doorpost. The Church of *St Pierre* dates from 1358 in parts, with a west front dating from 1512, and very fine doors which date from 1551. The doors, which open inwards and have outer doors to protect them, are carved with illustrations of the struggle between Satan and St Michael. There are also carvings of St Jerome and the Annunciation. Round the Choir are openings with gilt pillars between, and round the stone pulpit are six statuettes of marble belonging to the tomb of Pope John XXII., now in the Cathedral Sacristy. Over the Font on the right is a fine bas-relief; in the aisle is a Holy Sepulchre in stone, and in the last chapel on the left is a fine Renaissance altarpiece. Some of the paintings are of merit. Pope Urban V. died before the High Altar of this church in 1370. Near by is the Place Pie, from

which rises the tower of St Jean le Vieux, formerly a Commandery of the Knights of St John. In the cemetery to the east of the town John Stuart Mill, who died at Avignon in 1873, is buried. A monument to his memory has been erected in the gardens close by.

*Villeneuve-lès-Avignon* lies on the opposite side of the Rhône and is well worth a visit. It may be reached on foot over the new bridge or by motor omnibus, which runs every hour from the Chapelle de l'Oratoire. Once on the other side of the Rhône you come soon to the tower Philippe le Bel erected in 1307, and used originally to guard the western end of the Pont St Bénézet and afterwards as a French frontier post. Presently Villeneuve is reached, the omnibus coming to a halt at the church. On the left of the church, passing the War Memorial, is the road which leads to the *Hospice*, in the chapel of which is the fine tomb of Innocent VI., which came from the Chartreuse du Val de Bénédiction. In the museum are a number of paintings by the Mignards and a Descent from the Cross by Simon de Chalons. Here, also, is the celebrated Coronation of the Virgin by Enguerrand Charonton, traditionally ascribed to King René. The Church of *St Pons* was founded in 1333; its principal possession is a beautiful ivory Virgin carved in the fourteenth century by, it is said, an Italian prisoner. A very pretty fourteenth-century cloister is on the north side. From the church begins the Grande Rue. It is a very pleasant exercise to wander through this and the other streets of Villeneuve. In the Grande Rue are many ruined palaces of the fifteenth-seventeenth centuries, and one frequently comes upon finely carved portals and massive oak doors, often heavily nailed and ironed. The Grande Rue continues to the seventeenth-century gateway of the Chartreuse du Val de Bénédiction, which is now chiefly a mass of ruins of which a large part is occupied by the dwindling population. The cloisters and domestic buildings and, indeed, practically the whole extent of the ruin is open freely to inspection. The church refectory and other buildings are, however, shown by a caretaker. From the Place Neuve there is a steep ascent to the *Fort St André*, a ruined castle of the fourteenth century, a great deal of which is well preserved.

The view from the summit of the tower is well worth the climb which it involves, and the caretaker who conducts through its gloomy ways has a fund of good stories concerning its past history.

An interesting place at the foot of Mont Ventoux is *Caromb*, which has a beautiful fourteenth-century church and the remains of what was a fine tomb of Etienne de Vaësc. Then there is *Mazan*, on one of the gates of which is written "Once in our walls always in our hearts." Of the ancient fortifications four gates remain, and the church has been entirely reconstructed. The curious cemetery has long rows of Gallo-Roman tombs, and in the centre an old sunk chapel may be seen just outside the town. *Vénasque* is another charming little place; it lies about seven miles south-east of Carpentras (see below). *Vénasque* lies picturesquely situated on great rocks and has a beautiful Baptistery which was long thought to have been a temple of Venus. There is a fine castle at *St Didier*. At *Pernes* is another castle and an eleventh-century church. *St Martha* is said to have preached here, and Luther is credited with having spent some time in one of its convents. Then there is *Châteauneuf-Calcernier* (p. 59), whence comes the famous wine *Châteauneuf du Pape*; it is an ancient castle which was built partly by John XXII. West of Avignon is the little village of *Fontségugne* (p. 71), where the Félibrige Society was formed.

*Avignon to Carpentras*.—This journey, of just under 17 miles, may be accomplished by railway in one hour. The journey as far as Sorgues is described on page 59. Leaving Sorgues, the line continues to *Entraigues*, thence proceeding to *Althen-les-Paluds*, so named from the Persian *Althen*, who is said to have introduced the cultivation of madder into the Comtat-Venaissin. Then follows *Monteux*, the ramparts of which are still in a good state of preservation; Pope Clement V. resided much in Monteux. Then comes *Carpentras* (*Hôtel de la Poste* in the *Place du Palais*; *Hôtel du Cours* in the *Boulevard du Musée*). Carpentras is a small town attractively situated, and, before the Revolution, served as the civil capital of the Comtat-Venaissin. The late Gothic church of *St Siffrein*, formerly the cathedral, dates from the fifteenth to sixteenth cen-



turies, and has a striking flamboyant south porch. In the choir are galleries of the seventeenth century, and below that on the left side is a triptych on a gold ground. Scenes from the life of St Siffrein, who was a Bishop of Carpentras in the sixth century, occur in a number of Italian paintings round the apse. Near the fifth north chapel is the Chapel of the Relics, in which is preserved the St Clou or St Mors—the bridal bit made for the Emperor Constantine from one of two nails of the True Cross. On November 26th and 27th the festival of St Siffrein is celebrated with special music, partly composed by Carpentrasso, who lived in the sixteenth century and was a rival of Palestrina. Reached through the sacristy of the church are some remains of the old *Romanesque Cathedral*, including a thirteenth-century dome. Adjoining the church is the *Palais de Justice*, once used as the Bishop's Palace. In its courtyard is a small *Roman triumphal arch* of the first century A.D. Hence along the Rue de l'Evêché you come to the *Porte d'Orange*, which has a fourteenth-century crenellated tower and is a relic of the walls built by Innocent VI.

[Some seven miles to the south-east of Carpentras lies *Vénasque*, which has a Romanesque and Gothic church, together with a late sixteenth-century *Baptistery* of remarkable construction.]

*Mont Ventoux* is usually ascended from *Bédoin*, which may be reached from Carpentras by omnibus. From Bédoin it is a distance of 23 miles by road to the summit of Mont Ventoux, where there is an hotel open in summer (6260 feet). Mont Ventoux, one of the last outposts of the Alps on the south-west, is an isolated mass affording a splendid panorama, but subject, as its name indicates, to violent winds. Petrarch is said to have ascended it in 1335 by the longer, though more picturesque, road which goes along the crest to *Malaucène* (p. 58).

*From Avignon to Miramas, via Cavaillon.*—This is a journey of 43 miles, usually accomplished in from 2½ to 3 hours. At *Montfavet* there is a notable fourteenth-century church; and on the right of *Gadagne* is *Château-neuf de Gadagne*, with the castle of *Fontségugne*, where on the 21st May 1854 was formed that important Provençal

society known by the strange name of *Félibrige*. Then follows the little town of Le Thor, worth a visit for its beautiful church, in the late Romanesque style, and for the stalactite Grotto of Le Touzon, which lies about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles away. The next station is *L'Isle-sur-Sorgue*, which has an elaborately decorated church of the seventeenth century, and is connected by a motor omnibus with *Vaucluse* (*Hôtel Pétrarque-et-Laure*). The notable monuments of Vaucluse are an eleventh-century church and a column raised in honour of *Petrarch*, who lived here for four years (1337-1341) and afterwards visited frequently. The house he occupied has been bought by the university of Aix for conversion into a museum of books and works of art relating to Petrarch and Laura. He spent many hours at the *Fontaine de Vaucluse*, a little pool connected with the Sorgue by a channel underground, though joining the river in a series of cascades during periods of exceptional flood. (From *L'Isle-sur-Sorgue* to Orange, see p. 59.)

*Cavaillon* is now reached. (*Hôtel Moderne* in the *Cours Gambetta*.) This was the *Cavellio* of the Romans, whose occupation is testified by the remains of what is known as the Roman triumphal arch or *Arc de Marius*, which, however, is not on its original site. The twelfth-thirteenth century cathedral, chiefly Romanesque, is worthy of notice, and is adjoined by a delightful little cloister of the twelfth century. (From *Cavaillon* to Orange, see p. 59; to *Pertuis*, p. 145; to *Volx*, see p. 145.)

Continuing from *Cavaillon*, the line goes on past *Cheval-Blanc* over the *Durance* to *Orgon*, which has a castle and the remains of its medieval ramparts, and is connected with *Barbentane* (p. 84) and *Tarascon* by light railways. There is a light railway also from the next station, *Lamanon*, connecting with *Arles* on the one side and *Meyrargues* (p. 99) on the other. Presently comes *Salon* (*Grand Hôtel; Moderne et de L'Industrie; De la Poste*), an industrial town in the old part of which is the twelfth-century Church of *St Michel*, and in the new part of which is the *Collegiate Church of St Laurent*, which dates from the fourteenth century and possesses the tomb of *Nostradamus*, the famous astrologer whose arts were called to the aid of the superstitious *Catherine de Medici*. *Adam de Craponne*, who in the sixteenth century turned a great part of the

stony Crau into fertile land by irrigating it with the waters of the Durance, was a native of Salon and is commemorated by a statue in front of the Town Hall. (Salon to Aix, see p. 99 ; to Arles, see p. 99.) Now crossing several canals the line continues to Miramas (see p. 107).

## AVIGNON TO ARLES, VIA LES BAUX

This is, of course, a roundabout route from Avignon to Arles, and may only be undertaken by road. The road goes, however, through some of the most delightful scenery of Provence, and permits of an approach to Les Baux far exceeding in magnificence and dramatic effect that of the more customary approach from Arles. A motor diligence goes daily from in front of the Porte St Michel to St Remy, where it is usually possible to hire some sort of vehicle, from a motor-car to a donkey waggon, for the remainder of the journey to Les Baux. From Les Baux one must either walk to Arles or make arrangements for a car to be sent. On the other hand,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles to the south-west of Les Baux is *Paradou*, and from there a train may be taken to Arles. It is best to do the journey in a leisured fashion, but where this is impossible it will not be found very expensive to hire a car for the entire journey. See p. 61.

The road lies between vineyards and fields of maize. A tiny canal runs along the edge of it, irrigating the fields on either side, which are all extensively cultivated and divided by cypress or by cane palisades, which serve the purpose of an English hedge. It matters very little what the size of the field ; however small it will probably be held in by cypress trees, which bend away from the north-west, showing clearly the pressure of the mistral ; and, if more evidence were needed of the bitter strength of that wind, you can see that on the mistral side of the trees the foliage is thin and blanched, while on the opposite side it is thick and green. Frequently the lower parts of the cypress stems are latticed with cane stalks as still further protection.

Presently you come to *Châteaurenard* (Hôtel du Com-

merce), a small town on the light railway from Barben-tane to Orgon, and named after the old castle of the Counts of Provence, which used to stand here. The ruins of the château are unintelligible. They recall, however, an incident in the history of the Popes of Avignon; for it is here that Benedict XIII., Pedro de Luna of Spain, sought refuge after his escape from the Palace at Avignon. Great efforts were made by the Royal party in France to secure his deposition. Benedict had, however, but one answer for all the embassies of Church and State that sought this end, "Sith God of His devyne grace hathe provyded for me the Papalyte, as long as I lyve I wyll be Pope, and I wyll not depose myself neyther for Kyng, Duke, Erle, nor any treatye, but I wyll abyde Pope." Cardinals might plead and Dukes threaten; as well try to move the Rocher des Doms to the other side of the Rhône as to humble the pride of Pedro de Luna. Soon after his elevation there were forces drawn up at Villeneuve to compel his abdication. Smaller bodies had hitherto found it comparatively easy to deflect the Holy Ghost's descent; but Benedict had no fear of threats and less of cannon. With his five true cardinals and a brave force of Catalans under Rodrigo, his nephew, he stood his ground against ten times as many. The Avignonnais, fickle as they ever were, had thrown in their lot with the Royal seceders, and presently only the stout palace was left to the besieged Pope. Finally a truce was made, and though Benedict remained blockaded in his palace, there were signs that his cause had gained throughout the country. He realised, however, that little could be done from the anxious seclusion of what had literally become a prison, and therefore resolved upon flight. A plan was laid down by Robert of Braquemont, a Norman knight, and under cover of darkness the disguised Spaniard stole out into the street where friends met and conveyed him to the Aragonais Embassy. Dressed as Braquemont's servant, he rode out of the city gates in the early dawn to where a boat lay in readiness. In this he was conveyed with all speed down the Rhône and then up the Durance as far as the road to Château-renard. Here the Cardinal of Pampeluna awaited the freed Pontiff, and on swift horses they both galloped to the sheltering walls of the town. Out of the fulness of

his gratitude Benedict vowed to build a chapel there and dedicate it to St Gregory, for it was his holy day.

In the main square of the village, which is shaded by large plane-trees, there is a monument to the Durance. It is a large fountain presided over by the statue of a woman, who is supposed to represent the river. It is not a notable piece of work, though it serves its purpose as an indication of the gratitude felt by the citizens towards the Durance. The time is not distant when that river was considered by the Provençals as a scourge, and a local couplet runs—

“ Parlement, mistral et Durance  
Sont les trois fléaux de Provence.”

There were variants of the proverb, but the Durance was always included. Its riotous waters were perpetually in flood, but the flood was not of a beneficial nature until Adam de Craponne (p. 106) devoted his money and his days to the project of directing the waters to some good purpose. By his efforts the river was transformed from a scourge into a blessing, having been used to irrigate a portion of the barren Crau (p. 106).

*St Remy.*—Leaving Châteaurenard the road passes a beggarly little village and then runs up into a region of flowers, which are grown mainly for their seeds by the citizens of St Remy. St Remy is the terminus of the diligence route. It is one of the most interesting of Provençal towns, and was the ancient Glanum of the Itineraries. On the site of the old town, rising forlornly from the lonely *Plateau des Antiquités*, are two monuments which have provided pleasure and perplexity to archæologists. One is a *triumphal arch* attributed to Julius Cæsar, and the other has been called a *mausoleum*, though it also is probably a triumphal arch. This so-called mausoleum is a work of exquisite proportions, and is certainly one of the finest examples of Greco-Roman art left in Provence. The opinion is held by some archæologists that both these works were raised by Julius Cæsar, the one to celebrate his own successful campaign against the Gauls and the other to celebrate the equally famous campaign successfully undertaken by his uncle Marius.

“To the south of St Remy these marvellous buildings

stand on the north side of the scarred and sun-scorched crags of the Alpilles, true Provençal hills: barren yet beautiful; grey, lilac, gold against the setting sun, but never green. Never had 'Antiquités' (as the country people call them) so finely picturesque a frame. From the lower part of the great camp where Marius awaited the Barbarians they look out over the plain that extends as far as Avignon, that is bounded by the horizon of Mont Ventoux and of the hills that girt Vaucluse. Beyond them, to the south, begin the crags crowned by the dusty solitudes of the fortress of Les Baux, by the misery and squalor of those medieval ruins that are in such terrible contrast to the sane and beautiful relics of classical antiquity."

These two monuments are on or near the site of the ancient city. A Celtic station now known as *Castellar* was probably the first centre of habitation here. This is six miles east of St Remy on a northern buttress of the Alpilles to the west of Eygalières. This Celtic population was later absorbed by the Greeks and Romans, who established themselves in the new town of Glanum after the passing of the army of Marius. Glanum was later called Freta, which in its turn became St Remy in the eleventh century. On the site of the Roman city a considerable quantity of pottery has been discovered: the black fragile ware of the Celts; the light and delicately coloured pottery of the Greeks; the red, solid ware of the Romans, and even the yellow friable pottery of the Arabs.

The so-called *Mausoleum* is 63 feet high and stands on a square pedestal above which are two main storeys; these are crowned by six Corinthian columns which support a cupola. On the architrave of the north side is an inscription announcing that the monument was set up by three members of the Gens Julia in honour of their parents. Certain authorities consider the inscription to be spurious. The *Triumphal Arch*, the first of its kind outside Italy, is said to have been erected by Julius Cæsar to commemorate his victories over the Gauls. It is about 40 feet long by 18½ wide, and 25 feet to the under side of the vault. It is a single arch with engaged columns, and is one of the earliest developments of a building which Rome is said

to have copied from Etruscan architecture. There are some interesting carvings which have been explained as follows by Sir Theodore Cook. The carving on the northern side represents Julius Cæsar, a small man with his hand on his tall captive, Vercingetorix, whose head is still preserved, while that of his conqueror has disappeared. On the north-west the personification of triumphant Rome is seated on a pile of arms beside which is a bound prisoner. On the south-east Vercingetorix is represented chained to a trophy formed of a tree trunk, and opposite him is the weeping figure of Gallia conquered and a prisoner. The fourth carving to the south-west shows another male prisoner and a captured woman. [The entrance to the Priory of St Paul de Mausole, now a lunatic asylum, is on the opposite side of the road a little farther along. A church and very charming cloister of the twelfth century in a pretty garden are preserved within.]

*Nostradamus* was a native of St Remy. He was born here in 1503, and by 1546 he had achieved a widely known celebrity, principally as a result of some marvellous "powder" which proved successful against the plague. He then took to literature, and in 1555 was published the first edition of his famous prophecies. The superstitious Catherine de Medici welcomed him to Paris, where he expanded his prophecies from 300 to 1000, and added further laurels to his reputation by his apparent prediction of Henry II.'s death and the manner of it. He died in 1566.

From St Remy there is a railway to Tarascon and to Orgon (see p. 86).

The road to Les Baux now lies through avenues bordered with trees and flower-beds. It gradually mounts to the Alpilles, whence there are marvellous views down into the delta of the Rhône. Then it winds for some time among the sterile peaks, and presently reveals the twisted ruins of Les Baux, the acropolis of which is seen rising from a basin ringed about by a sharp saw-toothed ridge. Now the road descends to some curious quarries from which huge blocks are carved, so that the cavities, some of which are of an enormous size and are used to shelter families, appear like Egyptian temples. From the valley the road

winds up again to the Acropolis of Les Baux ; presently you pass through an ancient gate and halt at the *Hôtellerie de la Reine Jeanne*, or the *Hotel Monte Carlo*.

*Les Baux*.—The house of Les Baux, in its days the most significant in Provence and of more than passing significance in Europe, has been the subject of much learned inquiry in France. They seem to have been a powerful and ambitious family with enormous possessions and turbulent spirits, and are related to our own royal house by the intermarriage of one of their members with the Prince of Orange. Authorities seem mystified as to the origin of the house, but it is probable that it was once a noble family of the Goths or Visigoths. Robert de Briançon believed them to be natives of the soil of Provence, and others find the cradle of the family in the Alps. No matter. Perhaps Lapise is not much wider of the mark than were his more critical successors when he traces their origin to Balthasar, one of the three kings who followed the star of Bethlehem. He says that they came to Acre and there founded a royal castle. One of the princes later followed Theodosius to Europe and finally established himself in Provence. "*Cette fable sortie du cerveau d'un généalogiste extravagant, guidé non par l'étoile de Béthléem, mais par le désir d'expliquer l'origine de celle à seize rayons des armes de la famille.*" That was the comment of a learned member of the *Congrès Archéologique de France* in 1876, so it is perhaps as well to say no more about it.

The family is first mentioned towards the end of the tenth century, when they won the gratitude of the Canons of Arles and Montmajour by valuable gifts. The land given indirectly to the monks of Montmajour was situated near the Château of Balcis, from which Hugues, the son of Pons le Jeune, took the name that was henceforth to become famous in the South and to carry with it at different periods the titles of Prince of Orange, Count of Provence, King of Arles and Vienne, and Emperor of Constantinople. The prestige of the house received its first important impetus from the marriage of Raymond, the great-grandson of Pons le Jeune, with Etiennette, daughter of Guilbert, Count of Provence, on whose death there occurred a bitter struggle for his heritage between the Count of Barcelona and Raymond of Baux. The struggle dragged on until Raymond's death. The house then underwent a partial eclipse, and Hugues de Baux, a son of Raymond, exiled himself to Sardinia, where he founded a new branch of the family.

Raymond Berringer of Barcelona returned the property of the defeated lord to Bertrand of Baux, who became a Prince of Orange by marriage. Thereafter the lands of the house of Baux were augmented until at one time they included seventy-nine towns and castles ; but, as with so many noble families of that period, the extent of their overlordship was of a fluid nature, subject to feudal quarrels, to marriages, and to confiscations by powerful royalty. The race was extinguished with the life of Alix de Baux, and it is said that as the Princess lay dying a star appeared and hung over her until she breathed her last. The light that had divinely



guided the founder of the house to the cradle in Bethlehem now conducted the last of the race to eternity.

The entire site of Les Baux is covered with relics of its ancient power and prosperity. The ruins of the celebrated stronghold are situated on the highest part of the hill overlooking the plain; and just below these are whole streets of noble houses once occupied by the citizens of Les Baux: they are sufficient proof of the attraction this place had for Provençal nobility. The Grande Rue and the Rue des Fours appear to have been the principal streets; architecturally the exteriors of these mansions must have been rather monotonous before they were given a diversity of ruin. A severe Renaissance style predominates, and there is a dignified grace about windows and doorways in façades that open only to their own desolation. The sixteenth century is probably as far as one may go in antiquity for these domestic mansions; and with many of them the mortar could scarcely have knit their stones together before Richelieu, with his cannon, rendered them untenable. Many of the ruined houses are partly hewn from the rock, and at certain times of the year serve as habitation for wandering gipsies. They deserve close inspection for the beautiful Romanesque, Gothic, and Renaissance details which they frequently display.

Proceeding along the main street from the hotel, one comes presently, on the left, to the ruins of an old *Temple* with a window, on the lintel of which is carved the device POST TENEBRAS LUX, recalling a period of bitter religious struggle which arose from the introduction of Calvinism to Les Baux in the sixteenth century. Continuing along this road and turning to the right into the little square, one comes to the *Hôtel de Ville* and the *Church of St Vincent*. This old church is of three periods, the southern aisle being of the ninth century, the nave of the twelfth century, and the north aisle of the thirteenth century. A Roman sarcophagus and a tenth-century font are preserved in the south aisle. It is in this church that the elder Dumas' heart was wrung by the sight of a mother reading the service for the dead for her own baby, because there was no priest, and none to toll the bell save her little son. Near to the church is the school which occupies the *Maison des Porcelets*, which has a fine fourteenth-century

room on the ground floor. The Porcelets were a famous family in Les Baux and throughout all Provence. Their name is said to have been derived from a curious incident in the life of one of the ladies of the house who, having remonstrated with an old beggar woman for bearing children when she could ill afford to maintain herself, was met with the prophecy that she herself would give birth to as many children as there were pigs in an adjacent litter. The prophecy is said to have been fulfilled, and the family of Porcelets was presently augmented by numerous little ones. A feature of many of these houses is their beautiful Provençal fireplaces. There is an excellent example in the Protestant temple referred to above, and another in the ruin beside the Hôtellerie de la Reine Jeanne.

A descending road from the little square in front of the Hôtel de Ville leads to the *Porte d'Eyguières*, a gateway which formed the original entrance to the city. An ancient wooden gate with the crest of the lords of Les Baux upon it still swings on its rusty hinges, and opens to a zigzag path that leads down to the valley.

*The Castle*, on the summit of the hill, is largely a confused mass of ruin, and it is almost impossible to rebuild in conjecture the ancient château of Les Baux. One understands the vagueness of Mérimée and his successors, who observed little more than that the castle is chiefly built on the rock itself. This fact must have determined the form which it took, and must have given it features uncommon to other châteaux of the period, but the general appearance of the building from the plain below would have been much the same as that of other great medieval strongholds. That it was of unusual size is fairly certain, and that it was grim and forbidding is quite certain. No remains of unusual architectural adornment are anywhere visible, but there are traces of a donjon, a Saracen tower, chapels, stables, and a dovecot, while the wall can be followed almost in its entire course. "Even in this weird conglomeration the purpose of the Acropolis and the humour of those who built upon it are strikingly expressed. If the name of Les Baux were unknown to you and the deeds of its contentious lords stranger to your thoughts, you would still, on first gazing at this wreckage, feel a chill of terror. It is as though the great castle had fought to the end, and

in death had registered for ever on its features a bitter challenge to posterity."

Passing through the *Porte d'Eyguières* (see above) one takes the path leading steeply down the hillside to the *Pavillon de la Reine Jeanne*, a beautiful piece of Renaissance work standing in the corner of a field which is said once to have been a garden with a similar pavilion at each corner. It is a small kiosk with delicate columns and an exquisitely proportioned dome, and, though often associated with the half-legendary Queen Joan of Naples and the Courts of Love she ruled over, was in reality built by a Baroness Jeanne of Baux, at a much later date.

At the back of this field is a ridge which leads along the valley to the *Grotte des Fées*, which can only be reached by a good deal of climbing, and, except for the literary associations given it by Mistral in *Mireille*, is hardly worth the trouble. It is a cavern about 225 yards deep, and is the place where *Mireille* sought to heal the wounds of her lover and where, in strange subterranean hills and galleries, folk of the underworld engage in rather disreputable practices. Continuing through these hills you come to the *Val d'Enfer*, a weirdly twisted gorge which, according to some reports, gave to Dante his idea of the Inferno. This is probably not more than a tradition, though the neighbourhood of Les Baux is assuredly Dantesque, as will be seen if you climb to the summit of the ridge and look upon the view it reveals.

The peak on which you stand seems to rise from the centre of a basin, the rim of which has several pieces knocked out of it. On the eastern rim is Les Baux, its houses distinguished from the native rock only by their red tiles. The spectral château walls rise above the town, but do not appear so commanding as from the hidden valley. From the edge of Les Baux there is a sheer drop to lower, sparsely covered hills, which give way to still rockier escarpments. Behind these, separated from the unseen valley, the rim of the basin is continued by a saw-toothed ridge, which carries on the circle in a series of thin high peaks interrupted at the Pass of Les Baux.

Within the circle is a twisted labyrinth of rock, without any common aim except to appear grotesque. Save for hidden grottoes, almost the whole of this scene is bare and

denuded of vegetation, though close at hand there may be low, thick scrub, lively with bright butterflies and the chirp of grasshoppers. Far away, as if they belong to another world, a village or two glisten out from the miragic Crau, and beyond these the Basses-Alpes swell. Turning in an opposite direction you see the thin silver streak of the Rhône ; to the west rise the peaks of Auvergne, northward lies Avignon at the base of Mont Ventoux. Among the rocks of this natural citadel, and especially along the northern ridge of the Alpilles, which overlook the Aurelian Way, the Romans must have had an important camp whilst awaiting the march of the barbarians.

There is, however, precious little trace of that encampment, and the most important relic seems to be a stele known as the *Tremai*, and now perched beside a tiny chapel built against the rock at the rear of Les Baux. It is reached by following a track round the base of the Acropolis, commencing in a southerly direction until the chapel is reached. The Tremai is a carving of three figures on a huge elliptical stone. Christian tradition makes it commemorative of the arrival of the three Marys on the shores of Provence ; for although Les-Saintes-Maries, at the edge of the Camargue, is now regarded as the scene of the landing, an early forgotten tradition gave that honour to Les Baux. Modern archæologists assert that the carving represents Marius, his wife Julia, and the Syrian prophetess, Martha.

The road from Les Baux to Arles traverses a fertile plain for almost the entire way. The first village is Fontvieille, a dull little village behind which are three windmills, one of which is said to have been in Daudet's mind when he wrote his *Lettres de Mon Moulin*. Daudet stayed at the little château in the woods not far from the windmill, and doubtless many times visited one or other of the three mills established here. Fontvieille is occupied chiefly by people engaged in quarrying and carting the red stone of Les Baux, known as bauxite, and used in connection with the manufacture of aluminium.

From Fontvieille it is a short journey to the *Abbey of Montmajour*, passing on the way a farmhouse surrounded by artificial walls, and said to have been at one time a

fortress of the Saracens. "Montmajour was the oddest abbey I had ever come upon. Somehow it warmed my heart to see these massive buildings become a farmhouse noisy with the squealing of pigs and the neighing of horses and the braying of asses and the clucking of fowls, and odorous with the smell of wet straw. The yard through which we passed was all litter. The place seemed full of hay: it burst from balconies and windows and cells like horsehair from the rents of a suburban sofa. A huge gap in one of the walls revealed a low vault which had been divided into pigsties, and the braying of concealed asses frequently startled me. I should hate the good Benedictine monks who were called from these selfsame cubicles to see this desecration; but I confess to some pleasure in it myself; for I had expected something desolate, and instead of that I found a farmhouse."

But the desolation was to come; it is the actual church which has been preserved and has a guardian all to itself with huge keys and notices and a wooden leg. The church was never finished, and consists of a broad nave without aisles and with apsidal choir and transepts. Beneath the choir and transepts is the crypt, with an ambulatory and five chapels radiating fanwise from it. South-east of the church is a battlemented donjon built in 1369. The beautiful cloister south of the church has been considerably restored, but is still a fine example of twelfth-century work. It gives the lightness of simplicity rather than its heaviness; the lean-to roof has preserved its original stone flags, and there are flowers and weeds as in an overgrown garden, while in the centre is an old-fashioned well-head. Behind it is a tall square battlemented donjon, firm as a rock, lifted there by Pons-de-L'Orme in 1369 for the greater security of God's holy servants.

They needed something of the sort. The sight of the Cross was insufficient to hold back the Saracen, who was a cruel foe. When the Archbishop of Arles lay besieged in his own Abbey of St Isère, it took vast ransoms of gold and silks to buy off the impious invader. The people at length found the ransom which the infidels had demanded, and saw their archbishop, clad in all the splendour of sacerdotal robes, swung over a Saracen ship's side, and returned, amid derisive mockery, to those who had sold

all and given all for their master's life. But it had been in vain. The splendid figure in the holy robes was handed back a corpse. In the light of these facts one recognises that the great square keep of Montmajour had its uses.

The Refectory on the south side and the eighteenth-century conventual buildings are now used as a farm. Beneath the castle rock is the curious chapel of St Pierre, a small rock-hewn structure with three rude chambers at its eastern end, one of which, according to tradition, is the Confessional of St Trophime. A couple of hundred yards to the east is the curious Byzantine chapel of *Ste Croix*, in the form of a great cross. It dates from the twelfth or early thirteenth century, and consists of four apses and a western porch. It is adjacent to a number of rock tombs that have occasioned no end of erudite conjecture, and the whole thing is an incongruous feature in a group of architectural incongruity; for here we have the early Christian chapel of St Pierre, the heavy twelfth-century church, the Eastern curiosity of *Ste Croix*, huge square-traced keep of the fourteenth century, and the finally the Renaissance mansion on the hill.

All these buildings lie on what used to be known as the Ile de Montmajour. It was indeed an island when Childebert founded it in the tenth century. It was written of then as "*Insula S. Petri quae nominatur a Monte Majori*," and the Saracens could bring their ships to its very walls. Even in Mérimée's day it was surrounded by endless glistening lagoons; and all the fertile plain that stretches to Arles in a succession of cornlands and vineyards was a muddy, salty waste. The existence in ancient days of these vast inland lagoons must always be borne in mind when visiting these places, otherwise you are at a loss to explain a great deal of historic circumstance.

Leaving Montmajour, it is a matter of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles along the plain to Arles. As you approach the outskirts of Arles there is a fine view of the tower of St Trophime, which appears to face directly on the road like the superstructure of a barbican. Then you enter through an old gate into the proud city (p. 88).

Resuming the main-line journey from Lyons to Marseille (pp. 47-59), the train diverges from the Rhône soon after

leaving Avignon, and crosses the Durance by a long bridge. Presently it reaches *Barbentane*, beneath a tower perched on what must have been an impregnable rock. (A light railway goes hence to Orgon (p. 72), via Châteaurenard (p. 73) and Noves, the supposed birthplace of Petrarch's Laura (see p. 67).) Then *Graveson-Maillane* is reached, the station for Maillane, where Frédéric Mistral, the great Provençal poet, was born, and where he died in 1914. He now lies buried beneath a mausoleum for which the Pavillon de la Reine Jeanne at Les Baux (p. 80) served as a model. The next station is Tarascon.

*Tarascon* (Hôtel du Louvre in the Cours National) is a delightful little town connected by a fine suspension-bridge with Beaucaire, on the opposite bank of the Rhône. Its name is said to be derived from the Tarasque, a fearful monster from which the neighbourhood was delivered by St Martha after her landing at Les-Stes-Maries (p. 100). St Martha is commemorated in the Romanesque church of that name, which has a fine Romanesque door and some paintings of the patron saint. "Next to the statue of St Joan, standing solitary and triumphant at the end of Orleans Cathedral, the tomb and effigy of St Martha of Tarascon impress me most. Entering the dim church towards evening, I stumbled on a stair and groped my way down into a dark crypt, at the far end of which glimmered a single penny candle; by this faint light I could see the recessed tomb on the south wall, and in the apse of the crypt the most serene marble face that sculptor ever wrought: the face of her who was given to 'much fussing'—a woman with puckered brow and haunted eyes—but now pictured in death as of more than earthly serenity, of sublime and celestial repose. Above her is the legend *Sollicita non turbatur*—which, I take it, means: 'She, who once was harassed with many things, is now at peace.'" In the crypt, also, is the tomb of Jean de Cossa, Governor of Provence under King René. Near by is the imposing castle of Tarascon, now used as a prison, but at one time inhabited by King René, who completed it and made it the seat of his cultured Court, which was attended by artists and learned men the world over.

It will be seen that there is not very much in the way of antiquities or other important sights to be observed

in Tarascon. It is, however, a very delightful little town, full of cool, leafy corners and of simple incident. All down the Cours National, with its three lines of plane-trees, are cheerful cafés with their cane chairs and tables placed under the trees on the well-swept and watered pavement. Throughout the streets there is the passage of drays laden with baskets of grapes or crushed herbs, or other produce of the neighbourhood, and now and then come mule-drawn caravans attended by the gipsies whom one so frequently meets when in this part of France. As you come out of the station of Tarascon you are face to face with a recent War Memorial, erected *Aux enfants de Tarascon*, which is a very beautiful piece of work. It is a life-size statue of Joan of Arc, carved in pure white stone, standing erect with drawn sword and gazing straight before her. About the base of the statue are faces in great number of soldiers, weeping women, agonised faces, faces of dying people, who seem to derive solace from the protection of the dignified maid with the drawn sword.

A light railway goes from Tarascon to Orgon, passing St Remy (p. 77).

*Beaucaire*.—It is very pleasant to cross the bridge to Beaucaire from Tarascon. "The river between is a peaceful green stream with a boat or two upon it and numberless little sandy islands rising up like the backs of slumbering animals. At a point higher up the waters bifurcate to form a long green island, and at the edges of the river women are washing and gravel is being loaded into drays. . . . I came to the castle of Beaucaire, which seems from the bridge to be piled up high into the sky as if it were some living organism that had grown there like a great mottled tree with its branches lopped. The town lay around it, and along the edge of the river, like a jungle of dead trees, and from a distance the people who squirmed among it were like serpents. Green shutters and blinds were like moss on the dead trunks, and the red shawl that hung from a window was like a little jungle bird. But then I came to a great forest of plane-trees, right at the foot of the castle. The green leaves of each tree were interlaced for many cool acres, so that the earth beneath was all patterned in silver and black. Now and then I could see



the castle high above, but I always lost it again, and stood in the cool shade watching groups of Beaucairais playing at bowls."

Beaucaire is famous as the scene of the romance of Aucassin and Nicolette. Under the Romans it was a town of great importance. It was known then as Ugernum, and was the most significant of all the towns governed from Nîmes, because it formed the link with the sea for that great centre. Roman galleys could then sail up the river to its quays, and unload that merchandise which came to the city from afar, while in the Middle Ages its streets were always covered with Levantine, Greek, Pisan, and Genoese sailors, and the great fair of Beaucaire carried on the city's cosmopolitan traditions long after galleys had ceased to anchor by the walls of its castle. The fair was founded in 1217, and for three centuries it was the most famous in Europe. There are records of an equally important fair far pre-dating this, which used to take place annually on the banks of the Rhône, and certain archaeologists consider that this ancient fair used to be held near Beaucaire, which is on the site of a Greek trading city. At all events the medieval fair leapt instantly into favour and brought people from all over the world. It still continues on the 21st to the 28th July, though but a pale semblance of its medieval predecessors. The *Castle*, which dates from the thirteenth-fourteenth century, has a triangular keep and crenellated ramparts. Opposite the keep is a little thirteenth-century chapel in Romanesque style. The fine Renaissance Hôtel de Ville, a beautifully proportioned Louis Quatorze building, is one of the most agreeable modern structures in France.

The main line goes on from Tarascon to Ségonnax and, as it continues, the ruins of Montmajour (p. 82) are seen on the right : then comes Arles.

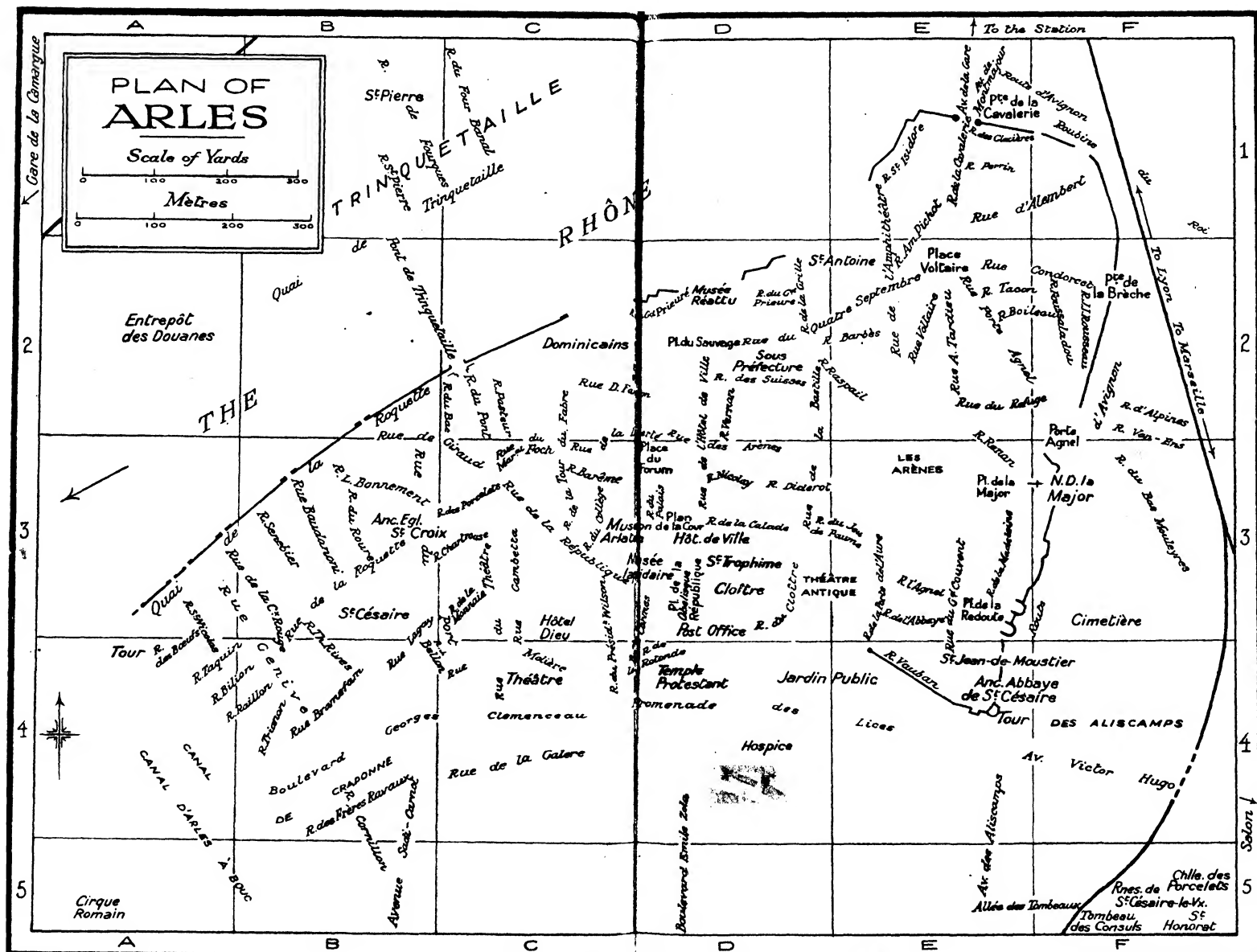
## ARLES

ARIADNE'S thread would be a welcome aid to any modern Theseus searching for the first time in the cobbled labyrinth of Arles. The narrow lanes, full of delightful circumstance, are set among a stained, genteel dilapidation, with ruin and decay on every side. The whole town, ancient and modern, has a pleasantly ruinous air. It has also a brave show of pride and good breeding. Arles is like an impoverished *grande dame*, forced to live her last years among democrats and republicans. Her clothes are worn and shabby, but her head is high, and the little white cap upon it is clean and starched. She knows that she is secretly envied by the vulgar parvenu world around her. In her weed-grown courts and halls she cherishes what evidence she may of the pedigree they covet. It would be difficult to find a closer liaison between the civilisations of Greece, Rome, and Gaul than is provided by Arles. Of all Provence it is the most Provençal town. The interest of its antiquities is second to none, not even Nîmes, while the peaceful ruin and strange quietude of the place render it admirably adapted to convey the true Provençal spirit.

*The Arlesians.*<sup>1</sup>—There is no special document that allows us to say what was the moral state of the Celts or Gauls, the ancestors of the Arlesians. He who could inform us is silent on the point. Julius Cæsar briefly reports that, during the siege of Marseille, he caused to be constructed at Arles twelve vessels of war which were got ready and equipped in thirty days. With the Roman conquest begins the dawn of history. Through it we learn that the dictator sent a colony to *Arelate*, whose schools were soon in repute, and in which the Greek language was spoken down to the fifth century, side by side with the Latin tongue. The same source acquaints us with the flourishing state of its industry, its commerce, and its

<sup>1</sup> Congrès Archéologique de France, Arles, 1876.







maritime navigation. Weapons of a rare perfection were manufactured there, and metals were worked with a superiority of which a precious sample is preserved in the museum at Copenhagen; architecture raised stones of beauty which, during many centuries, have shed their noble influence.

With the exception of slight modifications brought about in the course of time, the Arlesian of our day is still the Gallo-Roman of former times; of the Gauls he has the circumspection, the honesty, the courage, the quick wit, incisive and slightly malicious—of the Romans, the cult of citizenship, the tenacious will, the taste for knowledge, the inviolable and holy hospitality, and an ardent love for games in the amphitheatre. The assimilation of the two races proceeded apace, and with it the colony Julia increased in importance, until in 423 an edict of Honorius proclaimed it as the metropolis of the Gauls.

A thirteenth-century author, Gervais of Tilbury, an ocular and disinterested witness, thus describes the character of the Arlesians. English by birth, Gervais had entered the service of the Emperor Otto IV., who in 1209 made him marshal of the realm of Arles, then annexed to the Empire. It was at Arles that he resided for a long time and wrote his book *Otia Imperialia*, in which he draws a portrait of the Provençaux, from which is extracted that which seems to apply particularly to the Arlesians.

"They are," he says, "wise in the council, endowed with initiative, well suited for action, . . . provided it meets with their views. Although making use of only light weapons, they are warlike, and are indebted to the prudence of their calculations for being always victorious in their naval combats. They are fond of good cheer; and to procure it they spend more than they can afford. Yet their courage enables them to bear famine, cold, and heat. Strong and robust, intemperance has no dangers for them. Naturally, they are very impressionable, independent, quick to anger, vainglorious. But on the whole no people are more susceptible of well-doing under good leadership, or of going astray if left to themselves."

Without accepting the doctrine that attributes to purely physical causes results due to causes that are essentially moral, yet one cannot deny that places, spectacles, and

facts in the midst of which men live exercise a certain influence over them. By the daily reminder of its origin, the Roman monuments have given to the population enduring lessons of science, of moral force, of patriotic pride, of devotion to their country, of which the evidence overflows its archives, and are the honour of its history.

In the fifteenth century the reign of King René of Anjou, a poet, painter, musician, and singer, followed that of Raymond Bérenger, and gave a fresh impetus to the joyous character of the Arlesians. Wild horses were tamed ; bulls were fought ; hunting was energetically carried on in the vast steppes of the Camargue ; ancient monuments were surrounded with the traditional cult of their ancestors ; lands were drained and cultivated, and rivers controlled ; at no time were their sailors more clever or braver ; improved agriculture sent to market sufficient wheat to feed France for two days ; and sheep-raising on a large scale furnished both the textile industry and the alimentation of towns with resources that can only be created by hard and assiduous toil.

In a locality that supports more than 300,000 wool-bearing animals, of choice breed, descended from the Spanish merinos, the shepherd necessarily plays an important part ; and the Arlesian shepherd also deserves attention by reason of his habits and ways, even his peculiar speech. He is a faithful and living image of the past, and his dress is practically the same as it was centuries ago : Gallic braces, the travelling-cloak of the Gallo-Romans, the slouched felt hat of the Middle Ages. A long vocabulary could be compiled of the old words of which he has preserved the use, and which have been grafted on the incisive and rapid Roman idiom ; they were brilliantly revived in the present day by the illustrious pleiad of *félibres*.

An episode of the nomadic life led by the Arles shepherds is worth chronicling here. When the pasturages of the Camargue furnish nought but a scanty herbage dried up by the June sun, the flocks of sheep leave the delta to seek fresher air and better nourishment on the Alps. The departure has the appearance of an emigration in Biblical times. A fine summer's morning is chosen for the start, to the accompaniment of the bleating of sheep and the

joyous barking of dogs, whose instinct has foreseen the period of the transmigration. Preceded by clouds of dust that it raises, the flock advances towards the town in serried columns, traverses the streets which it fills to overflowing, all other traffic being stopped; vehicles retreat, foot-passengers take refuge on the thresholds of houses; everything gives place to Palès, the benevolent divinity of the shepherds. Nothing is better ordered than this march, of which the strategy recalls that of a regiment setting out on a campaign. The rams, with their tufted beards and wide, menacing horns, pioneers or sappers, present a strongly armed battle front. Behind this advance-guard press, numbering several thousands, sheep, lambs, and impatient goats. The year-old lambs, young conscripts emigrating for the first time, are relegated to the rear, where they bleat at their ease. The dogs, of Lycaonian breed, light cavalry always in action, run hither and thither at the flanks of the army corps, where their sagacity maintains a severe discipline and represses the slightest straggling.

The march is closed by the baggage, heaped on the backs of donkeys, wearing on their necks enormous bells, of which the long and rhythmic notes regulate and mark the step, like regimental drummers. The head shepherd, surrounded by his staff, young shepherds attentive to his orders, marches gravely behind, looking with a satisfied glance at the whole of these arrangements, which will be adhered to until the Alps are reached. It is a long way from Arles to the Alps! And yet the journey is made rapidly, and without unduly destroying other peoples' herbage *en route*.

When the resting-place for the night is reached, the camp is soon fixed. A little straw on which to sleep, the sky for a roof, some hurdles for protection against the cold wind; for food, some bread, milk, cheese, a little wine, and that is all . . . all! with the addition of peace of mind and inexhaustible health! At night the head shepherd, after giving his orders for the morrow, tells his hearers the story of the shepherd who became a cardinal. Then, after a short prayer, in which all join, kneeling on the ground, with the last rays of the setting sun and the perfumes of the mountain, the day comes to an end.

And so pass away the five months of the Alpine cam-



paign, and at the approach of winter the colony returns to Arles, the chief and his companions happy and contented and full of health and spirits.<sup>1</sup>

*Hotels:* du Forum, du Nord Pinus. *Post and Telegraph Office*, Place de la République. *Railway Stations.* At the main station, the Gare du P.-L.-M., are, in addition to the main line services, the local services to Lunel and St Louis; adjoining this is the station for the light railways to Salon and Meyrargues. The Gare de Trinquetaille is used by the Chemin de Fer de la Camargue, serving Les-Saintes-Maries, Nîmes, and Salin-de-Giraud. P.-L.-M. auto-cars make the Circuit des Baux and the Circuit Aigues-Mortes-Les-Saintes-Maries from Arles in April, May, August, and September.

*Admission to monuments and museums.*—The attendant at each of the seven different museums, etc. (Amphitheatre, Roman Theatre, Cloister of St Trophime, Musée Lapidaire, Aliscamps, Palace of Constantine, and the Musée Réattu) issues a series of tickets at a cost of 2 frs., valid for two days, giving admission to each of the sights referred to above. The Museon Arlaten is excluded from this series.

The Rhône at Arles is connected by a canal with the Etang de Berre, which is joined to Marseille Harbour by the Rove Tunnel, opened on 25th April 1927.

Arles, under the Romans, was known as Arelate, and was one of the most important towns north of the Alps, flourishing as a naval and commercial port connected by canal with the Golfe de Fos.

Into this Roman city Christianity was introduced in the first century, by St Trophimus, said to have been a disciple of St Paul. He is also said to have dedicated an oratory to the Virgin before her death; and thus was established one of the most influential centres of the Church in Gaul. Several ecclesiastical councils were held there throughout the fourth and fifth centuries, and the conversion of the countryside from paganism was, for a long time, largely directed from Arles.

Provence was declared a kingdom in the ninth century, and its first king, Boso, was crowned at Arles. He was one of the few notable characters of Provençal politics, another two being Hugh of Arles and Raymond of Baux. They had something of the Italian *condottiere* in them, and by force of character and arms raised themselves to posi-

<sup>1</sup> Alphonse Daudet has described the return of the flocks from the Alps in his inimitably humorous style (*Lettres de Mon Moulin: Installation*).

tions of great power, from which Boso, however, fell ignominiously. Before their time the Saracens had appeared in Provence, and Arles fell to their occupation in 730. Again in the next century the Saracens landed on the coast and spread over Provence, but by this time Arles was strong enough to repel the invaders.

Arles remained capital of the kingdom of Burgundy, known also as the kingdom of Provence, or of Arles, from 879 to 1150, although, from a century earlier, the kingdom was largely dependent on the Holy Roman Empire, and with the loss of the central executive, represented by a king, the way was left open for the establishment of powerful ruling families. During the twelfth-thirteenth century Arles was an independent city, ruled by a 'podestat' on the principle of the Italian civic republics. Barral des Baux, elected podestat of Arles, sold the city to Charles of Anjou in 1251.

An attempt was made in 1535 to re-establish the old kingdom of Burgundy, and Duke Charles was crowned king of Arles. He tried unsuccessfully to capture the city, and Arles remained henceforth in the hands of France.

The centre of Arles is the *Place du Forum*, from which rises a statue of Frédéric Mistral. In one corner of the Place, incorporated into the wall of the Hôtel du Nord, are two Corinthian columns, which it is conjectured are part of the Roman building long known to historians of Arles as the *Arc Admirable*. In 1687 Seguin (*Les Antiquités de Arles*) could only trace this arch by a deed of 1511, mentioning the Arcus Admirabilis in the Rue St Claude. It was pulled down somewhere towards the end of the seventeenth century. Fortunately, however, the recovery of a number of fragments has permitted a general idea to be formed of the original arch. The largest of the fragments is that in the Place du Forum, which was placed there in 1715. The arch is supposed to have been erected in honour of Augustus, some years after his visit to Arles in 43 B.C. It was probably of much the same design as that of Orange, though in better proportion and of finer workmanship.

*Amphitheatre*.—From the corner of the Place du Forum the Rue des Arènes leads to the Arena or *Amphitheatre*, constructed by Caligula or Hadrian, and the largest of all

the monuments of this nature erected by the Romans in Gaul. It measures externally 149 yards by 117 yards, and is said to have accommodated 26,000 spectators. It has five corridors and 43 rows of seats; there are two storeys of 60 arches, the upper Corinthian, the lower Doric; but the Amphitheatre as a building, although larger, is not in such a good state of preservation as the one at Nîmes. The entrance is on the north side, where the Rue Voltaire and the Rue de l'Amphithéâtre converge. The attendant lives in the Rond-Point des Arènes, a little house on the left of the vacant space in front of the entrance and marked with the device *Conservateur de l'Amphithéâtre*. Four medieval towers have been incorporated in the Arena, from any one of which, or even from the top of the upper arches, there is an interesting view. As at Nîmes, bull-fights are frequently held here in summer.

A little to the east of the Amphitheatre stands the Church of *Notre Dame Majeure*, which dates from the twelfth and sixteenth centuries, and is on the site of an old building in which was held the Ecclesiastical Council of 452. It is a cool, friendly church, with warm colours and an atmosphere of adoration, though it lacks adornments of any special significance.

*Theatre*.—From the Amphitheatre the Rue du Jeu-de-Paume, which is overlooked by the tower of a vanished Franciscan church, leads to the *Roman Theatre*. This was begun by Augustus, but remained unfinished until the third century. The theatre has two fine columns still erect, with a section of the entablature, but for the rest is largely fragments dominated by a Saracen tower; and in spite of its desolation and fragmentary character, curiously beautiful. The semi-circle of seats, which held 16,000 spectators, has recently been restored; the stage is still in fair preservation, and the grooves for the raising and lowering of the curtain are still to be seen. The theatre in its day must have been richly adorned, and during the excavations many works of art were discovered, including the famous Venus of Arles, presented to Louis XIV. in 1683, and now in the Louvre. "It was a Greek architect who designed the theatre of Arles, and gave it at once the dignity of proportion and the beauty of detail which distinguished the original construction.

It is built of the same stone as was used for the Amphitheatre which so quickly followed it, and there are strong traces of Roman influence, as would be only natural under the governorship of Brutus, in the archways that were the chief, though the invisible, support of the main walls and the external entrances. But the whole effect of the interior is the effect of the theatres still left upon the soil of Greece.

"The steps are built into the side of the hill, which slopes from east to west, towards the columns of the stage, and the Rhône beyond it; and the line of the stage is almost exactly north and south, the entry, as you come from the Amphitheatre, being the northern gate of the smaller building. . . . The Theatre of Arles has suffered sadly, and chiefly at the hands of the religious, for religion seems often to have measured its sincerity by its destructiveness, even from the earliest times. In 446 the Deacon Cyril destroyed every detail of carving his fanatic worshippers could reach, and pulled down every statue; and in 1664 a monastery was built with the materials, and on the actual site of the stage. . . . A terribly inharmonious thought is suggested by the fact that throughout the Middle Ages, and up to the Renaissance, the common name given to the sole surviving pair of columns was the 'Fourches de Rolland.' Modern poets have seen the shape of a lyre in their graceful lines; but if we are to think that 'Fourches de Rolland' means 'Fourches Patibulaires,' we must conclude that the ruin was used as a gibbet on which were hanged those malefactors who had been imprisoned in the 'Tour Dominante' above the southern arches, or perhaps in the 'Tour de Rolland,' which is the highest tower added to the Roman Amphitheatre. Such a conclusion, followed as it is by the settlement of a convent upon that desecrated stage, suggests that a spot once consecrated to the drama will never be without its innate possibilities of tragic, as of comic happenings."

*St Trophime.*—The Rue de la Calade leads from the Roman Theatre to the Hôtel de Ville, through which you pass to the Place de la République, which is adorned by an *obelisk* of Egyptian granite found in 1389 on the upper side of the Rhône. Here is situated the Cathedral of *St Trophime*, considered to be the most beautiful Romanesque church in Provence. It was founded in

606 on the ruins of the Roman Pretorium, and was thoroughly restored in 1860. The nave and the narrow aisles date probably from the twelfth century; the choir is of the sixteenth century, and the side chapels of the fourteenth. But the great feature of St Trophime is its magnificent western porch. All the hierarchy of heaven seems to be sculptured on this Romanesque façade. It is an exquisite family group, weathered to a rich brown against the otherwise plain grey façade, and from the Market Place in front you get the illusion of wood carvings. This porch was added in the latter part of the twelfth century. The tympanum represents God the Father encircled by the emblems of the Evangelists; below, on the lintel, are the Apostles; and on the arch above are sculptured busts of angels. A frieze, showing the elect on the left and the damned on the right, prolongs the lintel; and below this is another frieze in which is represented the Adoration of the Kings and the Shepherds, the Kings before Herod, and the Massacre of the Innocents. St Trophime and St Stephen are among the large figures of saints sculptured below. The interior is uninspiring. The restorer has seen to that. There are no statues of consequence, but one or two good pictures and a number of old Aubusson *tapestries*. On the western wall of the south transept is an interesting painting of the fifteenth century, showing the Provincial Council of Arles. There are a number of ancient tombs in the church, including that of St Trophime, which is in the chapel of that name to the left of the choir.

The cloister is reached by a staircase from the south transept. It dates from the twelfth to the fourteenth century and has some interesting sculptures in the north walk; it also has some very charming columns.

*Museum.*—Opposite St Trophime is the *Musée Lapidaire*, installed in the old Romanesque Church of St Anne. Here is a fine collection—one of the finest collections in France, if not in Europe, of Gallo-Roman antiquities. The outstanding exhibit is probably a boy's head. It is a remarkable portrait of a young Patrician boy, with a strange expression of innocence in the upturned eyes, and in the set of the lips a hint of destined greatness. It is seen between the third and fourth chapel, and is probably

the bust of Marcellus, who died young and set the whole Roman Empire weeping. One appreciates the strength and beauty of this head by contrast with an adjacent one, also of a boy, in which the cherubic face entirely lacks character or nobility. Between the fourth and fifth chapels is an exquisite dancing-girl; and in the choir, on the left, is the head of a woman, supposed to be a portrait of Livia. Between the first and second chapels as you turn is another beautiful dancing-girl. This is one of the pleasantest museums. What makes it more than usually agreeable is its essentially local character, that makes you feel a certain accord with the figures and relics it contains. Helpful, too, is the character of the museum. It is the old Church of St Anne, divided into ten chapels, each one filled with sarcophagi, columns, stelæ, or figures—Jesus and the Apostles cheek by jowl with Venus and her votaries, and a kindly saint with his eyes on the exquisite draperies of a dancing-girl. In the first chapel on the left is a sarcophagus with carvings representing the olive harvest. It is a delightful representation of pastoral beauty.

*Aliscamps.*—From the Place de la République a street goes south past the Post Office and the Protestant Temple to the *Promenade des Lices*. Continuing along this you come presently to the *Avenue des Aliscamps*, or the *Allée des Tombeaux*, a street of tombs, which is all that is left to-day of the extensive Acropolis of ancient Arles. In former days, after the burial there of St Trophime, it was considered a great honour to secure burial in the Arlesian Aliscamps, and only princes and prelates were permitted it. People up the Rhône used to float the coffins of their dead down stream, so that they might be cast up near the Aliscamps and buried somewhere in the vicinity of the sacred tomb of St Trophime. After the translation of the saint to the Cathedral, the glory of the Aliscamps departed, and many of the finest monuments were taken to other cities or removed to the Musée Lapidaire. Later the ground was further desecrated by the construction of a railway and its workshops, until finally the existing tombs were assembled along the avenue as it exists to-day. At the end of the avenue are the ruins of *St Honorat*, a twelfth-century church with later addi-

tions. Soon after entering the avenue there is seen, on the left, the *Chapelle St Accurse*, which dates from the sixteenth century. Farther along, on the right, is a great tomb inscribed with the names of half-a-dozen brave citizens of Arles who were consuls in the time of the great plague of 1720. All that is left of that horrible visitation is this tomb to its victims, who died that Arles might not perish utterly; for it was only by the unselfish and unpopular efforts of these consuls that the city was finally cleansed; and when, by their labours, the breath of Arles was made clean again, the six consuls sickened and died, and to their honour this tomb was raised. On the left of the avenue is the Oratoire des Porcelet, a noble family of Provence (p. 79). "In the darkness of night the tombs no longer gaped wide from the desecration of science, but lay still and sleeping, with scarce a sound along the avenue save the rustle of a leaf. Not a ghost was abroad. I dare say the spirits of those who were buried here have no wish to return, for they must realise the unwisdom of that. It would be like a man returning to the haunts of his childhood only to find everything changed, and every feature a mockery of his dreams. For although this great avenue is a sweet place, with a holiness no museum may rob it of, the old Champs-Élysées is gone for ever. If now a coffin upstream were to be entrusted to the Rhône, the great river would know not where to leave it unless it still remembers the service it did in past days when bodies were thus conveyed to the holy fields.

*Ove rodano stagna*

*. . . Fanno I sepolcri tutto il loco varo.*

"After all it is proper that we should not think too much of the dead. But here on a warm night with the wind in the cypress-trees and the tombs of the dead in formal array, and with the influence of the past whispering to susceptible senses, one may be pardoned a sentimental sigh for the shrunken Aliscamps which, it is said, Christ Himself pointed out to St Trophime as holy ground; and moreover, if you study closely this Aliscamps, you will observe an epitome of the history of Arles, the one imperial city of Provence, an example of the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome."

Returning to the Place de la République, take the Rue de la République as far as the Rue Frédéric Mistral, where is situated the *Museon Arlaten*, an interesting collection founded mainly by Frédéric Mistral himself, illustrating the life and customs of Provence. The museum is open from 8 to 12 and 2 to 4.30 in winter, and until 6 in summer ; admission 50 c. It occupies the Renaissance Hôtel Castellane-Laval, and the principal room on the ground floor is known as the Salo Dou Counsistori ; it is the place where the Félibres used to hold their meetings.

*Arles to Montmajour, Les Baux, and St Remy* (see p. 75). Arles to Salon : this is a journey of  $28\frac{1}{2}$  miles by light railway, accomplished in from 2 to  $2\frac{1}{4}$  hours. Presently comes Montmajour (p. 82), followed by Fontvieille, and Paradou-Les Baux (p. 73). The next station is Mauseane and then Mouriès, said to be on the site of Roman *Tericiæ*, which lies about two miles off the Château de Joyeuse-Garde, built by King René for his queen, Jeanne de Laval. At Aureille are some well preserved sections of the Via Aurelia ; then comes *Eyguières*, the best starting-point from which to ascend the Aupihô, the highest peak of the Alpilles. There is a branch line from here to Meyrargues. Finally comes Salon (p. 72).

*Arles to Les Saintes-Maries*.—It is a distance of about  $23\frac{1}{2}$  miles, accomplished by light railway in about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours. The trains commence from the Arles-Trinquetaille Station, and then traverse the *Camargue*. This is a vast tract of barren, salt-encrusted earth forming the delta of the Rhône. It is covered by a stunted shrub with patches of a kind of delicate heather. In other parts the broom flourishes, and over the whole a sufficient pasturage to nourish large herds of sheep and some cattle, including those which are destined for the arenas of Arles and Nîmes. Approximately half of the region is covered by swamps and lagoons, the largest of which is the *Etang de Vaccarès* or *Picholo Mar*, meaning " Little Sea." Throughout this lonely territory there is scarcely any form of habitation except an occasional *mas*, or farmhouse, concerning itself in the herds of cattle and sheep, and the small white horses of Arab blood, said to have been introduced by the Saracens. Good game-hunting, especially wild duck, is to be had



throughout the region, and occasionally one sees a flamingo, though these are yearly becoming rarer.

The train halts at *Icard*, from which is seen, on the left, the waters of the Etang de Vaccarès. "Presently out of the horizon like something unreal rises the gaunt fortress-church of Les Saintes-Maries, the focus of the strangest pilgrimage in all the world. Like some ancient uncouth tower raised to a faith ancient and uncouth like itself, it seems to bar the way to what lies beyond it; but as we draw nearer it assumes a less fearsome aspect. We know that we shall like this church, this warrior with a soul, this saint with a cutlass."

*Les Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer* (Hôtel de la Plage; Hôtel du Commerce, both small). The average person would never dream of coming to Les Saintes-Maries if there were no church here; and the truth is if there were no church here there would be no village. They tell you that it is only because God chose this spot for the landing of the holy Maries that any of the human race elect to come. That may be so, but it was probably hallowed ground long before the Christian visitation, and even unimaginative archæologists will swear that a Roman temple once stood upon the site of the church of the three Marys. But it is the Christian tradition of Les Saintes-Maries which is the most alluring. We know that Jesus was for some years the beloved guest of a family living in Bethany, and we can easily believe that that family was hounded out of Judæa when their guest had been crucified. According to one historian of Les Saintes-Maries, the Magdalene, Mary Jacoby, Mary Salome, and their servant Sarah, with Lazarus and others of Christ's followers, were cast adrift from the shores of Syria in a little boat. The little boat sailed the high seas for many days with the invisible hand of God at its helm, and in good time it was brought to these deserted shores. Mary Jacoby, the sister of the Blessed Virgin, Mary Salome, a companion, and Sarah their servant, remained on the spot God had chosen for them. Mary Magdalene, as we know, went on to Ste Baume (p. 136), Martha went hunting for the dragon of Tarascon, and Lazarus set up his house in Marseille. But here at Les Saintes-Maries the two Marys and their servant died, having spent their years in sad contempla-

tion and prayer at the little chapel they had built with their own sweet hands. It may be that they had gathered about them a number of men and women to whom they had brought the precious solace of their message; while Sarah, their black servant, grew to be cherished by the nomadic tribes of dark-skinned gypsies who pass that way at certain seasons of the year, and who even now assemble in enormous numbers at her tomb during March and October of every year. Owing to the diligence of King René, the alleged tomb of the three Marys was discovered, and their ashes placed in a casket, which is preserved in the church, and which, amid the passionate rejoicings of crowds of pilgrims, is displayed in the body of the church on May 24th and 25th of each year.

The great *fortress-church of Les Saintes-Maries* is from no point of view architecturally beautiful. The entire building, outside and in, lacks architectural adornment, except for some alien columns preserved in the apse. From the outside it looks about as much like a church as does some remote Cornish cliff, though certain aspects have that degree of picturesqueness which is so agreeable to artists. Then it is dark and mysterious until you get accustomed to it, and then you observe that it is still remarkably unlike a church. It is really three churches in one—the subterranean chapel, in which the remains of Sarah are preserved; the middle chapel, which is the ordinary place of worship, and the topmost suspended chapel, where the bones of the two Marys are cherished. The nave and the crypt are littered with paintings and other cheap offerings left there in memory of miracles wrought or miracles hoped for. On the left is a curious wooden boat with figures of Sarah and the holy Marys, and in the nave is a well which was placed there for use during defence of the church against Saracenic attack. The crypt is pitch-dark, lighted only by a few spluttering candles, and the dim ray that comes to it from the nave, which itself is dark enough. Part of the altar in the crypt appears to have served at one time as the lid of a Christian sarcophagus, and is now supported by modern pillars, which do not seem to be altogether in place. On an adjacent slab of basalt, possibly the relic of an ancient monument, are the so-called bones of the servant Sarah.

These bones, and the slab of stone on which they lie, are the magnet which draws countless thousands of wandering gypsies to Les Saintes-Maries.

It is considered that this pilgrimage of the gypsies to the tomb of Sarah is the successor of something of the same kind which far predates the Christian era. The Marquis of Baroncelli, one of the *Félibres*, has written a little monograph in which he asserts his theory that the gypsies in coming to Les Saintes-Maries every year, a huge concourse of them from all parts of the world, do but fulfil a tradition which goes back to the time of the lost continent of Atlantis, when the Redskins of America and the gypsies of Southern Europe were members of a common conglomeration of tribes in nomadic occupation of vast lands of Atlantis. It is an intriguing supposition which the learned Marquis is at insufficient pains to support. At all events the period of this double pilgrimage of the gypsies to the tomb of Sarah and of the Christians to the shrine of the two Marys is one of astonishing activity and picturesqueness in Les Saintes-Maries. Then it is that the sports and pastimes of the Provençals are seen at their best, with enormous crowds now deep in the passionate fervour of adoration, now lost in the excitement of bull-fights, horse races, farandoles, and all the characteristic gaiety of their race.

From the summit of the tower there is a striking view, but the burden of it is desolation, and in a sense one realises the sentiment which induced Maurice Barrès to call this the saddest village in the world. It depends, of course, whether you look with the eye of faith at pilgrimage-time, or the eye of weariness, of weariness from the heat and the dust and the sinister solemnity of the Camargue. Then it is sad, this old village, this beggarly sprawl of ancient houses at the knees of God's holy church, like battered pilgrims praying for miracles to heal their sores. There is no market-place except a small bull-ring between the church wall and the vicarage, and no belt of trees anywhere to be seen, save far away on the edge of the lagoons, where a line of umbrella-pines hovers like a thin black cloud. The citizens, however, hope that the time will come when Les Saintes-Maries will be regarded as a seaside place and, to that end, have planted a few niggardly trees to form an avenue from the town to the beach.

[The line from Arles to Salin-de-Giraud is a journey of  $23\frac{1}{2}$  miles, traversing the eastern part of the Camargue.] From Arles to Nîmes (1) via Tarascon. This is a journey of  $25\frac{1}{2}$  miles, taking from one to  $1\frac{1}{4}$  hours. (2) Via Bouil-

larges ; electric railway does this journey of 20½ miles in about 1 hour 10 min. Bouillarges is the junction for St Gilles. For Nîmes, see p. 112.

*Arles to Lunel, via St Gilles.*—Arles to St Gilles is 11 miles. The journey takes about half an hour ; it is another 17 miles on to Lunel, the total journey from Arles taking 1½ to 2 hours.

*St Gilles (Hôtel du Globe).* They are probably right who conjecture that St Gilles stands upon the site of *Heraclea*, a Greek town of consequence in the fifth century B.C., but already disappeared in Pliny's day. There is, however, little direct evidence of this, only it is certain that on the left bank of the Rhône were two important Greek towns, as well as Agde. One of these was called Rhodes—which Pliny and St Jerome think good enough evidence to ascribe the settlement to men of Rhodes—and the other *Heraclea*. It is generally accorded that the latter was revived in the Middle Ages as St Gilles. What is clear, however, is that in mediæval days it was the seat of a great abbey founded in romantic fashion during the fifth century.

This is the story. St Gilles was a Greek of royal birth, and in youth was fair and chaste with skin white as milk, and all the worthy attributes of his exalted rank. One day his heart was touched by the misery of a poor beggar on whom lay some hideous disease. The boy, overcome with grief, gave his cloak to the beggar, and lo ! the man was healed. The sanctity of the young prince was then noised throughout all the land, and to escape the worship and importunities of the people he fled to a spot he thought impenetrable. Here a spring welled up, and there came from God a white doe to sustain him with milk. Now at this time Wamba, who was King of the Visigoths, had come to Montpellier, and a servant brought news that a wonderful white hind had been tracked to her lair in the forest. So the next morning the king set out with his retinue to chase her. At last they found the animal on the point of disappearing among the trees, and Wamba launched an arrow. But the arrow pierced the hand of the saintly hermit, to whom the hind had flown for protection. When the saint's story had been told the king was profoundly touched, and so ardently pressed his service that the hermit was at length persuaded to agree to the building of a great monastery on the spot, of which he should become the abbot. In this manner was founded the great Abbey of St Gilles ; and the abbot's fame spread far and wide, attracting princes, kings, and beggars until his death. As a matter of fact Florenz, who was king in Provence, Wamba of the Visigoths, Charles Martel, and his grandson Charlemagne, are all

credited with having founded the abbey and created the abbot. Sufficient that it was founded, and that the day presently came when the site had risen again to the splendour it had known as Heraclea. Then, of course, the nervous channels of the Rhône came up to the walls, serving also the great abbeys of Franquevaux and Psalmody. Lagoons existed all the way to the sea; and before St Louis created Aigues-Mortes into a great harbour, St Gilles was the port whence convoys and pilgrims embarked for the Holy Land.

St Gilles is not a prepossessing town. At first glance you look in vain for the shady plane-tree avenues of the towns on the banks of the Rhône, and in any event for those pleasant, easy-going cafés with their sprawling chairs and tables set beneath green foliage that you get into the habit of frequenting on the other side of the Rhône. If, however, you come about the time of vintage you will find St Gilles to be gay and heartening enough, for then its streets, when the day is ended, and its fields throughout the day, are thronged with the joyous crowd of peasants from Italy and Spain who come hither to turn an honest penny among the vines. St Gilles is interesting also early in March, when it becomes a camping-ground for the seemingly endless stream of gypsy pilgrims on their way to the shrine of black Sarah at Les Saintes-Maries.

*The Abbey.*—The ancient Abbey is the indispensable feature of St Gilles. You will not find another such from the Pyrenees to the Maritime Alps, unless it be St Trophime, at Arles, and that, although better preserved, is not so exuberantly beautiful as the Abbey of Saint-Gilles. It must have been a very noble Abbey in its day, and anyone with a taste for that sort of thing could potter through the site for days on end, discovering at every turn fresh traces of magnificence. For the church to-day, large and imposing though it is, is but a fragment of the ancient structure. The choir is a litter of marble fragments and tombs, the tower is dwarfed to a mere vestige of its former splendour, and the exquisite *Vis de Saint Gilles* is a delicate, isolated stairway winding from wreckage into air.

The western façade is, however, still a thing of beauty, though "The Children of the Desert," or Camisards, did their best to destroy it during the religious riots of the seventeenth century. There is a noble arched doorway

in the centre, flanked on each side by one rather smaller, and the whole face, from the southern to the northern door, is a mass of intricate carving. The entire hierarchy of heaven is there, disfigured, it is true, but disposed in such wonderful profusion, and, individually, still possessing so much strength and beauty, that from a short distance the entire group is charged with an amazing life and vigour. The rich effect is enhanced by the existence of white columns, delicately, joyously carved at capital and base, and by the receding lines of the arched doors. The original doors were of cypress-wood given by the Pope to Saint Gilles during the latter's visit to Rome. The saint threw the doors into the Tiber, commanding the waters to carry their charge to his church. Sure enough, on the day of St Gilles' arrival at the Abbey, the doors were cast up on the banks of the river, in perfect preservation. To describe these carvings would be to retell the Scriptures, and here is no place for that. The best description is that provided by Monsieur Augustin Flèche, in his excellent little monograph, *Aigues-Mortes et Saint Gilles*, published by Laurens, 6, Rue de Tournon, Paris.

The *crypt* is but another church, following almost exactly the plan of the church above it. It was built in the eleventh century to take the tomb of St Gilles, and its high altar was consecrated by the Pope himself in 1095. During the Protestant occupation of the church the saint's tomb was rifled of its precious charge and filled with rubbish. The crypt is very noble and gloomy.

Outside, in the town, there is only an occasional vestige of any former splendour, and the general aspect in summer is of decay and dust. It is in the autumn, when the pageantry of vintage-time cheers the unshaded streets, that St Gilles recaptures something of the ancient spirit. Then one feels a breath of the time when Pisan vessels, according to the chronicles of Muratori, could enter with their boats by the mouths of the Chevre and arrive safe and sound at the stranger's quarters of St Gilles. Many Pisan vessels were anchored off the walls of this town on the day of Calends of September, 1166, when a great fair was in progress, and St Gilles had become the resort of innumerable people.

Of that period there is nothing at St Gilles except the

Abbey; but a number of sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth-century façades may be observed in old houses, and, at the end of a street, a few yards up from the church there is a very grave, dignified, little *Romanesque house* which tradition makes the birthplace of Clement V. There are three floors, the upper two being joined by a massive lintel, and gracefully ornamented above the windows. Three elegant doors give access to the modernised interior, and the complete effect, from the steps, which are of stone, and extend the whole length of the building, to the projecting roof, is of a gracious severity. It does not excite much curiosity. There is nothing monumental or "old-world" about it. It is simply grave and beautiful. It has, of course, undergone restoration in fairly recent years.

The next station after St Gilles is *Le Cailar*, followed presently by *Aimargues*, both places being on the line from Nîmes to Aigues-Mortes. Then comes Marsillargues, and finally *Lunel* (Hôtel du Commerce), a prosperous little town noted for its public garden and its *muscatel grapes*.

The main-line journey to Marseille, resumed from Arles, passes to the right of the Pont de Crau, seen below the aqueduct which carries the Canal de Craponne. At Raphèle the line enters the plain of *La Crau*. This region is more desert in the African sense than is the Camargue, but large tracts of it are planted with olives, mulberries, and vines. Beyond St Martin de Crau, however, the aspect of an arid stony desert is predominant and the hot leagues of the Crau stretch endlessly—a hard gravelled surface laid over with small boulders the shape and size of melons. On the north it is bounded by the Alpilles, which superficially seem to be of the same geologic formation, though scientists will tell you that as the Rhône is responsible for the Camargue so the Durance is responsible for the Crau. Another story is that Hercules, in his combat with the Giants, used the very stones that now lie scattered all over the desolate plain, and forgot to clean up the rubbish, so elated was he with his victory. This probably refers to the early combats between the Phœnicians, whose god Melkarth is identified with the Greek Hercules, and the Ligurians, who were a people of much greater

stature than their adversaries. On some parts of the Crau large flocks of sheep find scanty pasture, but on the whole it is a barren, desolate region with little vegetation save stunted shrubs and a thin, short grass.

The line soon passes *St Martin de Crau*, which is a delightful oasis, a forest of trees and gardens from which the angular features of the village poke skywards. The next station is *Miramas*, the P.-L.-M.'s enormous rail centre, from which branch lines run to Avignon via Cavaillon (p. 72), and to Marseille via *Port de Bouc* (p. 134). To the right, on a low hill, is the village of *Miramas-le-Vieux*, crowned with the ruins of a château that is not quite so attractive as it looks. Continuing, the route lies along the western edge of the Crau, through hot shimmering miles of wilderness which lead up to the harsh Etangs and the barren hills which surround them. Presently *St Chamas* and the *Etang de Berre* are seen (see p. 134), then crossing the Touloubre the line passes within sight of the Pont Flavien, an attractive Roman bridge with a triumphal arch at each end. *Berre* is the next station (see p. 134), followed by *Rognac*, the junction for Aix (the line to Aix, a distance of 16 miles, taking about one hour, ascends the valley of the Arc to *Roquefavour*, which has a celebrated aqueduct carrying the waters of the Durance to Marseille); then follow *Les Milles* and Aix (see p. 137). As the line continues there is seen on the left the ruined castle of *Vitrolles*. At *Pas-des-Lanciers* is the junction of a light railway to Marignane and Martigues (p. 134); the Nerthe Tunnel is then penetrated, and the peninsula *L'Estaque* is crossed, affording presently a fine view of the Bay of Marseille. A few minutes after leaving *L'Estaque* the train halts at Marseille. Marseille (see p. 124).

*Lyons to Nîmes, via Tarascon*.—This is a journey of 174 miles, taking approximately  $4\frac{1}{2}$  to  $5\frac{1}{2}$  hours by the fast trains. It is the route followed by the Paris-Port-Bou (for Spain) express international trains.

*Lyons to Avignon*, see pp. 47-59. Thence to Tarascon, p. 84. From Tarascon the journey to Nîmes, a distance of  $17\frac{1}{2}$  miles, occupies about forty-five minutes. The line crosses the Rhône on a viaduct 620 yards long, revealing a good view of the twin cities of Beaucaire and Tarascon. *Beaucaire* (p. 86). Presently the stony plateau of *La*



*Costière* is crossed, and passing three unimportant stations, the train comes to a halt at Nîmes. Nîmes (p. 112).

*Lyons to Nîmes, via Le Teil*.—This again is a journey of 174 miles, though it takes from 8½ to 10 hours. Its chief use is, of course, for the intermediate stations. From Lyons the trains commence at the Perrache Station, proceeding to Oullins, a large industrial suburb of Lyons. The route is continued to *Grigny*, which has a fourteenth-century keep, and so to *Ste Colombe* (p. 49), opposite Vienne. The vintage of the Côte-Rôte, and the excellence of its apricots are the chief interest at *Ampuis*, which is followed presently by *Condrieu* (Hôtel du Commerce), a very old little town with a curious fifteenth-century house and a ruined castle. In a few minutes the station of *Chavanay* is reached (motor-bus goes hence to Pélussin, where climbers commence the ascent of *Mont Pilat*, which is accomplished from July to September by auto-cars). *St Pierre-de-Bœuf* follows, and then the charming little town of *Serrières*. *Peyraud*, the next station, has a Louis-Treize château of some note. [There is a railway hence to *St Rambaud-d'Albon* (p. 49).]

[*Peyraud to Firminy* is a journey of 51½ miles, taking 4 to 5 hours, and ascending first to *Annonay* (p. 49). *Bourg-Argental* has an interesting eleventh-century church. The Tracal tunnel now leads through the main ridge of the Cevennes to *Riotard*, followed by *Dunières*, each with an eleventh-century church. From *Dunières* there is motor-bus to *Lalouvesc*; there are also branch lines to *La Voûte-sur-Loire*, which has a small Romanesque church, and close by a fine seventeenth-century château, and to *La Voûte-sur-Rhône* (see below). The line now goes on to *St Dider-la-Séauve*, followed by *Pont Salomon*, after which a tunnel is traversed to *Firminy*, an old town with a medieval church and its original town gate. *Firminy* is also on the line *St Etienne to Le Puy*.]

Continuing on the Nîmes line, the train proceeds to *St Désirat-Champagne*; here there is an eleventh-century church, in which Roman sculptures and capitals have been introduced. *St Désirat* is followed by *Andance*. Then comes *Vion*, succeeded by *Tournon* (Hôtel de la Porte et de l'Assurance), with a large Gothic church and a fine castle. Two suspension bridges, one of which is the oldest

in France, connect Tournon with Tain (p. 50). [From Tournon there is a light railway to Le Cheylard, 33 miles, ascending the fine *Gorge of the Doux*, and passing *Lamastre* (Hôtel du Commerce), where three rivers meet. There is an old castle, and about an hour's walk to the west is the strange little town of *Désaignes*. Le Cheylard (see below).]

The line now continues to *Châteaubourg*, which has a much restored castle. Then follows *St Péray* (Hôtel Badet, Hôtel de la Gare), noted for its sparkling wines, and overlooked by the castles of Beauregard and Crussol; the former is now a restaurant. *Valence* is on the other side (p. 50). [A steam tramway goes from St Péray to the little hill resorts of *Alboussières* and *Vernoux*.] At *Soyons* was born General Championnet, who organised the Parthenopean Republic. It is followed by *Charmes*, whence the little spa of *St Georges-les-Bains* is reached. There are splendid ruins of the Abbey of St Marcel-de-Crussol, just above St Georges. Now comes *La Voulte-sur-Rhône*, which has remains of a fourteenth-century castle, and a modern church with reliefs from an older church. Some fifteenth- and sixteenth-century houses may be seen throughout the old town.

[*La Voulte to Privas*.—This is a journey of 16½ miles, taking up to one hour. The line serves *Le Pouzin*, *Chomérac*, and *Privas* (Hôtel de la Croix-d'Or), the capital of the Department of the Ardèche. The town was destroyed by Louis XIII. in 1629. *La Voulte to Dunières*.—This is a distance of 67½ miles, by light railway in 7½ hours, involving a stay of 2 hours at *Le Cheylard*. The line traverses the wild valley of the *Érieux*, halting at *St Sauveur-de-Montaigut*, the nearest station to the quiet little spa of *Marcols-les-Eaux*. *Le Cheylard* is picturesquely situated near the confluence of the Dorne and the Érieux, and is connected with Tournon (see p. 108) by light railway. There are motor services to *Vals-les-Bains*, an important spa (*Hotels*: Grand Durand, de Paris) and an interesting neighbourhood. Its season is from May 15th to October 1st. The line now ascends to *St Martin-de-Valamas*, followed by *St Julien-Boutières*, and then, over viaducts, through increasingly picturesque country, to *St Agrève* (Hôtel Porte), a good centre for excursions. *Devessel* is now passed, and the Loire basin entered. The summer resort of *Le Chambon-de-Tence* (Hôtel des Touristes; du Commerce) is succeeded by *Tence* (Hôtel de la Gare; Mourgue), a jolly little market-town. The line from *La Voulte-sur-Loire* (p. 108) is joined at *Runcoules-Brossettes*; then follow *Montfaucon* and *Dunières*.]

The main line continues from La Voulte to *Le Pouzin* (see above), at the mouth of the Ouvèze. Then follows

*Baix*, which has some interesting fifteenth-century houses. At *Cruas* is the celebrated Romanesque *Abbey Church*, with a round eastern tower and a square western tower. There is an interesting eleventh-century mosaic in the ninth-century *Crypt*; a second crypt was formed by the raising of the nave floor. A turreted keep rises above.

There comes now the interesting town of *Rochemaure*, opposite Montélimar, and at the end of the *Chaîne du Coiron*, a curious volcanic dyke extending from Mont Mézenc to the Rhône. An abyss separates the keep from the ruined castle on the hill; there is another small keep, and a Romanesque church in the old town. The next station is *Le Teil*, an important railway junction with branch lines to *Vals-les-Bains* (p. 54) and Alais.

*Viviers*.—Comes now *Viviers* (*Hôtel des Voyageurs*), the ancient capital of Vivarais and the seat of a bishop. Entering the town from the station you pass the seventeenth-century *Bishop's Palace* and the *Hôtel de Roqueplaine*, a building in the Louis-Quinze style. The Renaissance *Maison des Chevaliers*, in the Place de l'Hôtel-de-Ville, should be seen; also the *Hôtel des Receveurs des Tailles*. The *Cathedral of St Vincent* dates itself in pieces from the twelfth century to the seventeenth. The Romanesque tower and spire are of the twelfth; the Flamboyant windows of the choir are of the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the nave of the seventeenth; there are six fine Gobelins *Tapestries* in the choir, and some well-carved stalls.

*Bourg-St Andéol*.—Now comes the fortified village of *St Montant*, followed by *Bourg-St-Andéol* (*Hôtel Moderne*), with a beautiful early twelfth-century Romanesque church, in which is preserved the second-century sarcophagus of St Andéol. Left of the church is the delightful sixteenth-century *Hôtel Nicolai*, one of several fine seventeenth- and eighteenth-century mansions to be seen in the town. At the *Hospice* there is an interesting chapel and a good cloister. At the *Fontaine de Tournes*, a short walk to the south of the town, is a huge relief, much worn now, of Mithras; and westward extends the almost uninhabited *Plateau des Grads*, with numerous neolithic remains.

*Pont St Esprit*.—Crossing the Vallon de Tournes, you observe to the east the peak of Mont Ventoux, and come

presently to *St Just-St Marcel* ; then crossing the Ardèche, the line reaches *Pont-St Esprit* (*Hôtel de l'Europe et de la Porte*), famous for its *Bridge*, 1000 yards long, which spans the Rhône at one of its swiftest reaches. This is the finest of the old bridges over the river, and is only a little later than the Bridge of Bénézet. It was begun in 1265 by the *Fratres Pontis*, the "Bridge Building Brothers," who were responsible also for the Bridge of Bénézet, two bridges at Montélimar, one over the Isère, and a number of others. The Pont St Esprit has nineteen of the original twenty-five arches still intact. The original aspect of the bridge may be seen in a fresco at the fifteenth-century *Maison du Roi*, in the town. There are several other interesting old houses that should be seen, and a fifteenth-century Church of *St Saturnin* ; there are remains of a fourteenth-century hospital incorporated in the sixteenth-seventeenth century citadel.

The railway now crosses the Cèze to *Bagnols-sur-Cèze*, which has a fourteenth-century church, and a small museum in the *Hôtel Mallet*. The next station is *L'Ardoise*, with a branch line to Alais. At *Roquemaure* are two towers of an old castle. Pope Clement V. died while crossing the Rhône between Roquemaure and Châteauneuf (p. 70). Crossing the Rhône used to be considered a perilous undertaking, owing to the existence of amphibious dragons, who lived on human blood. The only safeguard was to cross in a consecrated vessel, which carried with it a little bowl of holy water. "Every year the boats were blessed on the first day of January, and if anyone fell overboard or was drawn out of the boat by the power of the dragons, that boat was not used again until it had been cleansed, repainted and reblessed (*Romantic France*, by Eleanor Elsner).

The next station is Villeneuve-Pujaut, which, with *Pont-d'Avignon*, serves the town of *Villeneuve-lès-Avignon* (p. 68). At *Aramon* there is a fine suspension bridge, and some charming old houses. There follows *Théziers*, which has an eleventh-century church ; and then, ascending the Gard, the line passes *Remoulins*, an important railway junction with a thirteenth-century castle and a Romanesque church now used as the Town Hall. Then follows *Lafoux-les-Bains*, and *Marguerittes*, the station

for St Gilles (p. 103) ; then comes *Grézan*, where the line from Tarascon is joined, and a few minutes later the train comes to a halt at Nîmes.

## NIMES

Nîmes, though one of the oldest towns in France, and with a greater number of antiquities than any other, gives one, on arrival, quite a different impression. Here is no faded city eking out its existence as a curiosity in ages alien to its spirit, but a very prosperous, gay, progressive town, with broad, well-built boulevards, a complicated system of tram lines, modern houses admirably fitted with up-to-date conveniences, smart restaurants, smart shops, and all the paraphernalia of the twentieth century. It is the capital of the Department of Gard, and the seat of a bishop. It is, however, chiefly for its wonderful relics of the Roman period that Nîmes is visited. "The striking thing in the remains we have at Nîmes is their completeness. Not only have we the magnificent arena and the baths, but also we have, in what is called the *Maison Carrée* and its precincts, the old capital of the city. If we want to trace the history of a Provençal town we cannot possibly do better than select Nîmes, and do it very thoroughly."

*Hotels*: du Luxembourg, Grand du Midi. *Railway stations*: the principal one is to the south-east of the town. Hotel omnibuses meet trains. The Gare de Camargue adjoins the P.-L.-M. station. *Post and Telegraph Office* in the *Square de la Couronne*. *Electric Trams* from the station round the town, via the boulevards, and back. *Theatre* in the *Place de la Comédie*.

*History*.—Inscriptions relate that Nîmes was the centre of the worship of the God Nemausus. The first settlers of Nîmes probably established themselves round about the fountain which was afterwards utilised for the Roman baths, and there are Celtic inscriptions, written in Greek characters, which make it clear that Nîmes was originally called Nemaus, and that even in those early days it was an important centre, as the meeting-place of four great roads. One of these roads ultimately became the celebrated Domitian road which ran into Spain. One may fairly

conjecture that the Phœnicians established a settlement here, which in time was absorbed by the Greeks. Later came the Carthaginians, though we have no actual inscription dealing with their activities. It was after the Roman conquest that Nîmes became of real and obvious importance. Augustus had strong walls erected, and the name of Nemausus was for long proudly coupled with Augusta. Nîmes suffered greatly at the coming of the Vandals in 407, and in 472 the Visigoths built a stronghold in the Amphitheatre. Later the city fell to invading hordes of Saracens, who were expelled by Charles Martel in 737. After the year 1227 it became part of the French kingdom, and was the scene, during the sixteenth century, of a great Protestant movement. After the Edict of Nantes, large numbers of the Protestants of Nîmes joined the Camisard insurrection, which was brought to an end largely by the treachery of the leader.

Among the famous citizens of Nîmes are François Guizot (1787-1874), historian and statesman; Alphonse Daudet (1840-97), author; and Valentin-Esprit Fléchier, Bishop of Nîmes, who was a famous orator.

From the station the Avenue Feuchères leads direct to the *Esplanade*, from which rises a Fountain. On the right is the modern Church of SS. *Perpétue et Félicité*. In the *Square de la Couronne* is a statue of Daudet by Falguière. On the other side of the Esplanade is the Palais de Justice, which dates from 1826, and the *Arènes* or *Amphitheatre*, which is entered from the west side, admission one franc.

The *Amphitheatre* of Nîmes is one of the most striking relics of antiquity in existence. It is a massive elliptical building of two storeys, each of sixty arches, measuring 439 feet by 330 feet, and 70 feet in height. It could accommodate approximately 24,000 people. This amphitheatre is not so large as the one at Verona, or as the Coliseum at Rome, but its condition is more perfect than either. The most wonderfully complete section is the gallery behind the first storey. The arena is said not to have been used for the exhibition of wild beasts. Nowadays, however, it is frequently the scene of thrilling bull-fights.

The *Musée des Beaux Arts* may be reached from the Place

des Arènes by following the Rue du Cité-Foulc. It is open daily, except Tuesday and Saturday, from 9 to 12 and 1 to 4 or 5, and contains a good collection of paintings, chief among which is Cromwell gazing at the coffin of Charles I., by Delaroche ; portraits by Carle van Loo. The sculpture room has good examples of the work of Pradier ; and on the first floor are some good examples of (Room I.) the French school ; (Room II.) Dutch School ; (Room IV.) Italian Schools ; (Room VI.) Dutch and Italian Schools.

From the Arena the Boulevard Victor Hugo leads past the modern Church of St Paul to the Place de la Comédie, in which is situated the theatre, and, above all, the *Maison Carrée* (open 8 to 12, and 1 to 4 or 2 to 5), the finest example of antique classic architecture in France. This temple was dedicated to Caius and Lucius, sons of Agrippa and Julia, who were adopted as heirs by Augustus. In Philemon Holland's translation of Suetonius, is written : "As for Caius and Lucius, Augustus adopted them for his owne children at home in his house, having bought them of Agrippa their father by the brazen coine and the ballance, whom being yet in their tender years he employed in the charge of the common-weale ; and no sooner were they consuls-elect, but hee sent them abroad to the government of provinces and the conduct of armies." Provence had taken these two "Princes of the Imperial Youth" to its heart, and it was to their deified memories that this temple was raised.

In the opinion of many authorities, the *Maison Carrée* is the finest temple outside Greek territories, and one of the most elegant in the Roman world. Its size is, however, extremely small—only 45 feet by 85 ; and its beauty depends on the subtlety of its proportions and the fitness of its decorations. It is hexastyle ; on each side are eleven Corinthian columns, three of which stand free and support the portico, the other eight being attached to the wall of the cella. ". . . The structure is built on what is known as the pseudo-peripteral plan, the true peripteral temple having all the columns separate from the cella, as in the case of all famous Greek temples, except the huge edifice at Agrigentum, in which the interstices of the columns are built up with walls" (*Sir Theodore Cook*).

It is considered to have been entrusted to a Greek architect of the Augustan age. The great beauty of the building lies in its subtle divergencies from strict mathematical lines—a process which the Greeks alone seem to have had the secret of, and which is brought to perfection in the Parthenon.

The temple served as a kind of Hôtel de Ville from 1150 until 1540 ; later it was lived in as a private house, and afterwards as a stable. Then the Augustinian monks utilised it as a church in 1672, and as such it remained until 1789. It afterwards served as a granary and public market, until at long last its significance was realised, the growth of centuries of misuse removed, and a museum established within its walls. A museum of local interest, well worth inspection, is still there. It includes the *Venus of Nîmes*, found in over one hundred fragments in 1873. An extremely valuable collection of Roman and medieval coins is included here.

From the *Place de la Comédie*, the Boulevard Alphonse Daudet proceeds to the Square Antonin, which is adorned with a statue of Antoninus Pius. Left of this is the *Jardin de la Fontaine*, a formal garden of considerable beauty, with long avenues of plane- and chestnut-trees, and in the centre, three huge basins of stone, from which the fountains emit their jets of water high into the air. At the end of the gardens, concealed almost entirely by the modern balustrades, are the remains of the old *Roman Baths*.

Returning up the steps which lead down to the baths, you come upon a café sheltered by trees behind which are the huge iron gates which lead to the *Temple of Diana*. It is said by some authorities to be either a portion of the Roman bath-house, or part of a nymphæum dedicated to the god of the Fountain. It is an interesting little building, erected on the site of a Celtic temple. Both the building and its ornaments were raised at the expense of the Emperor Augustus. Originally there seems to have been a porch, a façade with three arches of irregular origin. There is now seen a large rectangular hall with curious vaulting, and a number of niches which formerly held statues. There are still a number of pillars intact, and, in the centre arch, may be seen the sacrificial stone.



In the Middle Ages, the main portion of the temple was used as a church.

Behind the temple are the *Allées du Mont-Cavalier*, a number of shady footpaths leading through beds of flowers up to the *Tour Magne*, a Roman tower on Gallic foundations, which was restored in 1843. It is said to be in imitation of the Tower of Augustus raised at La Turbie (p. 223), and was a tribute raised to the emperor by the Nimois. The view is extensive and magnificent. To the north-east is Mont Ventoux; to the south are seen, dimly, the walls of Aigues-Mortes, where the waters of the Camargue glisten, and to the south-west are the faint outlines of the Canigou. The city of Nîmes itself is laid out clearly to the south, and northward, over a range of stony hills known as the *Garrigues*, are seen a number of "mozets," the summer dwellings of the Nimois.

Coming back to the Place de la Comédie you take the Rue de l'Horloge, which passes a sixteenth-century tower, and leads to the *Cathedral* of Notre Dame et St Castor, which is said to be on Roman foundations. The building, which displays several periods of architecture, has been severely mutilated, though pieces of antique and Romanesque sculpture may be observed on its façade, including a frieze illustrating the Book of Genesis. West of the Cathedral is the Rue de la Madeleine, in which is a charming twelfth-century house. Skirting the Cathedral is the Rue St Castor, which goes to the Place des Carmes. Here is the seventeenth-century Protestant church, and the modern Gothic church of St Baudile. Here, also, is the *Porte of Augustus*, erected in the reign of Augustus, and known then as the *Porta Arelatensi*, or Arles Gate. It is composed of two large arches flanked by two smaller ones, and on the frieze is an inscription recording the building of the walls of Nemausus by Augustus. (There is another Roman Gate, or the relic of one, close to the Hôtel Dieu, reached from the Place des Arènes by the Rue Montpellier; it is known as the Porte de France.) To the south is the Boulevard Amiral Courbet, in which is the former *Lycée*, now used to house the *Archæological and Natural History Museums*, together with the Library. (Sundays and Thursdays, 1 to 4 or 5, free; other days by special application.)

## NEIGHBOURHOOD

*Nîmes to Pont du Gard.*—It is desirable to undertake this journey by road, when it may well be combined with the trip to Uzès (see below). By rail you take the Remoulins train to Lafoux-les-Bains (p. 111), whence it is a walk of a mile and a half. The *Pont du Gard* is the finest Roman aqueduct in the world. It is situated in the beautiful valley of the Gardon, and was built in 19 B.C., by Agrippa, son-in-law of Augustus, to carry the waters of the Eure to Nîmes. It is a colossal piece of engineering. The great arches span the ravine with masonry that springs from the bed of the river to a height of one hundred and sixty feet. The lowest tier of six arches spans the river like a bridge, and supports a second row of eleven arches, which, in their turn, support the highest tier, of thirty-five small arches, eight hundred and eighty-two feet in length, upon which the actual conduit is laid. A modern road bridge has been built along the downstream side of the main tier, and on the left of the road is an easy path conducting to where the conduit commences on the top; by following this channel along the huge stone slabs which roof it in, you may cross to the other side of the valley, where a path leads down to the road. Following downstream for about ten minutes, you come to the Pont du Gard station, where train may be taken to Remoulins, and thence Nîmes.

*Nîmes to Uzès and Le Martinet.*—To Uzès is a distance of  $25\frac{1}{2}$  miles; to Martinet, 56 miles; train is changed at Remoulins. The Pont du Gard is seen on the left just before reaching the station of Pont du Gard (see above), which is succeeded by Uzès.

Uzès (Hôtel Béchard) is the seat of the ducal family of that name, who still own the *Castle*, or *Château*, which is situated behind the eighteenth-century Hôtel de Ville; the façade of the principal wing, dating from the sixteenth century, is notable; so also is the fourteenth-century *Logis de la Vicomté*, opposite the entrance. The tombs of the family are in the crypt of the chapel. The great *Keep* is of the twelfth century. Behind the château is the square *Tour de l'Horloge*, and, near by, is an early Christian crypt, hewn out of the rock. The *Cathedral* and *Bishop's*

*Palace* are on the Promenade des Marronniers, the former being notable for its beautiful twelfth-century *Tour Fénestrelle*. Racine is said to have spent much time, whilst at Uzès, in the gardens below the *Pavillon Racine*. The old town is reached by a flight of steps from opposite the Cathedral. (Railway from Uzès to Nozières, via Moussac, near which is the Château de Castelnaud, where Roland, leader of the Camisard movement, was surprised and slain in 1704.) The line goes on to *Montaren*, which has an old castle; then to *Euzet-les-Bains*; *Celas*; St Julien-les Fumades, and Le Martinet.

*Nîmes to St Gilles*.—The electric railway covers the 14½ miles in about 50 minutes. St Gilles, see p. 103.

*Nîmes to Le Vigan*.—This is a distance of 57½ miles, accomplished in about 3½ hours. The line passes *Sommières*, with relics of a Roman bridge, an old tower, and ruined castle. *St Hippolyte-du-Fort*, with a ruined castle, was a former stronghold of the Protestant faith. *Ganges*, a busy little town, offers excursions to the Gorge of the Hérault, St Guilhem-le-Désert, and Aniane, each of which is of unusual interest. *Le Vigan* is woodily situated among hills; there is a pleasant drive to the Gorge of the Vis, passing the feudal castle of Montdardier, and *Madières*, noted for its trout.

*Nîmes to Arles via Bouillargues*. Electric railway in about an hour.

*Nîmes to Montpellier and Cette* (p. 123).

*Nîmes to Aigues-Mortes*.—This is a journey which no one should miss who has a taste for the authentic Middle Ages, and for the curious effects of a unique region. The distance from Nîmes is 25 miles, and the train takes about one and a half hours to accomplish it. It passes *St Césaire* and Beauvoisin, the latter being 3 miles east of the *Château de Caudiac*, which was the birthplace of General Montcalm, defender of Quebec. Then comes *Vauvert*, followed by Le Cailar (where the line to St Gilles and Arles begins), and *Aimargues*, the junction for Lunel. Presently *Aigues-Mortes* is reached.

*Aigues-Mortes* (Hôtel St Louis).—A number of interesting documents concerning the origin of Aigues-Mortes may be found among the archives of Gard, and some of these have been published by Monsieur Pagezy of Mont-

pellier. Most of them refer, of course, to the Aigues-Mortes created by St Louis and his son. St Louis, in need of a Mediterranean port from which to set forth on the Seventh Crusade, purchased this site from the monks of Psalmody (see below), the rest of the seaboard being in the hands of untrustworthy lords. Having secured Aigues-Mortes, he built the tower of Constance, and dug a channel to the sea, which lay five miles away.

There is an early document which records a gift by the lords of Nîmes to the Abbey of Psalmody, in whose territory the port of the future lay, in the year 812. The document, which refers to the reconstruction of the Abbey in 791, as a result of the intervention of Charlemagne, has been established as a forgery, and it is no longer certain that the Abbey, even if it existed during the Saracen invasion, suffered destruction at their hands. This period is also the subject of learned discussion in a very good little monograph by M. Augustin Flèche, also of Montpellier. Lentheric, whose conclusions have been modified, and in one important degree refuted by later research, has likewise dealt with this period, as also with the creation of the thirteenth-century harbour and its subsequent decline. Sir Theodore Cook, whose *Provence* is very valuable, and is the only exhaustive English work on that kingdom, seems to have found it easy to be in agreement with Lentheric, but is interesting nevertheless. But of accessible writings nothing better than the *Memoirs of Aigues-Mortes*, by Pagezy, and *Aigues-Mortes et Saint Gilles*, by Augustin Flèche, has appeared. It is a pity that these two authors had not Lentheric's power to invest scientific research with life and vigour, but perhaps if they had they would have fallen into the same or other errors.

The old documents make excellent reading. They give intimate workaday humanity to the historic facts which, having taken place so long ago, have a tendency to become detached and legendary incidents. As sources of information on Aigues-Mortes and its neighbourhood, sections of Muratori's history of Pisa and Genoa are worth recording. The galleys of these city-states frequently sailed up the channels which lay between Grau St Louis—the outlet from Aigues-Mortes to the Mediterranean—and Arles. Finally we have De Joinville's *History of St Louis*. It is

pretty clear that if Louis had been able to embark his Crusaders at any other port along this coast, Aigues-Mortes would never have been anything more than a pestiferous village. Its decline commenced with its creation, and was never checked, in spite of the efforts of successive monarchs. If the people had been of a vigorous character, it is conceivable that they might have made almost another Venice in these lagoons, but the natural difficulties of the site overcame them. The walls were constructed by Italians, and even the trade of the port was largely in Italian hands. The records of Aigues-Mortes are full of the coming and going of Italian galleys and the granting of commercial privileges to merchants of Rome, Genoa, Venice, Lucca, Florence, Siena, and the rest.

It is evident that the people themselves never had very much confidence in Aigues-Mortes' durability as an important town, for there is no building here, either secular or ecclesiastical, worth a second glance, and no sign at all of there having been a real civic pride at any period of the port's history. In the first enthusiasm promoted by Louis' intentions a gleam of ambition appeared, and there is a petition extant in which the people pray their king to grant the town a new name. Aigues-Mortes, they argued, was scarcely a name to invite confidence. But Aigues-Mortes it remained, and Aigues-Mortes it is in fact as well as name.

*The Ramparts.*—The walls of Aigues-Mortes are its principal, almost its only attraction; but these are important enough to make Aigues-Mortes one of the most interesting sites in the South of France. They form a rough rectangle and are in a state of perfect preservation, overlooked at one corner by the *Tower of Constance*, raised at the instance of St Louis. It is a circular keep crowned by a watch turret, and is detached from the walls. The ascent may be made by a twisted staircase which leads first to a dark chamber, in the great wall of which there is a narrow slip from which sufficient light is admitted to reveal the names and devices that had been carved on the wall by Huguenot prisoners. At the top there is a charming little oratory with foliated capitals. Mounting still higher you come presently to a platform covered with

round stones raised towards the centre, where there is a circular hole corresponding to similar holes in the first and second chambers, which can be dimly seen. A restored crenellated parapet encircles the platform, from which there is a magnificent view out across the vast plain and the lagoons. "It is a white shimmering expanse like enough to a mirage; on the far banks of the lagoons pyramids of salt were piled, and on the other side, between Arles and Aigues-Mortes, could be seen the towers and brown roofs of villages among their cypress- and plane-trees. The spaces of earth between the stagnant lagoons were given over to the vine, and through the flat waste of the Camargue stretched the thin line of the Beaucaire Canal, with not a barge or a sail upon it. It was a view unpleasing to the eye, but to the mind not disagreeable because of the manner in which it affects the history of this place, which indeed has been half created by it."

Of paramount interest is the walk round the *Chemin de Ronde* of the Ramparts. These are laid out as a regular parallelogram, and rise about 30 feet. They are of a resolute character, and are interrupted by fifteen marvellously preserved towers, which strengthen the curtains on the flanks and at the angles, and some of which are so placed that the parapet walk either goes through them or is conducted round the exterior of the tower's nearer face. Some of the towers are round, others are square and directly pierced by gateways. The construction is of evident simplicity, and is said to have been inspired by a fortress in the Holy Land, possibly of Antioch or Damietta. There is scarcely a stone dislodged, scarcely a sign of any sort of decay in these walls. They are in an even better state of preservation than those of Carcassonne, and one gathers have a greater air of authenticity; but they are only of the second order of fortifications and are, therefore, not of so complete a type. One of the towers is known as the *Tour des Bourguignons*, which was the scene of one of Aigues-Mortes' tragedies. Aigues-Mortes was one of the last of the towns of Languedoc to remain faithful to Charles VI. during the Burgundian troubles. It fell, however, to the king's enemy in 1420, and its recapture was entrusted by the Dauphin to the Senechal of Beaucaire.

Accordingly a night attack was made in January 1421 by the Baron de Vouverbe under cover of great secrecy. A number of royalists at first secured entrance to the town and had very quietly killed the sentry. The Burgundians were blissfully ignorant of the assault and, falling asleep in the tower which now bears their name, entrusted the town to a number of dead sentries and those saints of heaven who supported them. The attackers moved silently in the darkness. The walls seemed deserted. Never a sound could be heard, and the Burgundians' tower was entered as peacefully as you may enter it now. Never in their lives had the attackers enjoyed such an easy hour of slaughter, and when their task was done the great pile of dead Burgundians lay heaped in the tower. It is said that the number of the dead was so great that Vouverbe decided to leave them where they were, and in order to avoid the stench and the plague the bodies were covered with a huge quantity of salt. And so they remained, for how long it is not said.

In the town itself there is a good statue of St Louis, by Pradier, adorning the central square.

A short distance from Aigues-Mortes on the Nîmes road is the *Tour Carbonnière*, which at one time went astride the road and guarded the approach to Aigues-Mortes by land. The road has latterly been made to encircle the tower, and the way through the arch has been blocked for traffic. Some distance farther along is a farm-house known as the *Mas de Psalmody*, which is said to be on the site of the Convent of Psalmody from which St Louis purchased the port of Aigues-Mortes.

About five miles beyond Aigues-Mortes is the little fishing port and bathing resort of *Le Grau-du-Roi* (Hôtel d'Angleterre). It is a lively little village, though it consists of hardly more than a single street, and that the bank of the canal itself, which here debouches into the sea, being conducted thence through two long stone walls. On each side there is a pavement and a number of shops, cafés, and inns; and the canal is full of fishing craft. Le Grau appears to be gaining a local popularity as a bathing-resort, of which there is evidence on the beach and in the hotels, such as they are, which overlook it. It will be that, if anything, which will give to Le Grau prosperity;

for the canal now has but little navigation upon it, and its fishing industry is precarious.

*Nîmes to Montpellier and Cette.*—This is a journey by rail of  $47\frac{1}{4}$  miles, taking up to 2 hours. A number of small stations are passed before reaching Lunel (p. 106), which has branch lines to Sommières and Arles. Presently, passing over the Lez, you reach Montpellier.

*Montpellier*, chief town of the Department of the Hérault, is fully described in the *Handbook to the Loire and Pyrenees*, and for present purposes only a brief account will be given. *Hôtel*: du Midi de la Métropole; *Post Office* in the Place de la Préfecture.

Montpellier has a fine *Museum* (9 to 12; 1.30 to 4 or 5, except Mondays, when closed, and Sundays, when open only from 1.30 to 4 or 5). It is entered from 13 Rue Montpelliéret, and contains fine examples of Italian and Dutch schools. Here there is also a library entered from 37 Boulevard de l'Esplanade. From the Boulevard de l'Esplanade you take the Rue Nationale, which conducts to the imposing Palais de Justice. At the end of the street is the *Porte du Peyrou*, a triumphal arch erected in honour of Louis XIV. The fine Promenade du Peyrou extends beyond.

From the *Porte du Peyrou* take the Boulevard Henri Quatre past the *Jardin des Plantes*, the oldest botanical garden in France. It is adorned with a monument to Rabelais, by Villeneuve. The buildings of the *Faculté de Médecine*, opposite the garden, were originally a Benedictine Abbey, founded by Urban V. in 1364. Behind these is the *Cathedral*, which served as the church of the Benedictine Abbey. The *University*, in the Rue de l'Université, occupies the buildings formerly used as the Hôtel-Dieu. Note, also, in the Grande Rue, the Hôtel St Côme, dating from 1756; and the Maison de St André in the Rue Embouque d'Or.

There is railway communication between Montpellier and Palavas (25 minutes' journey; Grand Hôtel; Hôtel des Bains), a bathing resort with a casino. It is  $2\frac{1}{4}$  miles to the ancient seaport of Maguelone. *Montpellier to Sommières*, 18 miles in 1 hour, passing Montaud, the birthplace of Jules Massenet, composer of "Manon." Sommières, see p. 118. *Montpellier to Rabieux*,  $28\frac{1}{4}$  miles, in from 2 to  $2\frac{1}{4}$  hours. Aniane owes its existence to St Benedict of Aniane, who founded a monastery there in the



eight century. The monastery was rebuilt in the seventeenth-eighteenth century. There are interesting walks up the *Hérault Gorge*, in which is the romantic village of St Guilhem-le-Désert. The line joins the route from Béziers at Rabieux. *Montpellier to Mèze*, 22½ miles, in 1½ to 2 hours, passing *Pignans*, with interesting medieval buildings. *Murviel* is surrounded by a cyclopean wall of remote antiquity; Bouzigues is a little port on the Etang de Thau. From Mèze there are lines to Agde and Béziers.

From Montpellier the line continues to *Villeneuve-lès-Maguelone*, which has an eighth- and thirteenth-century church. The fortified church of Vic-la-Gardiole (twelfth century) is seen on the left as you pass from *Vic-Mireval* to *Frontignan*, which is noted for its muscatel wine. Then comes Cette.

*Cette* (see also *Traveller's Handbook to the Loire and Pyrenees*) is the second largest French port on the Mediterranean. *Hotel*: Grand. *Post Office* in the Rue de la Poste. There is nothing of much interest at Cette, beyond the harbour. A few good pictures are hung in the municipal *Museum*, and there are some interesting corners in the Old Town, which is reached over the Canal de Cette. (For fuller details and neighbourhood, see *Traveller's Handbook to Loire and Pyrenees*.)

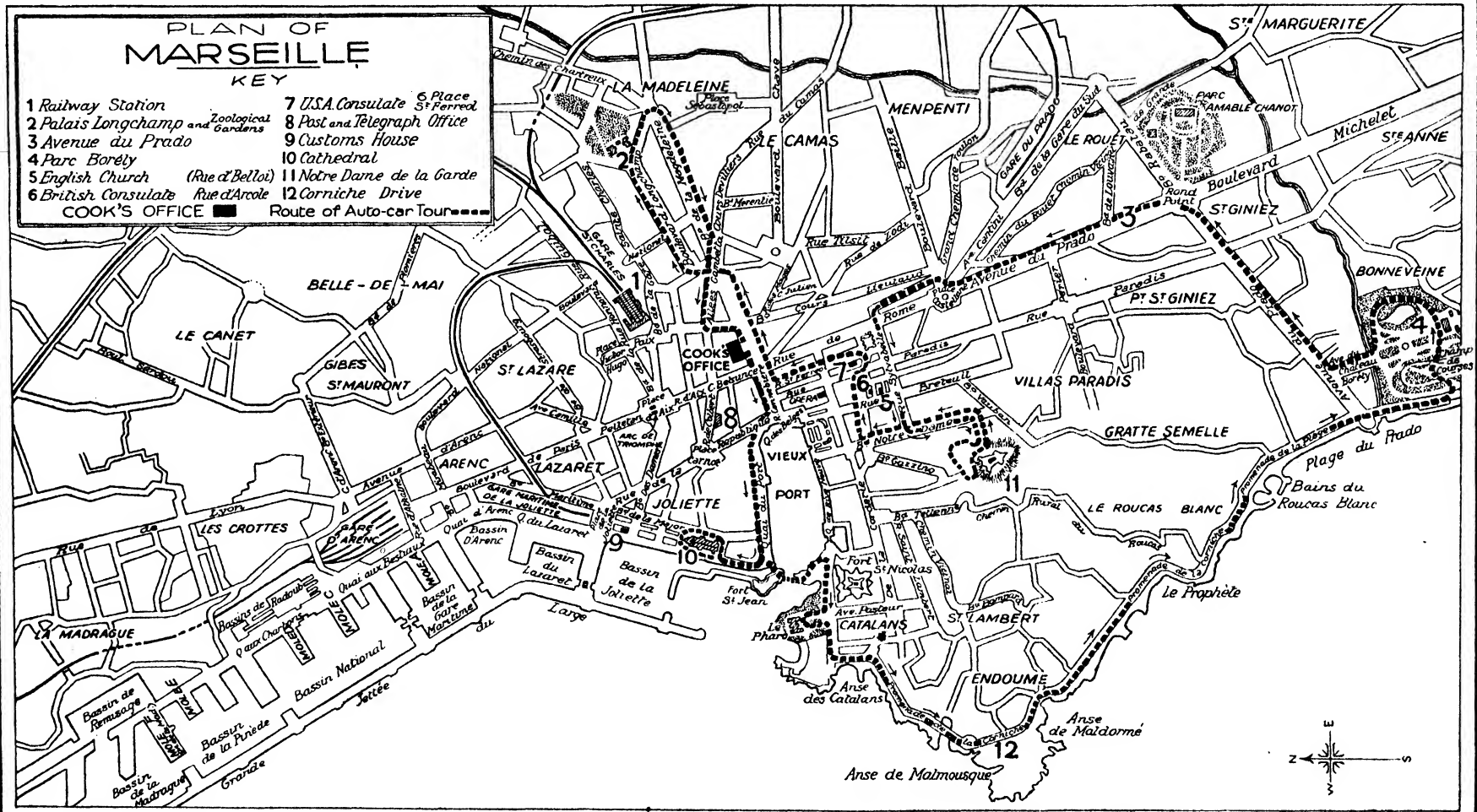
## MARSEILLE

Marseille is the third largest city of France and the chief commercial port of the Mediterranean. Its harbour is divided into two parts, the old and the new port, the former lying on the eastern side of the gulf surrounded by the old town; the new port is formed by the construction of a mole or breakwater called the Quai des Anglais, about a mile and a half in length and running parallel to the shore at the head of the gulf. The newer portion of the town is situated beside the new port with a long river frontage. The famous Cannebière, which is the principal street of Marseille, faces the old port and runs at right angles to the quay. It is the centre of the business town and is justly regarded with pride and affection by the Marseillais. Both day and night it is a centre of animation, thronged by people from all parts of the globe and resounding with the clatter of cabs, tramways, omnibuses, and heavy waggons on their way to or from the docks. In short,

# PLAN OF MARSEILLE

## KEY

- |   |                             |               |
|---|-----------------------------|---------------|
| 1 Railway Station                         | 7 U.S.A. Consulate          | 8 Place       |
| 2 Palais Longchamp and Zoological gardens | 8 Post and Telegraph Office | 8 St. Ferreol |
| 3 Avenue du Prado                         | 9 Customs House             |               |
| 4 Parc Borély                             | 10 Cathedral                |               |
| 5 English Church (Rue d'Belto)            | 11 Notre Dame de la Garde   |               |
| 6 British Consulate Rue d'Arcole          | 12 Corniche Drive           |               |
| COOK'S OFFICE                             | Route of Auto-car Tour      |               |





there is scarcely a busier or more interesting thoroughfare in France.

The second great artery, at right angles to the Cannebière connects the Aix Gate and its triumphal arch with the Grand Promenade du Prado by the Cours Belsunce and the Rue du Rhône. The finest streets, the Rue St Ferréol, Rue Paradis, and the Rue de Breteuil, are to the south of the Cannebière, from which, to the centre of the new docks, runs the broad Rue de la République, lined with fine modern buildings. Marseille is a port of so great significance in itself, and so interesting generally, that travellers passing through it should not fail to devote a day or two to visiting it. The hotel accommodation is excellent, and conveyances may be obtained which will in an afternoon conduct the passenger to the places best worth seeing.

Its climate during a portion of the year is delightful, but in summer the heat is frequently intense. The south-west wind, called libeck, blows with great force in this part of the Mediterranean, and the mistral, a north-west wind injurious to pulmonary sufferers, blows on the average 100 days out of the 365.

There are five *Railway Stations* in Marseille, but for tourist purposes the only one is the Gare St Charles (buffet). *Hôtels*: de Noailles et Métropole; du Louvre et Paix; Regina; Splendide; Grand; Terminus; Bristol; de Genève. *Cook's Office*.—67 Rue Cannèbière. *Post and Telegraph Office*.—Rue Colbert. Open 7 or 8 a.m. to 9 p.m.; day and night for telegrams. *British Consulate-General*.—Consul-General, 8A Rue des Princes. Hours, 9.30 to 12.30, and 3 to 5; Telephone No. 53.43. *United States Consuls and Vice-Consuls*.—10 Cours Pierre Puget. *English Church*.—All Saints', 4 Rue de Belloi; Sunday services, 10.30 and 3. *Theatres*.—Grand, Gymnase, Grand-Casino, Silvain. The last is an open-air theatre (inaugurated 14th July 1923), accommodating 5000 people, constructed on the model of a Roman theatre. Performances during the summer. *Music Halls, etc.*—Alcazar, Palais de Cristal, Variétés-Casino, Théâtre des Nations, Apollo, El Dorado (summer). Also a number of Cinemas. *Casino de la Plage*.—On the Prado, facing the sea. Restaurant, Theatre, Concert, Gaming Rooms. *Electric Tramways*.—Marseille is now served with a most excellent system of electric trams, which run in all directions at moderate fares. There are also electric trams running as far as Aix-en-Provence and to Aubagne, a distance occupying 1½ to 2 hours in both cases. Also to Trets, Auriol, and Barjols. *Auto-cars* in winter to Nice. The most interesting journeys by tram are the following: (1) Tour of the Prado and Corniche, starting from the Cours St Louis. (2) To St Marcel,

starting from the Boulevard du Musée. (3) To L'Estaque, situated to the west of Marseille, trams starting from the Place Sadi Carnot, situated in the middle of the Rue de la République. *Air service* to Perpignan and Barcelona, daily except Mondays (2 hours to Perpignan;  $3\frac{1}{4}$  hours to Barcelona). *Steamers*.—The steamers of the Messageries Maritimes Company have their headquarters at Marseille. They sail weekly or fortnightly for Alexandria; frequently to Egypt, Constantinople, and Beyrout; about every fortnight to Djibouti, Ceylon, Straits, China, and Japan; every 28 days to Ceylon, Australia, and Noumea; about fortnightly to East Africa, Madagascar, and Mauritius. P. & O. steamers to and from the East make Marseille their principal port of call in the Mediterranean, and special trains are run between London and Marseille, and between Marseille and London, in connection with this service. P. & O. steamers leave every Friday for Egypt, Aden, and Bombay; also weekly for Gibraltar and London; and fortnightly for Colombo, Calcutta, Straits, China, Japan, and Australasia. The P. & O. Company have arranged with the Sleeping Car Company to run a special Train de Luxe from Boulogne to Marseille, for passengers holding First Class Railway and Sleeping Car tickets, who are joining the P. & O. steamers at Marseille; the fare, including the cost of a First Class Railway ticket, is £13, 10s. The trains connecting with this new Express Service leave Victoria at 13.50 on the day previous (*i.e.* Thursday) to the departure of the steamers from Marseille. These Express Trains are timed to reach Marseille at 11.45 on Fridays. The steamers do not sail until after the arrival of the special train. A great convenience has been secured by these trains running straight down to Mole C, alongside which the Company's steamers at Marseilles are berthed. Special trains for Paris and Calais for London leave Marseille shortly after the arrival of the P. & O. steamers from the East. Information may be obtained as to dates of sailing, etc., of all steamers, berths required, and baggage shipped or forwarded, at the offices of Thos Cook & Son, 67 Rue Cannebière. The British India steamers from London for Egypt, India, Ceylon, East Africa, Mauritius, etc., call on the homeward journey. The Bibby Line steamers fortnightly from Liverpool for Egypt, Colombo, and Burma, call regularly outward and homeward. The Anchor Line steamers call on the homeward voyage from India and Egypt for Liverpool. The Japan Mail Line steamers call about twice a month *en route* for Colombo and the Far East. The Compagnie Générale Transatlantique steamers sail on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at noon for Algiers; every Wednesday for Tunis, and weekly for other Algerian ports. The Fabre line of steamers leave about twice a month for New York. The Compagnie Mixte have sailings on Mondays at 17.00 direct for Tunis; and on Tuesdays at noon for Algiers. There are also local services to Corsica, Genoa, Naples, Tunis, Oran, Tangier, etc., by steamers of the Compagnie de Navigation Mixte, Marittima Italiana, Fraissinet Co., N. Paquet & Co., Transports Maritimes, etc.

**A settlement was founded here by the Phœnicians about**

900 B.C. Three hundred years later it welcomed a colony of enterprising mariners from Phocæa in Asia Minor. The new settlers, by their commercial and naval enterprise, soon established themselves on a sound footing and advanced in prosperity until their colonies were presently spread east and west along the coast from Monaco to Spain. Their inland trade has been traced right across Gaul and through the Alps as far as Tirol, while one of their merchants is recorded as having passed the Pillars of Hercules and visited the coasts of Gaul, Britain, and Germany. During the wars between Rome and Carthage, Massilia, to give it its Latin name, took the part of Rome and was rewarded by Roman assistance in the subjugation of the native Ligurians. In the struggle between Cæsar and Pompey this city took the side of the latter and suffered as a result a considerable curtailment of her power and of her dependencies, though still permitted the privilege of *civitas libera* in memory of her ancient services, "without which," as Cicero says, "Rome had never triumphed over the Trans-Alpine nations." Henceforward Massilia is of little moment in the course of Roman history, and though for a time it became an important school of letters and medicine, its commercial and intellectual importance presently declined into insignificance. Christianity made headway in Marseille in the third century; until the tenth century the city suffered a successive stream of invaders who ravaged it and depopulated it. Then, however, it was repopled under the protection of its viscounts, from whom the city bought up all rights in 1112, forming itself into a Republic. The administration of Marseille presently became threefold, with the higher town governed by a bishop, the southern quarter by the Abbot of St Victor, and the lower town, situated between the first and second, retaining its republican constitution and achieving the greatest prosperity. During the period of the crusades Marseille increased in wealth until soon it was coveted by the powerful lords of Provence. The Count of Provence, Raymond Berenger, Charles of Anjou, and afterwards Alphonso of Aragon, each in his turn attempted to gain control of the town. During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries it suffered much through fire, pillage, and massacre, but under the beneficent

rule of King René, who made it his winter residence, its trade, arts, and manufactures again flourished. The wars of religion saw Marseille ranged against the Protestants, and for a long time it refused to acknowledge Henry IV. Considerable disturbances took place there under the Fronde, as the outcome of the loss of its ancient liberties; the rebels were suppressed in person by Louis XIV., who took the town by storm and had Fort St Nicholas constructed. During the Revolution the Marseillais rose against the aristocracy, and during the Terror they rose against the Convention, by whom they were promptly subdued. They made no secret of their glee at the discomfiture of Napoleon at Waterloo and the return of the Bourbons; for evil times had fallen on the maritime commerce of the city as a result of the wars of the Empire. The colonisation of Algeria and the opening of the Suez Canal have played a big part in increasing the importance and prosperity of Marseille from the nineteenth century onwards.

From the railway station the Boulevard de la Liberté and the Boulevard de la Grande Armée lead to the Church of *St Vincent de Paul*, a beautiful specimen of modern Renaissance, at the end of the Allées de Meilhan. On the right of the Cours du Chapitre, close by, is a bust of the painter Monticelli. Following the Cours du Chapitre and the Boulevard Longchamp we reach the *Palais de Longchamp*, an elegant modern construction in white stone, which may have suggested the plan of the Trocadero Palace in Paris. (Closed on Mondays and Fridays, and every day between 12 and 2; admission free at all other times.) It consists of a double colonnade of Corinthian columns, in the form of a compressed semi-circle, flanked at each end by symmetrical modern buildings. That on the left contains an Art Gallery (open daily, 9 to 12 and 2 to 5, except Mondays and Fridays; and closed for a few days once every three months); that on the right a Museum of Natural History (hours: Sundays 9 to 12; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays 2 to 4 or 5, but closed at present). On the first floor of the former are some large pictures by French artists, and in a small room is a collection of Sketches by famous painters. The best paintings are labelled. The colonnade is capped in the centre by a dwarf tower, which commands a fine view

from the top. Broad staircases of stone lead from the tower garden to the terrace, and in the centre, fountains, one placed above the other, form a very pleasing general effect when seen from below. Behind the palace is a well-kept public garden, in which aloes, palms, and other tropical plants flourish, and to the right is the *Zoological Garden* (admission free from 8 till dusk). Close by is the entrance to the *Observatory*. Opposite the palace in the Place Bernex is the recently installed *Musée Grobet-Labadie*, containing collections of paintings, tapestries, bronzes, ivories, violins, armour, etc., the gift to the town in 1920 by Madame Grobet.

Retracing our steps to the Church of St Vincent de Paul, the Rue Thiers and the Rue de la Bibliothèque bring us to the *Library* and the *Ecole des Beaux-Arts* in a handsome, nearly square edifice. The class-rooms are on the ground floor; the library, with 120,000 vols. and 1400 MSS., and a collection of medals, are on the first floor. (Admission free daily, but closed from 12 to 2.) The Boulevard Garibaldi leads to the Cannebière. Crossing this and proceeding along the Cours Belsunce, its continuation, the Rue d'Aix, leads to the *Arc de Triomphe*, in the Place d'Aix, a triumphal arch erected to the glory of the first Republic. Returning to the Cannebière, we follow that busy thoroughfare to the *Vieux Port*, passing the *Bourse*, a fine modern edifice in stone, built in 1860, with a handsome Corinthian portico. The interior arrangements resemble those of the Paris Bourse. In the Square de la Bourse is a statue of Pierre Puget, inaugurated in 1906. At the end of the Quai du Port is the *Pont Transbordeur*, which connects the Quai de la Tourette with the Boulevard du Pharo. There is a splendid view from the top of the bridge (lift). On the Quai du Port is the *Hôtel de Ville*, a neatly designed public edifice, adorned with sculpture by Puget, who was born at Marseille. Turning right we pass the Church of *St Laurent*, with a picture of the Martyrdom of St Lawrence. From this point the Esplanade de la Tourette (or the Quai) leads to the new *Cathedral* (Ste Marie Majeure), opposite the Quai, an imposing building, built of grey and white Florence stone, in the modern Romanesque style, with gilded domes, and the façade elaborately ornamented in colours and gold. It is capable of seating 12,000 persons.



The ancient Cathedral stood close beside it, but of this building, once the oldest in Marseille, only a small portion remains, used as a sacristy. In the open space between the Cathedral and the *Episcopal Palace* is a bronze statue of M. de Belsunce (1671-1755), Bishop of Marseille.

Returning to the Bourse and following the Quai des Belges and the Quai du Canal, we pass (left) the Church of *St Charles* and (right) the *Palais de Justice*, built in 1862, in the Greek style of architecture, with bas-reliefs by Guillaume, representing Justice, Force, and Prudence, on the pediment and peristyle. Intersecting the Rue Grignan, close to the *Protestant Temple*, is the Rue St Ferréol, leading to the *Préfecture*, a fine block of buildings in the Renaissance style, adorned with statues and bas-reliefs and containing a handsome staircase and reception rooms. A continuation of the Rue Grignan, the Boulevard de la Corderie (parallel to the Vieux Port) brings us (right) to the Church of *St Victor*, the oldest church in Marseille, formerly a famous monastery, founded by St Cassian in 420. The exterior is surrounded by square towers and resembles a badly built fort. The upper church, dating from the thirteenth century, gives access by thirty-two steps to the original church and a large crypt with several tombs carved from the rock. Here St Victor was buried, and tradition says Lazarus also. The crypt contains a miraculous wooden image of Mary and Child, said to have been carved by St Luke. Crowds of votaries come to seek the intercession of this statue (Notre Dame de Confession) from the 2nd to the 9th of February in each year.

The most convenient means of reaching the Church of Notre Dame de la Garde is by the tram which starts from the Joliette and passes by the Vieux Port to the Boulevard Vauban; or the tram from the Jardin Zoologique, passing along the Cannebière to the Vieux Port, thence to the Boulevard Vauban. Passengers alight at the Rue Dragon. On leaving the tram, passengers proceed on foot to the left at the top of the road, and ascend by it to the Church on the hill.

*Notre Dame de la Garde*, a modern church, also Romanesque, forms a very prominent object in the background,

when facing the Vieux Port. It was constructed in 1864, on an eminence some 500 feet above the sea, and its porch commands a view than which nothing much finer can be imagined. Immediately beneath, as you stand with your back to the church, are the blue waves of the Mediterranean; in the distance, at the entrance to the harbour, the black, bare rocks of the *Frioul Islands*, one of them crowned by the frowning *Château d'If*, a famous State prison, in which Mirabeau and other well-known characters in French history were confined. Towards the right the foreground is filled by the thriving town of Marseille, rising gradually up the slopes of numerous hills; and the panorama is bounded, all along the horizon, by the spurs of the Maritime Alps. The church itself is small but elegant; the interior is lined with Cararra marble, but the columns are of African marble; and almost every inch of its walls is hung with votive tablets, placed there in gratitude for mercies vouchsafed through the intercession of the Virgin. Over the high altar in the lower church is the miracle-working image of Notre Dame, about 6 feet high, made of cement covered in silver. A replica may be seen on the altar in the upper church. The gilded image of Mary which crowns the tower is 30 feet high.

Besides its public buildings, Marseille possesses other interesting features. The visitor should not neglect to visit the Breakwater of *Joliette*. If the day is fine and the wind not too rough, it affords a sea view of surpassing beauty. The same may be said of the Prado, or sea beach. The road to it round by the shore, a distance of over three miles, is picturesque at every point. In the sea-bathing season, May to September, the Prado is the regular resort of all the gaiety-loving population, and about as pleasant a one as need be visited. The *Promenade du Prado*, a splendid avenue of planes and tamarisks, occupies the same place with the Marseillais as the Bois de Boulogne does with the Parisians. On Sundays and fête-days it is thronged with pleasure-seekers. From the Rond Point of the Prado begins the long Boulevard Michelet, leading to Mazorgues and the Boulevard Rabatan. Here are the Exhibition Park and the building in which is the *Museum of Old Marseille* (open daily, 2 to 6 in summer and 2 to 4 in winter; admission, 1 fr.). The collection includes:

(ground floor) porcelain, sculptures, costumes, ancient kitchen with furniture and utensils, specimens of ecclesiastical art, etc., and (first floor) paintings, drawings, woodcuts, models of boats and other interesting objects relating to ancient Marseille. Behind the main avenue of the Prado (left-hand side), about 300 yards before arriving at the sea, is the *Château Borely*, open free on Sundays and Thursday afternoons. The building contains a small but interesting *Museum of Archæology*. On the ground floor are Roman mosaics, altars, tombstones, mummies, jewellery, and in the end room Phœnician relics. On the first floor are specimens of Provençal pottery, bronzes, lamps, vases, antique glass, necklaces, and weapons.

For those who can only devote one day to Marseille the following itinerary is recommended. It can be easily performed by taxi-cab between two o'clock and six o'clock. Start from the Cannebière, up the Boulevard Longchamp to the Palais de Longchamp. Thence turn, passing the railway station and the Porte d'Aix, into the Rue de la République, to the New Port and Breakwater. Return along the Quai de la Joliette to the Old Port, through some of the curious streets of the old town; but it will not be necessary or prudent to penetrate too far. From the Quay continue to the Rue Breteuil for the visit to the Church of Notre Dame de la Garde, on the eastern side of the hill (see p. 130). Descending on the western side, on reaching level ground turn to the left, passing the Catalans Baths, the Hotel and Restaurant "*La Réserve*," celebrated for its *Bouillabaisse*, a kind of fish soup—a famous Provençal dish—along the shore to the Prado, returning by the Promenade du Prado.

*Marseille to the Château d'If*.—This is a very popular excursion from Marseille by small steamer or motor launch from the Quai des Belges, taking approximately 1½ hours. Leaving the Vieux-Port, we pass the Château du Pharo on the left, and presently see the little islet of *If*, with the larger Ile Ratonneau and Ile Pomègues in the background. The *Château d'If* (admission 1 fr.) is an excellent example of the military architecture of the sixteenth century, and was built by Francis V. in 1524. For long it was used as a State prison. It is best known, how-

ever, as the scene of a thrilling incident in *Le Comte de Monte Cristo*, by Dumas. The dungeons of Edmond Dantès and the Abbé Faria, which figure in that romance, are pointed out. The higher cells, which have none of the traditional darkness and damp one associates with dungeons, were occupied at different times by the Man in the Iron Mask; Philippe Egalité; Glandèves de Niozelles, who was imprisoned for six years for failing to uncover before Louis XIV.; and Mirabeau, placed there at the request of his father.

*From Marseille to L'Estaque and Miramas, via Martigues and Port-de-Bouc.*—This is a total journey of 45 miles, accomplished in about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours. *L'Estaque* (Hôtel Château-Fallet) is a bright little town resorted to by the Marseillais, both in summer and winter. Leaving L'Estaque, the line follows the coast, piercing numerous tunnels and passing several picturesque little ports, to *Martigues-Caronte*, the station for Martigues. A waiting omnibus descends from the station to Martigues.

*Martigues* (Grand Hôtel du Cours; Chabas).—It is a small fishing town at the outlet of the Etang de Berre. The meeting-place of all Martigues is the Cours du Quatre Septembre, a short boulevard about 200 yards long, and planted with two lines of fine plane-trees, the leaves of which meet in the centre to form a shady avenue. Here are innumerable cafés, a dancing club of sorts called the Cercle de l'Etoile, and a cinema. "At 7 o'clock there could not have been a single Martiguenais outside the Cours. It was as densely thronged as Regent Street at midday. The chattering groups marched up and down talking, laughing, resting at a café, taking an *apéritif* until about 8 o'clock, when they gradually dispersed, presumably to their dinner tables. At about 10 o'clock they again streamed into the Cours, and what with their shouting and laughing and the execrable band of the Cercle de l'Etoile, the town was insufferable until an hour which speaks ill for a fishing village."

They call Martigues "La Venise Provençale," though in truth it resembles Venice about as closely as any other port of the Mediterranean does. It has, however, a certain picturesqueness, due to its fishing activities and

the Etang de Berre, connected at Marignane with Marseille by the Rove Tunnel (opened 25th April 1927). Its principal church is that of the Madeleine, a likeable place, bright and cheerful with an inoffensive company of plaster saints. The tablet on the Mairie records the birth at Martigues of Gérard Tenque, who founded the Order of St John of Jerusalem; and in the small *Musée Ziem* are a number of canvases by the artist whose name the museum bears. Not four miles to the north-east is *St Mitre*, where are some fortifications dating from 1407. A local railway connects Martigues with Pas-des-Lanciers (p. 107) on the main line to Marseille.

Beyond Martigues the line to Miramas crosses the Etang de Caronte by a fine viaduct with a swing bridge, and so reaches *Port de Bouc*, a garish little place given over to the preparation of oil, soap, and salt, with the glistening waters of the Etang on one side and on the other a range of bleak and barren hills. There are, however, some interesting little spots in the old port, where are situated the boat-building yards and fish-drying establishments. Engineering operations are being carried through for the creation of a new harbour in the Etang de Caronte. The line now goes on to *Fos-sur-Mer*, said to take its name from the canal cut by Marius in 104 B.C. (p. 15); there are ruins of a fourteenth-century castle upon some Roman fortifications. The line now continues through a region of desolation—barren plain, barren hills enclosing stagnant lakes, a few tall chimneys, a group of iron huts, the small, white village of *Istres*, which was anciently Astromela, and then Miramas (p. 107).

*Marseille to Aix by Tramway.*—This is a journey of 18½ miles along the main road, and usually takes up to two hours (for the railway route, see p. 137). The trams begin at the Place du Change by the Quai des Belges. Leaving the town, it presently reaches *St Louis* and crosses the Aix railway at *St Antoine*, which is again crossed just beyond *Septèmes*. The line passes between Bouc and Cabriès, and beyond *Luynes* crosses the Arc to enter Aix by the Avenue des Belges. Aix, p. 137.

*Marseille to Carnoules, via St Maximin.*—This is a journey of 64½ miles, which takes from 3½ to 4 hours. As far as Gardanne it follows the line to Aix (see p. 137), and

at *La Barque* it meets the line from Aubagne, via Auriol. Ascending the valley of the Arc it comes presently to *Trets*, which is also reached from Aix by omnibus. This old town has an eleventh-fourteenth century church, and a portion of its town wall, including the Porte de Pourrières, still stands. The thirteenth-century façade of the synagogue should be noted. The next station is *Pourrières*, which lies 3 miles from the village. The name is derived from the battlefield of Campi Putridi, where Marius won his victory over the barbarians in 102 B.C. (see p. 16). The unintelligible ruin at La Petite-Pugère, on the Trets road, is considered by some authorities to be the relic of a triumphal arch set up to commemorate the victory. The next station is St Maximin.

*St Maximin* (Hôtel de France, Hôtel du Var) was known to the Romans in the first century A.D. as Villa Lata or Castrum Rhodani. It played a great part in the early Christianity of France, and tradition makes it the burial-place of Mary Magdalene, Lazarus, and Martha. Maximus, the martyred Bishop of Aix, and Sidonius are also said to have been buried here. The site of their graves early became a focus of pilgrimage, and a Benedictine Abbey presently arose. This was destroyed by the Saracens in the eighth century, but the relics of the Magdalene are supposed to have been hidden and to have been rediscovered in 1280. St Maximin was the home of Lucien Bonaparte during the Revolution, when it was known as Marathon. Its *Church* is the only purely Gothic church of any size in the South of France, a circumstance brought about by architects imported from the North. It dates from the thirteenth-fifteenth century, and is built over a much more ancient Crypt. The exterior is not striking, but the interior contains several notable features, and is skilfully lighted. There is a large reredos and ninety-four stalls dating from the end of the seventeenth century, carved to illustrate the life of St Dominic. Among the ancient paintings is a sixteenth-century altar-piece by Ant. Ronzen. Near the sacristy is a glass case containing the sandals and cope of St Louis of Anjou, the Bishop of Toulouse. The crypt contains four interesting sarcophagi, probably of the fourth century, and an elaborate bronze casket reputed to contain the relics of Saints Mary Magdalene, Martha, and

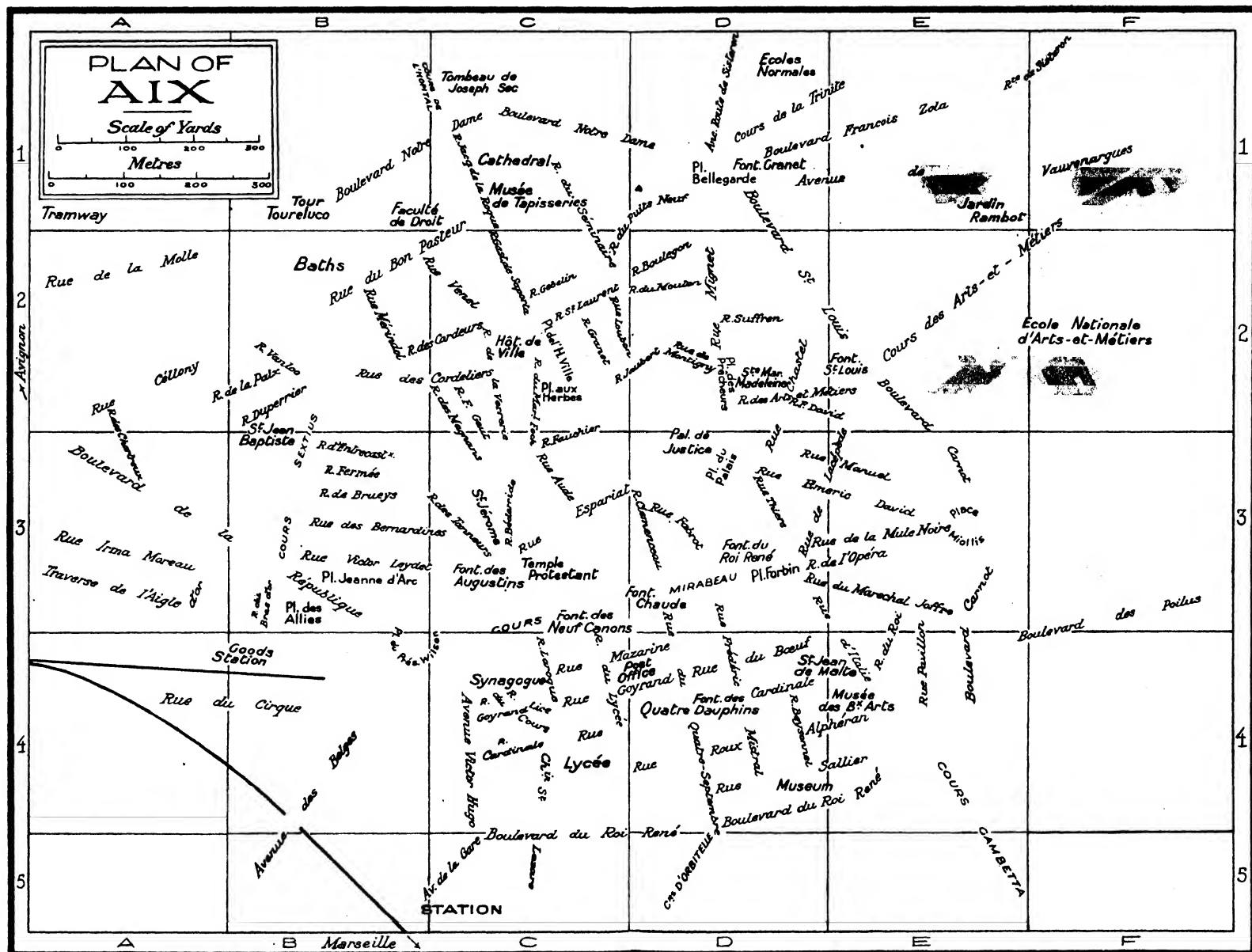
Lazarus. There is a fifteenth-century cloister in the Dominican Convent near by.

*Sainte-Baume* is distant about 13 miles by road, passing Nans-les-Pains (Hôtel de Lorge, Hôtel de Nans, Hôtel de la Sainte-Baume), connected with St Maximin and with Aubagne (p. 154) by motor-bus. It is a pretty little village set among pine-trees and frequented in summer. The Hostellerie de la Sainte-Baume, established in a former convent, is about one mile distant from the famous grotto. The grotto is pierced in the face of a cliff and is said to be the shelter to which Mary Magdalene retired to spend the last days of her life, although she was buried at St Maximin. It early became much frequented by hermits, and in the fifth century a monastic establishment was set up here by St Cassian. This, however, was destroyed, and the monks dispersed by the barbarians, and the significance of the spot was lost sight of until the end of the thirteenth century. Since then the grotto has been converted into a chapel, and has become a great centre of pilgrimage. It is said that Mary Magdalene was daily carried to the rock above the grotto by angels when engaged in her prayers. The ruined chapel of St Pilon marks the spot. The eighteenth-century statue of the Magdalene at the grotto is really a portrait of one of the mourners on the tomb of the Comte de Valbelle at Montrieux.

From St Maximin the line continues over the Caumont to *Tourves*, which has three small lakes and an eighteenth-century château in ruins. It then goes on to *Les Censiès*, from which it is an easy ascent to the summit of *La Loube*, which offers a magnificent view northward to the Alps and southward to the Mediterranean. The next station is *Brignoles*, an important centre of the olive-oil trade, situated on the right bank of the Carami, and the birth-place of St Louis of Anjou, Bishop of Toulouse, who died there. There are some relics of the winter palace where the Counts of Provence resided between the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. About a mile and a quarter to the south-west are the ruins of the Romanesque Abbey of *La Celle*. An omnibus connects Brignoles with La Roquebrussanne, which has a fine castle. The line now goes on by La Celle, and ascending the Issole valley, passes *Forcal-*









*queiret-Garéoult* and the little lakeside village of *Besse*. The next station is Carnoules (see below).

*Marseille to Nice, via Digne and the Gorges du Verdon.*—This is a journey of 191½ miles, involving a change of train at St Auban and again at Digne. It is not recommended to those in a hurry to get to the Riviera, but it is to those who care to explore a little-known and delightful region of the Provençal Alps. There are some charming old villages and fine mountain scenery throughout the journey, and the gorges of the Verdon are unsurpassed for grandeur by any of the cañons of Europe. At convenient centres like Digne, Castellane, and Annot, there is excellent hotel accommodation.

As far as St Auban the train from Marseille to Grenoble, via Aix-en-Provence, is utilised; thenceforward it is by light railway.

The suburban stations of Ste Marthe and Les Aygalades-Accates are left behind; St Antoine follows, and then the *Canal de Marseille* is crossed to *Simiane*, which has a five-sided *keep*. Then comes *Gardanne*, the junction for St Maximin, Brignoles, and Carnoules (see above). Beyond Luynes the train crosses the Arc by a curved viaduct and enters Aix.

*Aix-en-Provence*, "a town of ancient art, unique even in France—something like a museum in the open air," bears to this day the distinctive characteristics of its career as the aristocratic capital of the Kingdom of Provence. One might say that Aix positively glows with a sense of good-breeding and good-living, whilst its cultivated taste is amply testified by its fine old houses, fountains, and what-not of artistic circumstance. Aix is now the seat of an archbishop, and of a university.

*Hotels*: des Thermes Sixtius; de la Mule Noire. *Restaurants* at the hotels; also the *Rich Taverne*, in the Cours Mirabeau. *Post Office* in the Halle aux Grains. *Theatre* in the Rue de l'Opéra. *Casino* in the Place de la Rotonde. *Taxicabs*, no fixed rate. *Tramway* hourly to Marseille from the Cours Mirabeau; motor omnibus to *Gréoux* and *Riez* in connection with the service from Riez to Castellane through the gorges of the Verdon; also to La Fare, Trets, and to La Tour-d'Aigues.

It is probable that there was some sort of encampment, or settlement, on the site of Aix long before the coming of Sextius Calvinus. However that may be, it was Sextius

Calvinus, despatched by Rome to repel the barbarians that had been harrowing the colonies of Marseille, who is said to have discovered the warm springs of Aix, and to have established there an enduring town, which was called after him. Twenty years later, Marius, conquering on the plains near by (p. 135) a far greater enemy, rested at Aix and employed his victorious legions in ornamenting and completing the colony. Cæsar likewise halted to enjoy the delights of Aix, which had become a favoured Roman resort, sharing with Nîmes the glory of its displays in the arena and the theatre. When the Roman Empire began to crumble, Aix, which lay on the Aurelian Way, suffered the consequence of its exposed position, and was subjected to attack by successive northern tribes until the coming of Charlemagne. Under that great emperor a certain security and prosperity were restored to the city. The town was sacked by the Saracens in 730, and lay impotent for many years. About 880, however, it was chosen as the seat of the Counts of Provence, and remained the chief town in this independent kingdom for six hundred years. The Emperor Charles V. was crowned King of Arles in its Cathedral. The painters J. B. Vanloo, François Granet, and Paul Cezanne were born at Aix; Cezanne is buried there, and the road which conducts to his studio of Les Lauves, is now called the Avenue Cezanne.

The principal thoroughfare of Aix is the *Cours Mirabeau*, which leads from the Place de la Rotonde to the Place Forbin. In the Place de la Rotonde is a decorative fountain, dating from 1860; there are others, including the *Fontaine Chaude*, supplied by the mineral spring, and the *Fontaine du Roi René*, in the Cours Mirabeau. The latter is surmounted by a statue, the work of David d'Angers, of King René, but no reliance should be placed on the likeness. The king holds in his hand the muscatel grape which he introduced to Provence. Down both sides of the Cours are the fine seventeenth- and eighteenth-century mansions erected by the aristocracy of Aix. No. 3 is the Hôtel des Princes, which at different times has given shelter to Napoleon, Pius VII., and Maria Cristina of Spain. There is a fine doorway at No. 14, the Hôtel de Raousset-Boulbon; and No. 38, the Hôtel d'Espagnet, is notable for its colossal caryatides.

From the Place de la Rotonde radiate the Avenue Victor Hugo, the Avenue des Belges, and the Boulevard de la République, the Rue Espariat, and, of course, the Cours Mirabeau. At the end of the Cours Mirabeau is the Place Forbin, whence the Rue de l'Opéra continues to the Place Miollis. From the Place Forbin goes the Rue Thiers, which leads to the Place du Palais, from which rises the *Palais de Justice*, a classical building, erected on the site of the old palace of the counts and governors. The Place des Prêcheurs is practically a prolongation of the Place du Palais; it is adorned by an eighteenth-century *Fountain*, the work of Chastel, in which are medallions of Sextius Calvinus, Count Charles III., Louis XV., and Louis XVIII. Madame de Sévigné, who was for some time a guest at the palace of the governors, frequently referred in her letters to the *Hôtel d'Agut*, a building erected in 1676. It is No. 2 of the Place des Prêcheurs. Here also is the Church of Ste Marie Madeleine, dating from 1703, and adorned with paintings by J. B. Vanloo, and an interesting sixteenth-century painting of the Annunciation. There is also a statue of the Virgin, said to be the finest work of Chastel, its sculptor, whose fountain stands in the Place. The church first belonged to the Dominicans, or Preaching Friars, who established themselves here in 1218. It was burnt down in 1382, and rebuilt and consecrated as the Church of Notre Dame de Piété, in 1452, only to suffer an inexplicable collapse thirty years later. In 1691 it was rebuilt to a new design. There is an interesting market held three times a week in the Place—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. The Rue Mignet leads on to the Place Bellegarde, which is adorned with the *Fontaine Granet*. In the Rue Mignet is the interesting seventeenth-century *Chapelle des Ursulines*. [From the Place Bellegarde the fine Boulevard St Louis conducts to the Cours des Arts et Métiers, which runs by the side of the important School of Arts and Crafts. At the meeting of the two thoroughfares is the Fontaine St Louis. The Boulevard St Louis is continued by the Boulevard Carnot to the Place Miollis.]

Opposite the Chapelle des Ursulines, in the Rue Mignet, is the Rue Constantin, which leads to the Rue St Laurent; this, in turn, conducts to the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, with the seventeenth-century *Hôtel de Ville*, by the side of

which is a fine *Belfry* dating from 1505. The *Bibliothèque Méjanès* (9 to 11 and 2 to 5, except Sundays, Mondays, and May 1st to 15th, when it is closed) founded in 1786. This is one of the great libraries of France, and was founded by the Marquis de Méjanès, first consul of Aix. The collection has been considerably enriched by subsequent gifts and bequests. Among its treasures is the missal illuminated by King René. To the south-east of the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville is the Place aux Herbes.

Northward from the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville goes the Rue Gaston-de-Saporta, in which are some notable eighteenth-century houses; observe especially the *Hôtel d'Estienne* by Puget. At the end of the street is the Place de l'Université, in which are the Faculties of Law and Arts. The *Université* of Aix is said to have been founded by Louis II. of Anjou in 1413, but even before that date its nucleus existed, in the form of an Academy of Science and Letters founded by Ildefonso II. "The University had many interesting old laws and customs of its own. The Rector or Principal was elected on the first day of May in the Chapel of St Catherine in the Cathedral. At Whitsuntide he chose six or eight students, who, splendidly robed and mounted on horses, paid formal visits to the Archbishop and the whole Chapter before receiving special degrees in the Cathedral. This unique procession, headed by the usher who carried the insignia and arms of the university, went all round the town giving notice of the coming service to the heads of all the monasteries, orders, etc. A special dinner and dance at the Palace finished this strange day."—*Elsner*.

Here also is the *Cathedral* of St Sauveur. It is of several different periods, and if it is not as magnificent as many of the northern cathedrals, it is none the less an exceedingly dignified one, and enshrines the memories of many centuries of Provençal life. The oldest part dates from the eleventh century, but the choir was added in the thirteenth century, the tower and one aisle in the fourteenth, and the other aisle in the seventeenth. The *Doors* of the portal are fine pieces of work by Jean Guiramand of Toulon, and date from the early sixteenth century. They are protected by shutters (opened on application to the sacristan) and are adorned with statues of Prophets and Sibyls.

The *interior* is interesting only from its works of art. In the thirteenth-century *Nave* there are several interesting paintings, including, on the north side, the Incredulity of St Thomas, by L. Finsonius of Bruges (d. 1617), a pupil of Caravaggio; and, on the south side, two fifteenth-century Triptychs, one by Nicolas Froment of Avignon, known as the *Burning Bush*, and showing King René and his queen, Jeanne de Laval, with saints. In the first of the northern aisles is a stone *altar-piece* of 1470, showing St Martha and the Tarasque. In the eleventh-century *Baptistery*, which was practically reconstructed in the sixteenth century, are eight antique columns said to be from a temple of Apollo which originally stood on this site. There are seventeen fine *Tapestries* in the Choir, executed in Brussels under the influence of Quentin Matsys, and once in Canterbury Cathedral. They were sold to Aix under the Commonwealth. The fifth-century Sarcophagus of St Mitre lies in the Chapelle St Mitre in the apse.

The pleasant little Romanesque *Cloister* adjoins the Cathedral on the south, and next to this is the Archbishop's Palace, with some interesting tapestries and furniture (free Thursday and Sunday, 2 to 4). Among these are *Beauvais Tapestries*, representing scenes from *Don Quixote*. The Fifth Room, or *Chamber de l'Empereur*, was occupied by Napoleon in 1853; and the Fourth Room is said to have witnessed the reconciliation of Louis XIV. with the Grand Condé in 1660.

From the Place de l'Université, the Rue du Bon Pasteur conducts to the *Etablissement Thermal*, erected in 1705 and preserving, in the courtyard, fragments of the original Roman piscina. In the garden is the fine *Tour de Toureluco*, the only survivor of the old fortifications of Aix. The Cours Sextius leads back to the Boulevard de la République, and so to the Place de la Rotonde. Alternatively, you may return from the Cathedral via the Hôtel de Ville and the Rue Maréchal Foch, which is continued by the Rue Aude, meeting the Rue Espariat opposite the agreeable little Place Albertas, which really serves as a courtyard to the eighteenth-century mansion which surrounds it on three sides. Following the Rue Espariat you come to the *Church of St Jérôme*, where Mirabeau the younger married Mlle de Marignane in 1772. There is a

Gothic *tower*, relic of a fifteenth-century Augustinian convent, opposite the church, and, a little farther along, the *Fontaine des Augustins*. So you come to the Place de la Rotonde.

A short street leads thence to the Rue Cardinale along which you come to the *Fontaine des Quatre-Dauphins*, an excellent piece of work dating from 1667. [The Rue du 4 Septembre goes hence to the Cours Mirabeau, passing the *Musée Arbaud* (9 to 12, 2 to 5; 50 c.), in which are preserved the important collections bequeathed to the academy of Aix by Paul Arbaud in 1911: there some valuable and interesting documents dealing with Provençal history, and some interesting paintings.]

The Rue Cardinale ends at the *Church of St Jean-de-Malte*, built in the thirteenth century, and added to in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. It was founded by Raymond Berenger, and contains, within, a reconstruction of the *Tomb* of the Counts of Provence; adorned with statues of Ildefonso II., Raymond Berenger IV. and his wife, Princess Beatrix of Savoy, gowned in her robes of state, and wearing her coronet. There are also some good ancient paintings. The adjoining building is the old Priory of the Knights of St John, in which has been established the Museum of Aix (*Musée des Beaux-Arts*).

This *Museum*, one of the richest in France, is open 10 to 12 and 2 to 4 or 5, 1 fr., except Sundays and Thursdays, when free. Note, on the ground floor, the *Galatian Soldier*, a fine work of the Pergamene school, dating from the second century B.C. Other interesting antiquities are here, and a *Portrait* of Henri III., probably by Clouet. On the *First Floor* are many interesting pictures and engravings, some of which, though perhaps it is impossible to ascribe them to particular masters, are of great value. Note in Room VI., a Votive Relief of the fifth century B.C. In Room IX., *Rubens* has a fine sketch on panel of wrestlers; and in Room X. are some charming works by *Granet*, a native of Aix, who bequeathed to the museum a collection containing examples of Ingres, Brascassat, Guillem, Drouais, Loubon, and other Frenchmen. Notable, among others, in Room XII. is *La Tour's* Duc de Villars; and an early work (sixteenth century) called *Peace*. Works of the Dutch and Flemish schools



occupy Room XIII., and Italian artists are represented in Room XIV.

The Rue d'Italie leads back to the Place Forbin and the Cours Mirabeau.

The Avenue Pasteur at the north of the town leads past the tomb of Joseph Sec (1792) to the Hôpital St Jacques, built in 1519 and extended on two occasions since then. The foundations of the chapel are of the fifteenth century; within is an Assumption by Simon Vouet.

*Aix to Vauvenargues.*—This is a journey by road of 8½ miles, commencing along the Avenue de Vauvenargues, which brings you presently to the Château de St Marc, followed by Les Cabassols, whence the ascent may be made of the Montagne de Ste Victoire as far as the Hermitage de Notre Dame de la Victoire, and still higher to the Croix de Provence. It is in the old convent adjoining the hermitage that the Earl of Oxford's son met Queen Margaret in Scott's *Ann of Geierstein*. It was in the plain below that Marius won his famous victory over the barbarians, and according to some authorities the name of this mountain commemorates that great accomplishment. "There is still above that mighty battlefield, a memory of Marius which will remain while the everlasting hills endure, for Mont Ste Victoire is called after his victory on the plains of Pourrières, and on its summit is the church dedicated to the victorious saint which replaced the Cassianite Convent built on the ruins of a far more ancient shrine. . . . On the narrow platform near the modern church, above the giddy precipice that falls sheer down into the plain, the villagers used to go every year upon the 24th April, until the Revolution of 1793 swept away this picturesque custom with so many others. A former *curé* of Pertuis, the town from which Marius drew his chief supplies, has fortunately preserved the memory of a finished rite, together with the music to which the procession marched from Vauvenargues towards the mountain side. As soon as all had arrived upon the summit a vast bonfire was lit, and round it with garlands on their heads the peasants danced the farandole with shouts of "Victoire! Victoire!" As the start was only made in the late afternoon, it was still long after midnight before the men and women returned to Pertuis,

all carrying boughs and branches, and shouting as before. At dawn the *curé* of Vauvenargues, the village near Mont Ste Victoire, on the road taken by Marcellus and his 3000, celebrated Mass; immediately afterwards all moved on towards the Garagai (the abyss of Caius Marius) to see the rocky cleft down which he hurled one hundred prisoners the day after the battle, by the advice of Martha, his prophetess" (*Sir Theodore Cook*). The highest point, Roc Ste Victoire (3317 ft.), at the eastern end.

The Vauvenargues road mounts the Infernet valley to *Vauvenargues*, which has an excellent castle formed of a square keep with fourteenth-century towers surrounded by a rampart. It was the home of the Marquis de Vauvenargues, whose celebrated 'Maximes' were written here. The return journey to Aix may be made on foot down the valley to Tholonet, which has a Roman aqueduct, and thence for an hour.

*Aix to Salon*.—This is a journey of 25½ miles, taking about 1½ hours. You come first to La Calade-Eguilles, followed by Lignane-Rognes and St Cannat, the birthplace of Pierre-André, a distinguished admiral who caused much irritation to the English in Indian seas. At Lambesc, the Provençal Assembly met from 1639 to 1788. It is followed by Pélissanne and Salon (see p. 72). Aix to Rognac, via Roquefavour (see p. 107).

The main line leaving Aix turns north-west to La Calade, then continuing past *Venelles*, which has an old castle and fragments of a Roman aqueduct, to *Reclavier*. The ridge of Ste Victoire is seen on the right. After Reclavier comes *Meyrargues*, which is connected by light railway with *Eyguières* (p. 99). (From Meyrargues to Draguignan is a journey of 61 miles, taking 7½ hours. Among the many small places it serves are Barjols, with such a profusion of running water that it calls itself the "Tivoli of Provence"; Cotignac-Rognette, the birthplace of the revolutionary Paul Barras; Salernes, with an interesting Romanesque church and a ruined castle of the thirteenth century; Entrecasteaux, with the seventeenth-century château of the navigator Brun; Lorgues, an attractive little village in a delightful region and with interesting fourteenth-century gates; and Flayosc, a

charming little village which is followed by Draguignan (p. 164).)

Crossing over the Durance, the line comes to *Pertuis* (Grand Hôtel du Provence, du Cours), the birthplace of Mirabeau the elder and the possessor of an ancient clock tower, and the Church of St Nicolas. Three miles to the north-east is La Tour-d'Aigues, where are the ruins of a fine moated castle. [From Pertuis to Avignon is a distance of 48 miles, taking 3½ hours, and passing Cadenet, the birthplace of the composer Félicien David (4 miles to the south-west is the well-preserved Cistercian Abbey of Silvacane with a fine church). The inhabitants of Mérindol, the next station, were massacred in 1545 by order of the Parliament of Aix, an act which brought about the union of the sixty reformed churches of Provence in 1560. The *Gorges du Regalon* are 2½ miles to the north-west and may also be visited from the next station, *Le Logis-Neuf*. Cavaillon to Avignon (see pp. 71-2).]

Ascending the right bank of the Durance the line goes now to Mirabeau, from which the famous family took its name; it is the starting-point for journeys by auto-bus to Digne and *Gréoux-les-Bains* (see below). Presently the line reaches Manosque.

*Manosque* (Hôtel Pascal, de Versailles) is a small town surrounded by hills on which the olive is cultivated. Its main street connects the fourteenth-century Port Saunerie with the Port Soubeyran of the same date, passing the Church of St Sauveur and that of Notre Dame, almost opposite which is the Hôtel de Ville, in which is the head of the silver reliquary bust of Gérard Tenque (p. 134). About 8½ miles to the south-east and served by auto-bus is the popular Spa of *Gréoux-les-Bains* (Hôtel de l'Établissement, du Grand-Jardin, des Colonnes). It has a ruined castle of the fourteenth century. The picturesque valley of the Colestre may be ascended hence to Riez (p. 137); an auto-bus connects Manosque with Valensole, the birthplace of Admiral de Villeneuve, who commanded the French against Nelson at Trafalgar.

The line now skirts the base of the Mont d'Or to Volx, the junction for Cavaillon.

[There is a branch line to Forcalquier, an ancient place of considerable interest with a church dating from the twelfth to

the seventeenth centuries, an ancient ruined castle, fine Gothic fountains, and the Porte des Cordeliers, an old town gate still intact. Volx to Cavaillon; this is a journey of  $48\frac{1}{2}$  miles, accomplished in from  $5\frac{1}{2}$  to  $6\frac{1}{2}$  hours. You come to St Maime, whence the line to Forcalquier diverges at Reillanne; there is an interesting church and some old ruins; it is followed by Céreste, near which are traces of Roman occupation, including an old tower and two Roman bridges. *Apt* (Hôtel du Louvre) is a charming old town on the Coulon and was known to the Romans as *Apta Julia*; its inhabitants erected a temple to Augustus and also a monument to Borysthènes, the favourite charger of Hadrian. The Church of Ste Anne is mainly of the fourteenth century. The line now goes on, passing near the fine old Roman bridge known as the Pont Julien. At Bonnieux there is a good twelfth-century church, and at Maubec there is auto-bus to the interesting old town of Gordes, near which is the abbey of Sénanque, founded in 1148. Cavaillon (see p. 72).]

At Villeneuve there is a ruined castle. It is followed by La Brillanne-Oraison, the station for Notre Dame-des-Anges, a celebrated Provençal pilgrim resort. The line now passes Lurs, with a ruined castle of the Bishops of Sisteron, Peyruis-les-Mées, and Peyruis, presently reaching Les Mées, which takes its name from the grotesque *Rochers* which from a distance look like a row of menhirs. The next station is St Auban (see below).

[The main line continues to *Sisteron* (Touring Hotel), a delightful old Provençal town which was originally the Roman Segustera. Behind three towers of the fifteenth-century ramparts rises the Church of Notre Dame, a twelfth-century building with an interesting main portal. The citadel is mainly of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. There is an interesting thirteenth-century church at La Baume, a suburb of Sisteron; and a number of agreeable excursions are to be had in the vicinity. The line goes on via Laragne and Eyguians-Orpierre to Serres, which has a twelfth-century church and some interesting medieval houses—there is an auto-bus service from Serres to Nyons. As the line continues the scenery swiftly changes from the aspect of the South, and at Grenoble, reached soon after passing Veynes, the junction for Briançon, Die, and Livron, is, of course, distinctly Alpine.]

At St Auban you are obliged to change trains for the journey on to Nîmes. The light railway goes thence via Champtiercier, the birthplace of Pierre Gassendi, philo-

sopher and astronomer. The eleven miles between St Auban and Digne are covered in about half an hour.

*Digne* is the chief town of the Department of the Basses-Alpes, and lies on the left bank of the Bléone. It is frequented as a summer resort and is an excellent centre for excursions in the Provençal Alps. Its main thoroughfare is the Boulevard Gassendi, which divides the upper town on the hill of St Jérôme from the lower modern town. Digne was known to the Romans as *Dinia*, and in the Middle Ages took a large share in the religious wars, though its importance and population declined considerably as a result of the Plague in 1629.

*Hotels*.—Hôtel Rémusat, 19 Boulevard Gassendi; Hôtel des Bains at the Thermes, see below. *Railway Stations*.—The two stations of Digne lie adjacent on the right bank of the Bléone. The P.L.M. station is for trains to Marseille, etc, and the Gare Sud-France for trains to Nice.

The hotels and cafés of Digne are mainly situated in the Boulevard Gassendi, which is the chief shopping street. On the right of the Boulevard is a statue to the philosopher Gassendi by Ramus. Gassendi was for long *Prévôt* of the Cathedral of Digne. Behind his statue there is a narrow street that leads to the old parts of the town. To the Cathedral of St Jérôme (see below). The boulevard itself continues to the Museum (free on Sunday afternoon, on other occasions, 1 franc), in which are a number of Flemish portraits. Just behind this is the Doric *Grande-Fontaine*, a thing of grace and charm like a little Greek temple. Clinging to the sides of the fountain are great swollen masses of green moss, the water oozing through it to the basin below, forming in its passage little dripping grottoes. Filled from the same source is a long trough, at which it is usual to see women washing clothes. The boulevard becomes now like a country road, and presently turns to the old basilica of Notre Dame-du-Bourg, a building which dates from the thirteenth-fourteenth century. "It is a big barn-like, lonely church in a ruinous condition, though buttressed here and there by new stonework. It has a brown, shaggy, far-away look, which is all you could expect from what has been a very proud cathedral, and now is but a half-way house for the dead. The Dignois

bring their dead to Notre Dame, halt there the space of a prayer, and then set them away for ever in the crowded graveyard behind." The interior is vast and bare. It has below the north wall a Merovingian altar and on the south wall some curious frescoes of the fifteenth-sixteenth centuries. They illustrate the translation of souls to whatsoever sphere they have qualified for. Heaven is walled and crenellated, and in every embrasure stands a full-cheeked angel trumpeting to a procession of lean, toiling souls who approach the lower drawbridge. Another procession, much shorter and composed of much fatter people, makes straight for hell, which seems to be little more than a noisy, steamy kitchen, with great open fire-places and any number of spits sizzling with sinners. Those who have not yet been subjected to the fire hang by their heels on the rafters like so many dead sheep in a butcher's shop. It is a terrifying warning.

Coming back to the Grande Fontaine you take the Rue de la Traverse to the old *Bishop's Palace*, behind which is the *Hôtel de Ville*. Hence it is a short distance, via the Place du Marche, to the fifteenth-century *Cathedral* which overlooks the whole town and was completely restored in 1846. The Cathedral has a Gothic façade of sorts, based on thirteenth-century structures, but added to the transitional body in 1846. A series of monumental steps descends from the door, and above the portal is a rose-window after the manner of that of Chartres. The interior is unexceptional but pleasant, discreet, and sweet-smelling, with a cheerful flow of light issuing through the numerous windows. Descending now through the narrow, old-fashioned streets of the Rochas, you come again to the Boulevard Gassendi.

The *Thermes de Digne* are thermal establishments situated about two miles from Digne in a narrow valley from which are tapped the hot alkali and sulphur springs used for paralysis and rheumatism. The Pic de Couard (6526 feet) may be ascended in  $4\frac{1}{2}$  hours by a road which crosses the Bléone and ascends the valley of the Bès to the curious limestone gorges known as the Clues de Barles. The way then goes via Barles, which has an old castle, and past the wooded Clues de Verdaches to Verdaches-le-Vernet.

*Digne to Barcelonnette.*—This is a journey of 55 miles, which may be undertaken in summer by motor-car. The direct road goes from Digne via the Boulevard Gassendi, and runs to Marcoux, presently passing an old thirteenth-century church and a ruined castle before reaching La Javie, north-east of which rises the Pic des Trois Evêchés, the second highest peak in the Provençal Alps. On the north slope is the much shrunken Glacier de la Blanche. The way now zigzags up the Col du Labouret and then descends into the valley of the Bès. The road reaches its highest point on the Col de Maure or Col de Couloubroux. *Seyne* (Hôtel des Trois Rois) is a pleasant little summer resort which has long served as a market town for the neighbourhood. It lies at the foot of the Montagne de la Blanche, and has a thirteenth-century church which was badly mutilated, and the relics of the citadel built under Louis XIV. On the site of the Church of Selonnet stood the castle of Lesdigières.

*Digne to Grasse by Road.*—For almost the entire way from Digne to Moustiers-Sainte-Marie the road presents nothing but sparse fields and barren valleys. It is not, however, in any sense a monotonous road; for several miles it lies along the projecting hip of an arid range and then takes it into its head to coil around every ascending protuberance until at last it lies flat and straight upon an unsuspected plateau. The plateau is bare; lean husbandmen in a beggarly village far away scratch at its surface year in and year out, but the yield is scarcely enough to feed them. At the eastern end of the plateau is a tall, dark, baleful mountain which looks down upon these unguarded acres on the one side and then upon a vision of loveliness away to the south where Moustier's valley lies buried in green. Descending from the plateau the road continues through orchards and mulberry groves to the village of Moustiers, which reclines against a steep hillside.

*Moustiers-Sainte-Marie* (Hôtel Bélvédère) is named from a monastery founded there in 432 by Maxime of Riez. "There is something curious and sweet about these old villages wedged into massive rocks. They seem to grow part of the element they are built upon, and though a close inspection may give a little needless anxiety as to their security, from a distance they seem firmly and irrevocably welded to the mountain side. Moustiers is like an old damaged fresco much faded and revealed on a gigantic black and grey wall. It is rather as one examines a fresco that one examines Moustiers, beginning with the

excellently weathered group of buildings at the base and rising step by step up the hillside where the way is continued by fourteen stations of the cross, which climb to Our Lady of Beauvoir beneath a gilded star which hangs suspended between twin peaks of Moustiers."

The streets of Moustiers are little more than narrow stairways that wind among a colony of worn old houses and are always within earshot of the tumbling cascades of the Rioul. Its *Church* is a delightful little affair, half Romanesque, half Gothic. It is entered from a cobbled *Place* in which also is the Presbytery, from which the keys are obtained for the ancient chapel perched half way up the hill. The climb to Notre Dame de Beauvoir is pretty steep. A part of the way it has a succession of old stone bridges; there is a tendency to rest at each of them to look down on Moustiers and its pleasant valley. Presently there comes a stone stairway with the fourteen stations of the Cross; a passage leads then through an old wall to the famous chapel. Three tall cypresses cast their shadow upon it and the high needle peaks of the ravine rise on either side. It looks on Moustiers and the wide valley where the Verdon river, rejoicing in its freedom from the cramped depths of gorge and cañon, spreads itself in a generous flood. Above, from peak to peak, is stretched an iron chain 240 yards long, from which hangs a gilt star, said to be the votive offering of the Chevalier de Blacas. Architecturally the chapel is undistinguished, but it has a fine carved doorway with a porch held aloft on elegant columns. The original chapel is ascribed to Charlemagne. Within the chapel there is a pair of Moustiers vases of an elaborate polychrome. In the time of Louis XV. faience was a thriving industry in the little village at the foot of the precipice, but for some reason or other it is no longer made, and the old ware has become a matter for collectors. The colour is a very rich blue.

From Moustiers there is a good road across the Col de Segriès to the village of Roumoules, noted for its truffles. It is followed presently by *Riez* (Hôtel des Alpes), the ancient Albece Reiorum Apollinarium, an old episcopal town much reduced in circumstances but still possessing some interesting relics of its medieval walls and gates, a Baptistery of the sixth or seventh century, and four very fine Corinthian columns. There are motor-car services to Digne during the summer; train services to Manosque (see p. 145).



You now take the road through the lower Verdon gorges to Castellane, which is an excellent centre for exploring the neighbourhood of the Verdon. A very good idea of the beauty and majesty of these gorges is obtained on the road from Moustiers to Castellane, but the Grand Cañon itself is seen to the greatest advantage from the Point Sublime near La Palud, the latter being the best starting-point to visit the Grand Cañon. The road we are taking to Castellane frequently hangs to the thin lip of the main gorge with about eighteen inches to spare between the wheel of a cart and the edge of the cliff. Now and then it widens to permit the existence of a cantonnier's lonely hut, and presently it finds a way out of its difficulties and rides down to Castellane.

*Castellane* is a pleasant little mountain town, strong enough to have resisted Charles V. in 1536, Lesdiguières some time later, and the Imperial troops in the eighteenth century. Its walls and towers enclose the usual narrow streets and an old Church of Ste Victoire, mainly of the Romanesque. Up above, on a handsome crag which rises 600 feet from its base, is a statue of the Virgin Mary, big enough to guard a dozen Castellanes.

From Castellane the road runs east to Pont de Soleils, and thence to the Pont de Caruéjan, where a road branches to the right and conducts to the village of Rougon. Near where the road forks a path leads to the Point Sublime, which is, perhaps, the finest viewpoint from which to observe the mouth of the Grand Cañon du Verdon, which bears comparison with any of the well-known gorges of Europe and is probably more striking than any of them. It is dangerous to explore the system of gorges in the neighbourhood without the assistance of a good guide with ropes. These may be obtained at *La Palud* (Hôtel Turrel). Another magnificent view of the gorge is obtained just beyond the small farm of Mayreste.

(Throughout the summer an auto-bus connects Castellane with Grasse.)

From Castellane the road goes on over the Col de Suans to the pretty little summer resort of Le Logis-du-Pin (Hôtel Bonnome-Bains). The road now continues to the Clue de Séranon, ascending hence to Escagnolles.

Passing on the left the road which goes direct to Thorenc, you make for Saint-Vallier-de-Thiery, from which you continue to the Col du Pillon, whence the road winds in a series of loops down to Grasse (p. 191).

*Digne to Nice.*—This is a journey by light railway of 94 miles, accomplished in about 8 hours. The first station after leaving Digne is *Mézel*. The line then goes through the picturesque gorge of *Chabrières* and continues through fine scenery to *Barrême* (road to Castellane, see p. 151), at the meeting of the Asse de Blieux, Asse de Moriez, and the Asse de Lions. The next station is *St-André-de-Méouilles* or les Alpes (Hôtel de la Gare), a summer resort on the Verdon also connected by road with Castellane. From St-André the line goes on over the Issole through the gorge of Branchaï to *Thorame-Haute*, a small summer resort. The Verdon valley is left by a long tunnel which goes underneath La Colle-St-Michel and *Méailles* is reached. This is followed by the large village of *Annot* (Hôtel Philip), frequented as a summer resort and also the scene of a large fair in the autumn of each year. The old twelfth-century town is of great interest with its irregular streets climbing the mountain side. The way now continues to *Les Scaffereles*, followed by *St Benoît*, where are the ruins of a Benedictine Abbey. From St Benoît it is a short journey to Pont-de-Gueydan-Haut-Var, which is followed shortly by *Entrevaux* (Hôtel Moderne), anciently known as *Intervalles*.

You enter Entrevaux over a drawbridge beneath which runs the main torrent of the Var. A moat, partly the bed of the river and partly an artificial channel, completely surrounds the place, and only by one of the three drawbridges is it possible to enter, for the moat flows now as freely as it ever did. At Entrevaux there is a small treeless square, but for the rest it is a maze of lanes, some of which are not more than two or three feet wide. They are, indeed, more stairway than street. The whole place gives the impression of having been honeycombed from one great mass of rock, so that street, house, and wall—each is a continuation in stone of the other. The houses are mostly of great age, and over some doors are carved the device of whatever craft was performed there in ancient days. An anvil and hammer with the date 1668 is carved

over one small portal in the street which leads from the square to the church, and over another are crossed keys. The church has an imposing tower which dates from the sixteenth century, and in the interior is a fine copy of Rubens' Descent from the Cross. The village is surrounded by ramparts, and on the hill above is a great new modern fortress. There is a road from Entrevaux, via the Col du Buis and Briançonnet, to *St Auban*, which lies in an interesting neighbourhood of gorges and caverns.

The line continues to *Puget-Théniers* (Hôtel Laugery, Hôtel Croix-de-Malte), a little town situated amid striking scenery at the meeting of the Roudoule and the Var. It has a ruined castle and an interesting old church, in which is an altar-piece of the sixteenth century. A road goes hence, via the charming little medieval village of Sigale, to Roquesteron (see below). The line now crosses the Cians to *Touët-sur-Var* (Hôtel de la Poste), which is built against a steep-to wall of rock with its church erected above a waterfall. In summer there is a motor-bus from Touët which ascends the striking gorge of the *Cians*. It passes *Moulin de Rigaud*, whence it is an easy ascent to Lieuche and Thiéry, which has a ruined castle. The road continues to *Beuil* (Hôtel Millon, Nouvel-Hôtel), visited for Winter Sports and for the ascent of Mont Monnier (9246 feet).

Passing on the right the old Roman *Pont Ste-Petronille*, the railway goes on to *Villars-du-Var*, which was founded by the Knights of Malta, who are depicted in two good altar-pieces, one in the Parish Church and one in the Chapelle-des-Pénitents-Noirs. The Tinée and the Var meet at the next village, *La Mescla*, leaving which the train enters a tunnel, presently passing through the fine gorge of La Mescla. After leaving La Tinée (line to St Sauveur) the gorge of Ciaudan is observed, and presently *La Vésubie* is reached (railway to St-Martin-Vésubie, see p. 219). At the next station, Pont-Charles-Albert, passengers change for Roquesteron, a pleasant excursion centre, the inhabitants of which are said to derive from Moorish forebears. The line to Nice is continued by St-Martin-du-Var and Colomars, the junction for Grasse. Then comes Nice (see p. 198).

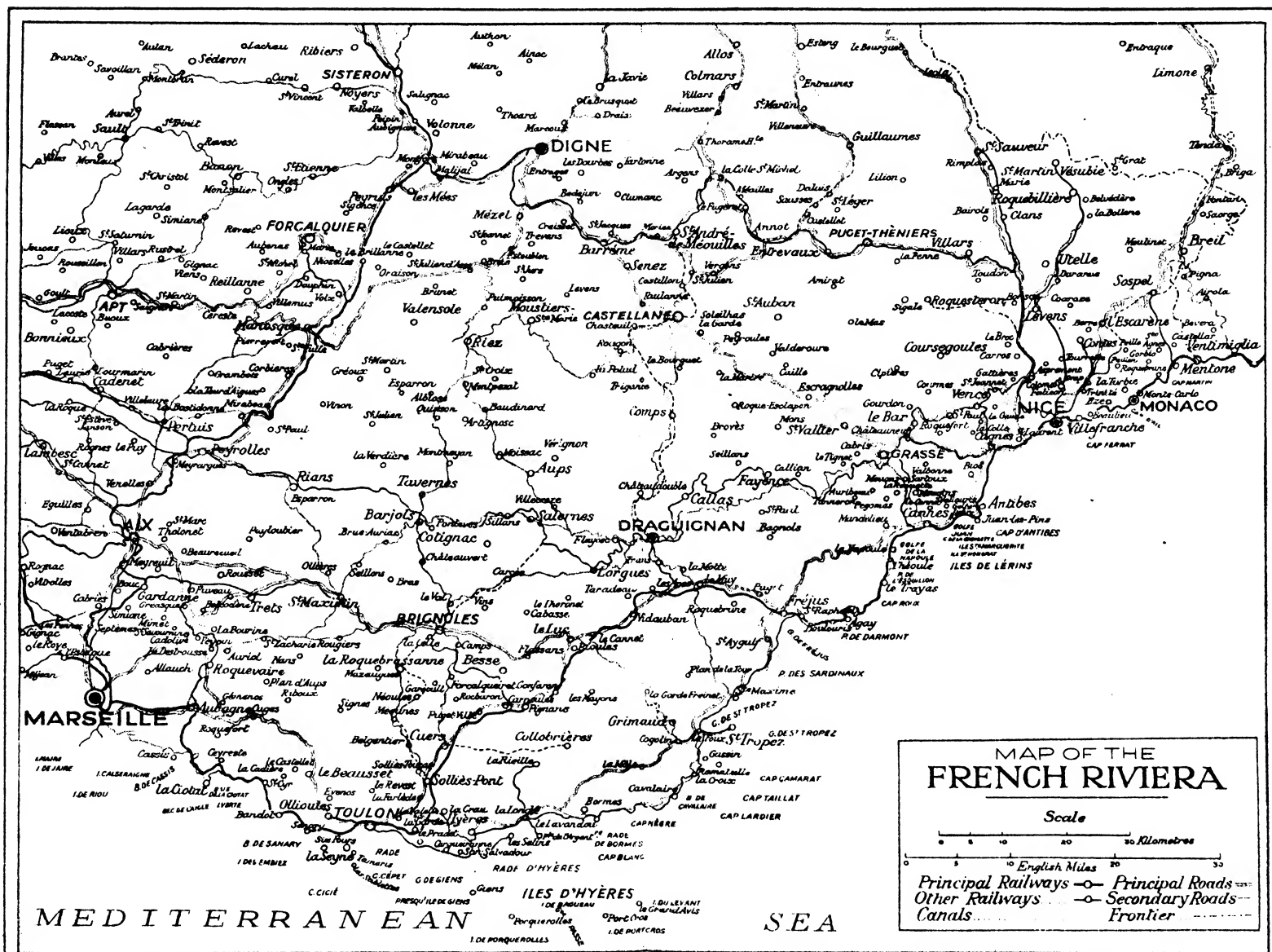
## MARSEILLE TO GENOA

This main route along the coast of the French and Italian Rivas is one of the most picturesque railway journeys in Europe. It is in touch with the sea for a great part of the route and reveals on the other side attractive vistas of mountain and valley. It is a very pleasant route to undertake by road, and in winter and spring, from 5th January to 6th May, there is a P.-L.-M. auto-car service from Marseille to Nice, which takes about 10½ hours and passes through Toulon, Hyères, St Raphael, and Cannes. The entire route is, indeed, linked up by auto-car services. From Marseille to Toulon there is an inland route, via Aubagne (Le Beausset and Ollioules Gorge); the *coast road* is via Vaufrège, Cassis (p. 155), Les Lèques, and Bandol. Hence to St Raphael the coast route goes via Hyères (p. 158), La Verrerie, Bormes, Cavalaire, La Foux (p. 162), Ste Maxime (p. 163), and Fréjus (p. 165). The journey thence to Cannes is by the Corniche d'Or along the coast, passing Boulouris (p. 170), Agay (p. 170), Le Trayas (p. 170), and La Napoule (p. 169); or the interesting hilly route through the Mountains of the Moors, reaching at the Logis de Paris a summit level of 1030 feet, may be followed. From Cannes to Nice the route is by Golfe-Juan (p. 170), Antibes (p. 171), and Cagnes (p. 172), thence to Mentone and Ventimiglia it is by the Petite Corniche or Corniche du Littoral (for the Grande Corniche, see p. 221).

The railway journey covers a distance of 255½ miles; to Ventimiglia it is 161½ miles, accomplished in about 5 hours, thence to Genoa it is approximately 94 miles, taking 4½ hours. (The Italian railway time is that of Central Europe, one hour in advance of Greenwich time.)

Quitting Marseille, the line runs slightly inland, passing a number of charming country houses known here as *bastides*. Continuing eastwards it traverses a number of beautiful valleys open to the sea, and skirts the base of Mont Carpiagne to the villages of *St Marcel*, *St Menet*, which is the station for the little spa of *Camoins-Les-Bains* (Hôtel de l'Etablissement, Hôtel des Pins), connected also by tramway with Marseille. Then follows *Aubagne*







(Hôtel du Cours), a small town which is the station for *Ste Baume* (p. 136). Presently the train comes to the little station of *Cassis*, known as *Carsicis Portus* of Roman times, and the birthplace of the Abbé Barthélemy, the author of the *Voyage du Jeune Anacharsis*. From here it is possible to visit the *Calanques*, where there is a remarkable little gorge. The next station is *La Ciotat* (Hôtel de Commerce, de Universe), delightfully situated on the coast at the foot of the *Bec de l'Aigle* and frequented as a summer resort. Here are the dockyards of the *Société Provençale de Constructions Navales*. Off the *Bec de l'Aigle* lies the *Isle Verte*. Close to *La Ciotat* is the pretty village of *St Cior* (Hotels: *Grand, La Plage*), growing in popularity as a bathing-station. *St Cior* is also known as *Les Lèques* and its station is *St Cior-Cadière*. It is one of the most southerly spots on the peninsula of Toulon and forms a convenient excursion centre, with facilities for tennis, fishing, and other sports. A little to the south-east are the meagre relics of *Tauroentum*, a Greek colony which later fell into the hands of the Romans and was destroyed by the Saracens in the eleventh century. Now comes the station for the fishing village of *Bandol* (Hotels: *des Bains, Beau-Rivage*), which has a casino. Then follows *Ollioules-Sanary*, the station for *Ollioules*, which may also be reached by tramway from Toulon, and for the little fishing village and summer resort of *Sanary* (Hôtel de la Tour, des Bains); in this neighbourhood are cultivated the *immortelles*, which are made up into wreaths and used throughout all France. The natural colour of the flower is yellow, but they are bleached or dyed as required. Farther on is the station of *La Seyne-Tamaris-sur-Mer*, the station for *La Seyne-sur-Mer*, which has large shipbuilding yards; and for *Tamaris* (Grand Hôtel), a pleasant winter resort in communication with Toulon by steamers and tramway. Now comes Toulon.

## TOULON

The principal Military Harbour of France on the Mediterranean, and, next to Brest, the most important naval station in France, Toulon is situated at the bottom of a double bay, rising gradually from the sea, enclosed by the



ridges of Mont Faron, and is protected by eleven forts, some placed on elevations of 3000 feet, others rising from the water's edge. In 1793 the town was handed over to the English Admiral Hood; but in the same year, after a spirited resistance on the part of its small English garrison, it was retaken by the French, headed by Napoleon Buonaparte, then a lieutenant of artillery, twenty-two years of age, on 18th December.

*Hotels:* Amirante, Victoria, Modern. *Railway Stations.*—The principal one is that of the Paris-Lyon-Méditerranée, facing the Avenue Vauban (good buffet). Hotel omnibuses meet trains. The Gare du Sud is near the Porte Neuve (trams pass close by), to the south-east of the town.

*Cook's Office,* 4 Place de la Liberté (Grand Hotel Building). *British Vice-Consulate,* Grand Hotel. *Post and Telegraph Office,* Rue Hippolyte-Duprat, near the Place de la Liberté.

*Electric Tramways* to Ollioules, Le Mourillon, Cap-Brun, Bourgarel, Les Routes, La Valette, La Seyne, Les Sablettes, Hyères, La Crau. All cars stop at Place de la Liberté. *Omnibuses* from the Place Gambetta, Place Armand-Valle, or Place Puget, to Belgentier, Brignoles, Collobrières, Cuers, Dardennes, Garéoult, Le Beausset, La Minorque, Les Moulins, Le Pradet, Le Revest, Meounes, Pierre-feu, Pont-du-Bois, Signes, Sollies-Pont, Valbourdin. *Motor services* to and from St Tropez and Les Lèques.

*Steamers* to La Seyne (every half-hour), Le Manteau, Tamaris-sur-Mer, Les Sablettes, St Mandrier, Porquerolles, and Port-Cros (Iles d'Hyères), on Thursdays, Marseille (Thursday), and Nice (Saturdays).

The Orient Royal Mail Line steamers call at Toulon fortnightly *en route* to Naples, Port Said, Suez, Colombo, and Australia, also on the homeward journey. Passengers may join the steamers six days later than in London (special trains from London in connection).

*Concerts* (military) daily: on Mondays in the Boulevard du Littoral, on Saturdays in the Jardin Public, on other days in the Place d'Armes. *Theatre* and *Casino* in the Boulevard de Strasbourg. *Horse Races* several times a year at Lagoubran, about 2 miles east of the town.

The *Harbour* consists of five principal basins. The Government docks, surrounded by ample quays, communicate with each other by swing bridges. The *Arsenal* and workshops are on an enormous scale, covering 720 acres, and employing over 12,000 men. Foreigners are only admitted to the arsenal on presentation of an introduction from their government, countersigned by a French Minister.

All the steamers sail from the Quai du Port (see above).

Opposite the P.-L.-M. station is a *War Monument*, with a number of palm-trees. In the Place de la Liberté is the *Federation Monument*. The Casino and the Theatre are almost opposite each other in the Boulevard de Strasbourg.

Hence the Rue Bonnefoi and the Rue Alézan lead, turning to the right, to the Rue Lafayette (a busy market street), from which the second street to the right leads to the Church of *Ste Marie Majeure*, formerly the Cathedral, commenced in the eleventh century and finished in the eighteenth. The chapel to the right of the choir contains a reredos by Puget's pupils, an Entombment of the Virgin (under glass), and two large paintings. The chapel to the left of the choir has a gilt Virgin over the arcade. High up on the left of this chapel is an Assumption (P. Mignard) and two other paintings.

The Place d'Armes, between the Place de la Liberté and the Darse Neuve, and the Place de la Liberté, are the finest squares in Toulon. In the former a military band plays several times a week (see p. 156). The best restaurants are on the much frequented Quai du Port and in the Boulevard de Strasbourg, the modern part of the town.

Near the *Jardin Public* (see p. 156) and in the Boulevard de Strasbourg are the *Museum* and *Library*. The former is open daily from 2 to 5 in summer (1 to 4 in winter); closed on Mondays and Saturdays, except to strangers. The latter is open from 9 to 12 and 2 to 5, except Saturdays and Sundays, and is closed in August and September. The *Town Hall*, of which the balcony is supported by splendid caryatides by Pierre Puget, is on the Quai Cronstadt. The view from the hill of La Malue, south-east of Toulon, is one of the finest in the South of France.

A branch line (Sud Railway) runs from Toulon to *Salins d'Hyères* (18 miles in about an hour), leaving the main line at La Pauline and passing Hyères-les-Palmiers (about 13 miles). There is also a local line from Toulon to Hyères-Ville (14½ miles) and St Raphaël (about 65 miles), passing nearer to the coast than the main line. The time occupied is about 4½ hours (to Hyères-Ville about 1 hour).

About 4 miles by road from Toulon is *Tamaris* (Hôtel : Grand), a quiet, pretty little place, situated at the foot of a fir-clad hill; it possesses most of the climatic advantages of many of the more fashionable districts of the Riviera, and may be recommended to visitors requiring rest. There is a comfortable hotel, and a number of furnished villas, which may be hired, and a Casino. From

Fort Napoleon, on the hill, the view of Toulon and the blue Mediterranean is very striking, and a variety of pleasant walks and drives are within easy reach. Steamers run to St Mandrier and Toulon frequently during the day.

Between Tamaris and Toulon is *La Seyne-sur-Mer* (trams to and from Toulon), beyond Tamaris is the peninsula of St Mandrier, and at the beginning of the isthmus joining St Mandrier to the mainland is *Les Sablettes* (Hotel; Golf; trams, see p. 156).

At *San Salvadour* (station on the local Sud Railway, *San Salvadour-Mont-des-Oiseaux*) is a new winter thermal establishment on the lines of Vichy, recently built, with a large hotel, the Grand, in a pine-forest of 125 acres. The waters here are suitable for rheumatic and arthritic patients. The nearest Golf Links (18 holes) are at *Costebelle* (3 kilometres distant).

## HYÈRES

Hyères (55 miles from Marseille) is reached by a branch line of railway (see p. 157) diverging from the main line at La Pauline station. The town lies on the slope of the Montagnes des Maures, about three miles from the sea, and abounds in pretty villas and pleasant walks. It is one of the oldest of the Mediterranean winter resorts, and was an important stronghold in the eleventh century. In 1481 it was united to the crown of France.

Hyères is known as "Les Palmiers," from the splendid palms which adorn the boulevards and the Place des Palmiers. These trees are of exceptional beauty; some are over a century old and reach a height of about 100 feet. The *eucalypti globuli* are unrivalled in Europe. Yuccas, araucaria Bidwillia, pittersporum, dracena, agavi of every variety, aralia, bamboo, magnolia, all grow in the open air, and the neighbourhood is a paradise for butterfly-collectors. The low ground is richly cultivated, and oranges, olive groves, vines, mulberries, pomegranates, and myrtle abound.

Hyères, though not on the main line, is not less attractive for that, and although it cannot compare with Cannes, Nice, and Monte Carlo as a fashionable pleasure resort,

it is patronised by a large number of English and French visitors, and is essentially a Franco-British resort. The season lasts from November to May.

Hyères is celebrated for the cultivation of early flowers, fruits, and vegetables, large quantities of roses, peaches, apricots, strawberries, peas and artichokes, being grown and sent by special trains to Paris, Berlin, London, and other markets. Flowers can be sent by sample post.

The climate is mild and dry, especially adapted for invalids. The town is sheltered from the northerly winds by the *Montagnes des Maures*, the *Montagne du Paradis*, and the *Mont des Oiseaux*. On the average there are 136 days of bright sunshine during the 181 days of the six winter months. Owing to its distance from the sea, the air contains but a small quantity of saline matter. The water supply is abundant and good. The mean temperature in November and December is 59° to 64°, in January and February 55° to 58°, and in March and April 59° to 66°. Hyères is especially suitable for pulmonary complaints, heart disease, gout, bronchial asthma, rheumatism, neuralgia, and convalescents in general.

As everywhere on the Riviera, so in Hyères, the hour of sunset is a dangerous one, and patients have to be careful not to remain out of doors. The climate may, on the whole, be called a dry and stimulating one, and well suited to those who desire to avoid the damp and cold of a northern winter, and who do not depend on free exercise in the open air as their principal treatment.

The cost of living, of course, varies with the accommodation required. Rents of villas depend on size, grounds, etc. Small flats, with two bedrooms, dining-room and kitchen, are obtainable at reasonable prices; larger ones are naturally dearer. Villas and flats are let furnished.

*Hotels*: Albion, Golf, des Iles d'Or, Métropole, des Palmiers, des Ambassadeurs, Beau Séjour, Regina-Hesperides. *British Vice-Consulate*, Place des Palmiers. *English Churches*.—St Paul's, Avenue Beau-Regard (consecrated 1884). All Saints' (Costebelle).

*Villas and Apartments*.—Information to be obtained of the Manager of the English Bank, 26 Place des Palmiers (see p. 160). *Post*, *Telegraph and Telephone Offices*.—Avenue des Palmiers. *Theatre*.—Avenue des Palmiers. Open during the winter season; comic operas and dramas are performed. *Casino*.—Boulevard Jean Jaurès. Open December to May. Theatre.

There are good concerts at the Casino daily, and a military band plays twice a week in the Place des Palmiers. During the Carnival, the Corso, Battles of Confetti, Flowers, Balls and Races are organised by the municipality. At 26 Place des Palmiers, there are tea and Reading rooms, and a circulating Library, well supplied with English newspapers, and with 4000 volumes of English books.

*Golf Links*.—At Gapeau (18 holes), Secretary, G. H. Logan, Golf Hotel, and at Costebelle (18 holes). *Croquet Lawns* and *Tennis Courts* are to be found in the grounds of the principal hotels. The pigeon-shooting ground is at La Plage. Musical and dramatic entertainments are also given at frequent intervals.

*Electric Trams* to La Garde and Toulon every half-hour. *Auto-buses* to Costebelle, Giens, La Londe, and Gapeau. *Motor-boats* run daily to the Iles d'Or. Hyères to Porquerolles in twenty minutes. There is also a steamer service on Sundays between Porquerolles and Toulon.

The old or upper town consists of narrow streets. At the top of the hill is the *Château*, or castle, 660 feet above the sea, founded in the seventh century, which provides an admirable view of the entire district (fee). The principal church (in the Place de la République) is that of *St Louis*, built in the thirteenth century, in the Byzantine style, restored 1840, with a handsome façade. It contains a few pictures, the most important being a large painting of the landing of St Louis on the beach of Hyères in 1254, with his queen and their three children. On the right is a curious gilded statue of a lady with a skull in one hand and a lamp in the other.

Between the Place de la République and the Place de la Rade is a bronze statue of Massillon, the great French preacher, who was born here (1663-1742). Facing the Place de la Rade is the public garden, *Jardin Denis*, in which is the Château Denis, containing the *Museum* (open Sundays and Thursdays, 1 to 5) and *Library* (daily, 9 to 11 and 1 to 4, except Sundays). In the former is a fine collection of shells, birds, insects, and a herbarium of all the flora of the country. There are over 15,000 volumes in the Library. The *Town Hall* in the Market Place was formerly a chapel (St Blaise), built by the Templars. Above is the old church of *St Paul* (eleventh-twelfth centuries). In the upper part of the town are a few old houses. The *Bureau de Bienfaisance*, in the Rue Ste Catherine, bears the date 1572, and an old château in the Avenue des Palmiers is now Grimm's Park Hotel.

The *Jardin d'Acclimatation*, about a mile from the town, near the station, is in connection with the Acclimatation Garden in Paris. It contains the rarest exotic plants of great beauty, vast greenhouses, animals at liberty in spacious paddocks. The annexe of the garden is situated at the junction of the Avenues Riquier, Gare, and Gambetta, where may be seen every variety of palm-tree.

Delightful and varied walks or drives abound in the neighbourhood of Hyères, and charming excursions can be made by boat, coach, or rail. Archæologists and botanists will find much to interest them.

*Neighbourhood.*—*Costebelle* is about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Hyères, nearer the sea. Queen Victoria resided here two months in 1892—March and April. Three large and good hotels, on Hermitage Hill, are well patronised, and many villas may be hired here in the pine woods, well sheltered from the mistral and commanding lovely land views of the plain and mountains, as well as charming views of the islands of the Mediterranean (see p. 160). *La Plage* is a pleasant seaside suburb, distant about 3 miles from Hyères, where villas may be hired for summer residence and sea-bathing.

On leaving Hyères visitors proceeding eastward to Cannes or Nice by the main line join the train from Toulon at *La Pauline* Junction. A very pleasant journey is, however, that by the new South of France Railway from Hyères along the coast to St Tropez and St Raphaël. There are four trains daily in each direction for the whole distance of 65 miles from Toulon to St Raphaël, which is usually accomplished in about 5 hours. The route passes through gardens, pretty little villages, beautiful valleys and ravines, along mountain slopes of richly wooded pine forests, then skirting the sea-shore for a considerable distance by way of rocky promontory and secluded bay until it reaches its destination at St Raphaël. The train starts from the station at the end of the Avenue de la Gare and calls at the town station for passengers. From Hyères to St Raphaël is 51 miles, and, as the train stops at all stations, the journey occupies about 4 hours.

The sea is visible immediately on leaving the station, and the line continues through a richly-cultivated plain to *La Londe-Les-Maures*, near which is the Château de

Bormettes. The next station is *Bormes-Les-Mimosas* (Hotel: Grand), a delightful little winter resort with the old town perched very artistically upon a hill. Hence one may take some very pleasant excursions in the neighbourhood of La Londe-Les-Maures to the Forêt du Dom, to Collobrières, and to the Chartreuse de la Berne. St Francis de Paule is said to have visited here during a plague in 1481, the event being commemorated by a statue of the saint.

The line continues now to *Le Lavandou* (Grand Hôtel, Hôtel de la Méditerranée), a small fishing village very agreeably situated and once the home of the composer Ernest Reyer, who died there in 1899. The little town is said to have taken its name from the lavender which grows among the hills in the neighbourhood. A little to the south at Cap Benat is a seventeenth-century castle. From Le Lavandou to Cavalière there is a delightful coast road known as the Corniche des Maures. *Cavalière* (Grand Hôtel) stands on the site of ancient Alconnis, some relics of which have lately been revealed.

The line continues through one of its most picturesque sections by way of several small stations to *Cavalaire*. This is a small resort gradually growing in favour; it has a fine beach, numerous villas, and several first-class hotels (Hotel sur Mer). Hence it is an excursion of about an hour and a half to the *Sommet des Pradels* (1720 feet), the highest peak of the Mountains of the Maures. Then follows *La Croix de Cavalaire* (Grand Hôtel, Hôtel Kensington), another pleasant winter resort slightly removed from the sea. At the next station, *La Foux* (Hôtel Terminus), situated on the Bay of St Tropez, horse races are held in July, when excellent specimens of the half-Arab horse of the Maures, known as Eygues, may be observed.

(There is a short branch line westwards from La Foux to Cogolin and eastward to St Tropez. *Cogolin* (Hôtel Cauvet) has a Romanesque church and is distant about a mile and a half from *Grimaud*, the Sambracis of the ancients, still commanded by an old stronghold of the Grimaldis. The road goes still farther, via *La Garde-Freinet*, to the ruins of the fortress of *Le Fraxinet* (p. 164). *St Tropez* is a small seaport with a noticeable eighteenth-century aspect, and beautifully situated in the Gulf of

St Tropez (Hotel du Littoral). Unfortunately it is very much exposed to the mistral. It is said to occupy the site of an ancient Greek or Greek-Phœnician settlement. There is a bust of St Tropez, who was martyred here in the second century, in the church.)

The line now skirts the Bay of St Tropez to *Guerrevieille-Beauvallon* (Golf Hotel), which has become the centre of an English literary colony and possesses a nine-hole Golf Course. It is followed by the health resort of *Ste Maxime* (Hotels: Grand, Les Mimosas), which faces St Tropez and is protected from the north, north-east, and east winds, and partly from the north-west winds. It has some fine sands and is extremely popular for sea-bathing and boating. About five miles inland is the village of Le Plan-de-la-Tour. The next station is *La Garronette*, followed by *St Aygulf* and then Fréjus (see p. 165). Presently the train reaches its destination at St Raphaël.

From the junction of La Pauline the main line goes on to *Solliès-Pont*, a little place noted for its flowers and cherries; at *Solliès-Ville* there is a twelfth-century church built on the foundations of a Roman temple. About  $8\frac{1}{2}$  miles to the north, reached through the beautiful valley of the Gapeau, are the monasteries of *Montrieux-le-Jeune*, founded in 1170 and abandoned in 1901, and *Montrieux-le-Vieux*, of which but few traces remain. An auto-bus from Solliès to La Roquebrussanne passes the farm of Le Martinet, whence the monasteries are a walk of from 9 to 10 miles. The surrounding forest is said to be an Eden itself in spring and summer. The auto-bus goes on via *Méounes*, which has a church adorned with some works of art secured from the Montrieux monasteries.

The main line goes on now to the station of Cuers-Pierrefeu, which has a school of aviation; an omnibus runs hence to *Collobrières*, a splendid centre for excursions through the western portion of the Mountains of the Moors. Now comes *Carnoules* (Hôtel des Voyageurs), the junction for the line to Gardanne, via Brignoles, and to St Maximin and Trets, p. 125. Then follows *Pignans*, surrounded by woods of cork-trees; to the right is seen one of the highest summits of the Mountains of the Moors crowned with the Chapel of Notre Dame-des-Anges. The line now continues through cuttings in the red sandstone to a fertile plain



covered in olive- and mulberry-trees. The valley of the Aille is then entered and is succeeded by the valley of the Argens. The curious little village of *Le Luc* is overlooked by a ruined castle known as the Pigeonnier des Masques. A little to the north is *Le Cannet*, with an interesting twelfth-century church of typical Provençal style. About ten miles from Le Luc is the village of *Le Thoronet*, with a ruined Cistercian Abbey; the church, which is of the twelfth-century, and the cloisters are fairly well preserved. About two miles from the station of Le Luc are the thermal springs of *Pioule-les-Eaux*. It is also an interesting excursion from the station south-eastwards over the Mountains of the Moors to *La Garde-Freinet* (p. 162) and *Cogolin* (p. 162), a distance of  $8\frac{1}{2}$  miles.

The next station on the line is *Vidauban*, an ancient town from which a road ascends the valley of the Argens to a cascade, the *Perte de l'Argens*, where two natural bridges have been formed by the rock. The road goes on to the abbey of Thoronet (see above). The railway continues down the valley of the Argens, and crossing the valley near the *Château d'Astros*, comes to *Les Arcs*, from which a branch line runs to *Draguignan* (Hôtel Bertin), the principal town of the Department of the Var and a good starting-point for excursions in the Gorges of the Verdon (p. 137). In the *Museum* of Draguignan, situated in the Rue de la République, are some interesting French works. The old town with its narrow streets is overlooked by the seventeenth-century *Tour de l'Horloge*, which takes the place of an ancient belfry destroyed in 1660 by Louis XIV. as punishment for Draguignan's share in the "Semestre," the Fronde of Provence. The Allées d'Azémar, in which are situated the Préfecture, the theatre, and the Palais de Justice, are planted with fine plane-trees. (From Draguignan there is railway communication through a highly picturesque region to Grasse.)

The next station is *Le Muy*, with a tower from which a number of Provençals in 1536, lying in wait for Charles V., shot the Spanish poet Garcilasso de la Vega, whose elaborate dress had caused him to be mistaken for the unfortunate monarch. Interesting excursions are to be made from Le Muy; it is six miles to the romantic *Pont de Pennafort*; three hours is sufficient to accomplish the journey to the

*Défilés des Bagarèdes*; and the curious Gorges of *Saint-Trou*, *Four-des-Fées*, and *Jeu-de-Ballon* lie about  $2\frac{1}{4}$  miles south-east.

The way now goes on by *Roquebrune-sur-Argens*, which has an old church, and over the Reyran to Fréjus.

*Fréjus* (*Hôtel Terminus et du Midi*) is a station on the railway line Sud de France. It was known in ancient days as *Forum Julii*, and even to this day its interests are chiefly bestowed upon its antiquities. Old walls enclose an area five times larger than the present town. The harbour settlement was founded by Julius Cæsar, who, after the successful issue of his naval battle with Antony, had it filled with captive galleys and caused the city to be enlarged. Among those who resided in Fréjus are Roscius Otho (69 B.C.), the actor, Agricola, who conquered Britain, Cornelius Gallus (seventh century A.D.), poet and soldier, and Marc Antoine Désaugiers (eighteenth century), the song writer.

Once the greatest port in these parts of the Mediterranean, Fréjus now lies a mile away from the sea, the harbour having been silted up by the rivers Argens and Reyran. When the land was devastated by the Saracens in the tenth century, the artificial maintenance of the harbour not unnaturally ceased, and from a busy seaport it became a stagnant lagoon, which in turn resolved itself into a waste of marsh that has now largely solidified into sand. "Its walls can still be seen, rising more than ninety feet above the soil, flanked at each extremity by a ruined citadel, and, as one approaches, one comes upon the remains of jetties, quays, lighthouses, signal towers, rising from among the vineyards and brackish pools which lie between the city and the sea. One can give no adequate idea of Fréjus. It is terrible in its fever-haunted solitude, this spectral city, once the greatest and busiest port of the Mediterranean, the more terrible because of the exquisite beauty of its surroundings."

Opposite the main line station there is a flight of steps leading up to the *Place Agricola*. On the left is the *Amphitheatre*, which dates from about A.D. 210, having been erected during the reign of Septimius Severus. It measures 370 feet by 280 feet, and is said to have accommodated over nine thousand spectators. The foundations,

and a section of the gallery which encircled the arena beneath the tiers of seats, are moderately well preserved. In No. 8 of the Rue de la Liberté, which runs from the Place Agricola, is the Hôtel des Quatre Saisons, which was visited by Napoleon I. and by Pope Pius VII. (The Rue de la Liberté leads to the Place du Marché, whence goes the Rue Montgolfier to the Boulevard de la Mer, which leads to the *Sud France* station, near the Naval aerodrome.)

The ancient harbour was about one-third of a mile square. Near its site rises the *Butte Ste Antoine*, the old Citadelle, of which three round towers are still erect. The Butte was probably raised to protect the harbour from the north-west wind. A mole runs hence to terminate in the so-called *Lanterne d'Auguste*. The ancient walls, five times larger than the modern Fréjus, may be traced by the aid of guide-posts. From the Butte the line goes across the railway, which traverses the site of the harbour, and passes near the restored Porte Dorée (or Porte d'Orée), near which are some ancient remains; hence the wall, leaving the edge of the harbour, goes on to the *Porte Romaine*. Near this are remains of the *Aqueduct*, and, to the south, is the so-called Plate-Forme, with vaulted reservoirs.

In the Place de la République is situated the *Cathedral* of Notre Dame et St Etienne, a Provençal structure of the eleventh-twelfth century, with a seventh-century *Baptistry*. The main *doors* of the Cathedral are sumptuously carved in the Renaissance style with representations of the life of the Virgin. The Baptistry is a circular building with its roof supported by eight black marble columns, said to have come from the Temple of Diana which formerly stood near the Amphitheatre. The *Cloisters*, which date from the thirteenth century, are adorned with restored fifteenth-century paintings. Opposite the Cathedral is the Hôtel de Ville, formerly the *Bishop's Palace*; it also houses a small museum, entered from the Place Riculphe, and containing a number of Roman and Gallo-Roman antiquities.

On the right of the Place Agricola is the Church of *St François-de-Paule*. The great St Francis de Paule played a big part in the life of Fréjus. In the year 1482 the

dying Louis XI. sent for St Francis in the hope that he might perform some miracle on his behalf. At this time the plague was raging at Marseille and the ship carrying the saint was obliged to put about and make for another port. A tempest was blowing at the time, and as the ship tossed through the Gulf of Lions its captain suddenly perceived a piratical-looking craft bearing down on them. "For the sake of charity put up the sails, and go forward in the strength of the Lord," cried St Francis, and the ship sped on accordingly. St Francis then turned and raised his hand against the pirate vessel, which immediately stopped as though held by an invisible anchor; meanwhile the ship carrying St Francis arrived at Lavandou, where it was learned that Fréjus was suffering also from the plague, which had created such havoc in the town that Fréjus had become "No more than a tomb." St Francis, wearing his long brown gown, entered Fréjus by the Porte de Meous, and on his way to the Place de l'Evêché, now the Place de la République, he failed to meet a single human being. "At last on the door-sill of a house, he saw an old woman spinning with a distaff. 'Woman, how comes it that in all this great city I met no one; why are the doors and windows so close shut and the grass growing in the streets? Whence comes this great solitude?' 'Oh, mounpero, it is because the plague is within our walls. Half the inhabitants have perished, and the rest have fled away into the forests, or have shut themselves up in their houses. I only am left in the street, waiting for the hour of the good God.' 'Woman, for the love of God show me the way to the church.' St Francis, having entered, threw himself down before the altar, with his face to the earth, while full of love and confidence in God he besought the Lord to drive away the plague. And as the old woman watched him he arose, sounded three strokes on the great bell, and cried: 'Go tell the people that I have come, and that by the power of the love of God I will heal them.' And the poor woman, weeping for happiness, ran hither and thither spreading the good news, while the bell kept swinging and ringing—'People of Fréjus, the plague is gone from among us, a holy man has come and delivered us by his prayers so that no more shall the sickness return to our city. Therefore, come back to your

homes and to your work. Oh, People. Trust in God and never forget your benefactor, Francis of Paulo."

The deliverance is celebrated every year by a curious little festival. As the day of the celebration arrives all the houses are ransacked for old-fashioned uniforms. In these quaint costumes the men of Fréjus, headed by an officer, march down to the Chapel of St Roch, where is a model of the boat in which St Francis landed. The procession then returns, to the accompaniment of fifes and drums, by the Porte de Meous, and once inside the town the naïve little pastoral, preserved for many centuries, is enacted. It begins with the meeting outside the gate of an old woman spinning a distaff with the individual who represents St Francis; it ends with the crashing of bells and the beating of drums, the braying of trumpets as the whole crowd follows the leading actors into the old cathedral. Military mass is then followed by the blessing of the guns and muskets carried by those taking part in the festival; for now begins the Bravade, which is said to derive from the necessity in Saracen days of religious processions having a military escort. This curious escort still guards the clergy and the precious relics, using up an extraordinary amount of gunpowder fired enthusiastically into the air.

From Fréjus to Toulon and St Raphaël by the Sud-France Railway (see p. 161).

Leaving Fréjus, the line cuts through the site of the Roman harbour, and leaving the so-called Lanterne d'Auguste on the right, crosses the Gravière and the Garonne, presently reaching St Raphaël.

*St Raphaël* has gained some notoriety as being the spot where Napoleon landed in 1799 on his return from Egypt, and where he embarked in 1814 for Elba in charge of Sir Neil Campbell. It is one of the quieter Riviera towns, though favoured throughout the year, its winter season being followed by a French season of bathing. Its shore is less protected from the mistral than at Cannes, but beyond the town is a fine range of mountains richly wooded with pines on the lower slopes. The soil is dry, the air bracing, and the average temperature not quite so hot as at Hyères and Cannes, nor so relaxing as at Mentone. There are good hotels in the town, and others, together with a

number of villas, in the pine forest and Estérel. The sanitary arrangements and water are good. St Raphaël was discovered by Alphonse Karr in 1880, and the town has raised a statue in his honour at the junction of the Boulevard Félix-Martin and the Avenue Wilson.

The *Railway Stations*.—The P.L.M. and Sud-France lines adjoin each other. *Hotels*: Beau Rivage, du Parc, de la Plage; *Post Office* in the Avenue Maréchal Foch; *English Church* held at St John's, Avenue des Lierres, on Sundays, 8.30, 10.30, and 3; there is a *Palace Theatre* on the Boulevard Félix-Martin, and *golf* may be had at Valescure. The harbour and the modern town extend along the sea-shore, its centre being the Place Coulet; the Avenue Amiral-Baux goes hence to the Quai de St Tropez on the harbour, recorded as the spot where Napoleon landed on his return from Egypt. The main street of the new town is the Boulevard Félix-Martin, which goes from the quay past the modern Benedictine church, and on to the monument of Alphonse Karr by Maubert. The Boulevard Félix-Martin is continued by the Boulevard du Touring-Club, which in turn loses its identity in the Corniche d'Or. Along this road are a number of fine villas half screened by beautiful gardens. Among them is the Oustalet dou Capelan, where Gounod composed "Roméo et Juliette" in 1886 and "Le Père Lebonnard" a year earlier. Farther on is the Maison Close, the last residence of Alphonse Karr. The centre of the old town is the Place Carnot with the Mairie and a twelfth-century Romanesque church of the Templiers.

About two miles to the north-west is the charming little winter resort of *Valescure* (Hotel: Golf), which is surrounded by pine woods and is resorted to largely by English visitors and by those for whom the immediate vicinity of the sea is undesirable. The Corniche d'Or is a picturesque road leading from St Raphaël to Cannes, a distance of 27 miles. It passes *Boulouris*, *Agay*, the pretty little resort of *Anthéor*, and *Le Trayas*, descending and ascending and at times with rather hair-raising rapidity, until, passing *Théoule-sur-Mer* and *La Napoule*, the line enters the station of Nice.

The main line now fringes the coastline, passing round the base of the Estérels, revealing fascinating views broken rather too frequently by tunnels. Presently is

reached *Boulouris-sur-Mer*, a quiet little winter resort among the pines. It is followed by *Agay* (Hotel: *Roches Rouges*), popular both in winter and summer and with a sheltered harbour that is considered by some authorities to be the *Portus Agathonis* of the Antonine Itinerary. The two wooded points known as *Le Trayas*, marking the western border of the Department of the Maritime Alps, are reached. *Le Trayas* (Hotel: *Estérel*) is an excellent centre for excursions among the *Estérels*, and from it there is a road to the Chapel of *Ste Baume* (p. 136). Passing through the tunnel of *Saoumes*, the line now crosses a large indented promontory occupied by two peaks, the southern known as the *Aiguillon* or *Small Needle* and the northern as the *Aiguille* or *Needle*. A little beyond there appear the two square towers of the castle of *Napoule*, built in the fourteenth-century by the Count of *Villeneuve*. The train then coasts the Gulf of *Napoule*, from which, for a few seconds, may be seen on the left the town of *Grasse*, and beyond this the snow-clad peaks of the Maritime Alps. *Théoule-sur-Mer* (Grand Hotel), a pretty little place with a bridge; and *La Napoule*, with a fine bathing beach and three towers of its fourteenth-century castle still erect, are left behind, and passing in full view of the *Iles de Lérins* the line crosses the *Argentière* and the *Siagne*, continuing then by *La Bocca* (junction for *Grasse*) to *Cannes* (see p. 175).

The railway now skirts the sea to *Golfe-Juan-Vallauris*, followed by *Golfe-Juan* (Hôtel Central; Hôtel Métropole at *Cannes-Eden*), a pleasant bathing resort, with possibilities as a winter station. A column commemorates the landing here of *Napoleon I.* on 1st March 1815, on his return from *Elba*. The French Mediterranean Squadron may frequently be seen in this roadstead, which is one of the best sheltered along the coast. [Tram from *Golfe-Juan* to *Cannes*; to *Juan-les-Pins*; to *Antibes*; and to *Vallauris*, which is noted for its artistic pottery.]

The line now goes on to *Juan-les-Pins* (Grand Hotel; *Alexandra*; *Miramar*), a winter resort and bathing-station surrounded by forests of pine and with a magnificent beach of fine sand. The Post Office is in the *Avenue de l'Estérel*.

Crossing the isthmus of the *Cap d'Antibes* the line reaches *Antibes*.

*Antibes* (Hotel: Royal) is a seaport of about 12,000 inhabitants, finely situated between two small bays on the Gulf of Nice. It is an ancient settlement colonised by the Greeks about 300 B.C. and called *Antipolis*. It achieved some significance under the Romans as the port of Cimiez. From the fifth century until 1244 it was the seat of a bishop. Since the frontier line between France and Italy was removed from the River Var, the necessity for Antibes as a fortress ceased, and the fortifications erected by Vauban have been demolished. Vauban was also responsible for the breakwater constructed to protect the harbour.

The *Post Office* is in the Place Nationale. The *English Church* of All Saints is in the Avenue Niquet. *Tramways* run to the Cap d'Antibes, to Cannes and Cagnes; there is an aeroplane service on certain days of the week to Ajaccio in Corsica (see p. 308).

The *Fort Carré*, built by Vauban in 1691, is still well preserved. It is situated on the north side of the bay and contains the tomb of General Championnet, who was responsible for the second Parthenopean Republic at Naples. From the old sixteenth-century ramparts, now the Boulevard des Fronts-de-Mer, there is a splendid view; another fine view, which embraces the mountain ranges behind and the coast towards Italy, may be secured from the top of the lighthouse. The church is of the seventeenth century and has a good altar-piece. It is adjoined by an old château of the Grimaldis. In the wall of the Hôtel de Ville is a Latin inscription commemorating Septentrion, a child dancer who is said possibly to have been a British slave. *Cap d'Antibes* (or de la Garoupe), where from the Grand Hotel there is a charming view of the Golfe Juan, is a peninsula  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles long, dotted with fine villas and gardens and covered with luxuriant vegetation. The fine Avenue Albert-Premier, which begins at the Place de la Victoire, the chief tourist centre of Antibes, traverses the cape from north to south; it is also traversed by the Route du Cap, along which runs the tramway. Among the features which should be noted are the *Villa Thuret*, with its celebrated botanic garden, now the property of the Museum of Natural History at Paris; La Garoupe, reached from off the Boulevard Notre-Dame, which is a hill crowned by an ancient chapel and lighthouse, from



the summit of which there is a marvellous view ; the Villa *Eilen-Roc*, with fine gardens, at the extremity of the cape. The peninsula ends in the Pointe de l'Ilette. The air of Cap d'Antibes is invigorating. The eleventh-century chapel of *Notre-Dame-du-Bon-Port*, the approach to which is bordered by fourteen stations of the Cross with groups illustrating the Passion, is much frequented by pilgrims. The chapel is situated just in front of the lighthouse.

Leaving Antibes the railway traverses a rich and attractive district, passing *Biot*, which still retains a portion of its old walls on which the little village is built. There is some ancient arcading in the main square, and many of the doors of the houses show fine workmanship. The curious church is reached by a descending flight of thirteen stone steps. Crossing the *Loup* you come now to *Cagnes* (*Hôtel Savournin* ; *Hôtel de l'Univers*), which has a population of about 6000 and is an interesting old town perched on a steep hill and crowned by an old castle of the Grimaldis, within which is a ceiling painting of the Fall of Phaëthon which is attributed to Carlone. Cagnes is a quiet little winter resort with good and inexpensive hotels open throughout the year. It is connected with Antibes and Nice by tramcar. Electric tramcars go from Cagnes to Grasse in under two hours, passing the restored feudal castle above *Villeneuve-Loubet*, where *Maréchal Pétain* has a residence. There is also an electric tramway in under an hour from Cagnes to *Vence*, passing through pleasant scenery via *St Paul*, a romantic little fortified village with a beautiful Gothic church, in which are numerous seventeenth and eighteenth-century works of art. *Vence*, see p. 196. The line now passes the growing resort of *Cros-de-Cagnes*, followed by *St Laurent-du-Var* and over the *Var* to *Nice-St Augustin*. *Nice*, see p. 198.

The line now passes through a tunnel in the *Cimiez* hill and crosses the bed of the *Paillon* to *Nice-Riquier*. A further and longer tunnel is now threaded in the *Mont Alban* to *Villefranche-sur-Mer*.

*Villefranche* owes its name to the commercial privileges granted it by Charles II. of Anjou, Count of Provence, who founded it in the early fourteenth century. A naval battle of flowers is held here annually in February. From

its position close to the foot of the mountains it manages to escape the fury of the Mistral and the keenness of the Alpine winds. Its winter temperature is higher than that of Nice. The town proper, which nestles between the sea and the mountains, consists of isolated houses ranged one above the other, and the harbour, which is formed by a deep indentation of the coast, lies between the Cape of Mont Boron on the west and the peninsula of St Jean on the east. It is about a mile and a half long by three-quarters of a mile broad, and is now a station of the French Mediterranean fleet, its harbour being one of the finest in Europe. In 1564 an earthquake occurred here, when the waters were raised to a tremendous height and the sea withdrawn so that the harbour was laid bare for half a mile. A few years later that catastrophe was followed by a terrific gale said to be unparalleled in these regions. The neighbourhood abounds with orange, lemon, olive and carouba trees, and the bay supplies, not only a considerable quantity of edible fish, but also a number of rare and interesting varieties of marine molluscs and zoophytes. Villefranche is, indeed, one of the best places on the Mediterranean for the naturalist and the student of conchology, while its pleasant temperature and sheltered position make of it a desirable winter resort. The town itself, which retains its aspect of an eighteenth-century seaport, is worth some inspection. It is well served with hotels (Hôtel Welcome ; Hôtel Régence) ; there is a Post Office in the Avenue de Verdun ; and tramways connect with Nice and Monte Carlo. A boat may be taken from Villefranche to the Bay of Passable, whence a pleasant route leads to St Jean (p. 174).

The line now traverses another tunnel, emerging to Beaulieu-sur-Mer.

*Beaulieu-sur-Mer* (Hotels: Bristol, Bedford, Victoria, Grand des Anglais, Royal, Savoy, Pens de France, Londres) is a pleasant little town in one of the most sheltered corners of the Riviera, its agreeable climate receiving adequate testimony from the luxuriant groves of orange, lemon and olive which surround it. Beaulieu was anciently known as Anao, but was little more than a small fishing village until its excellence as a fashionable winter resort was discovered. The garden village which Mr Baird dis-

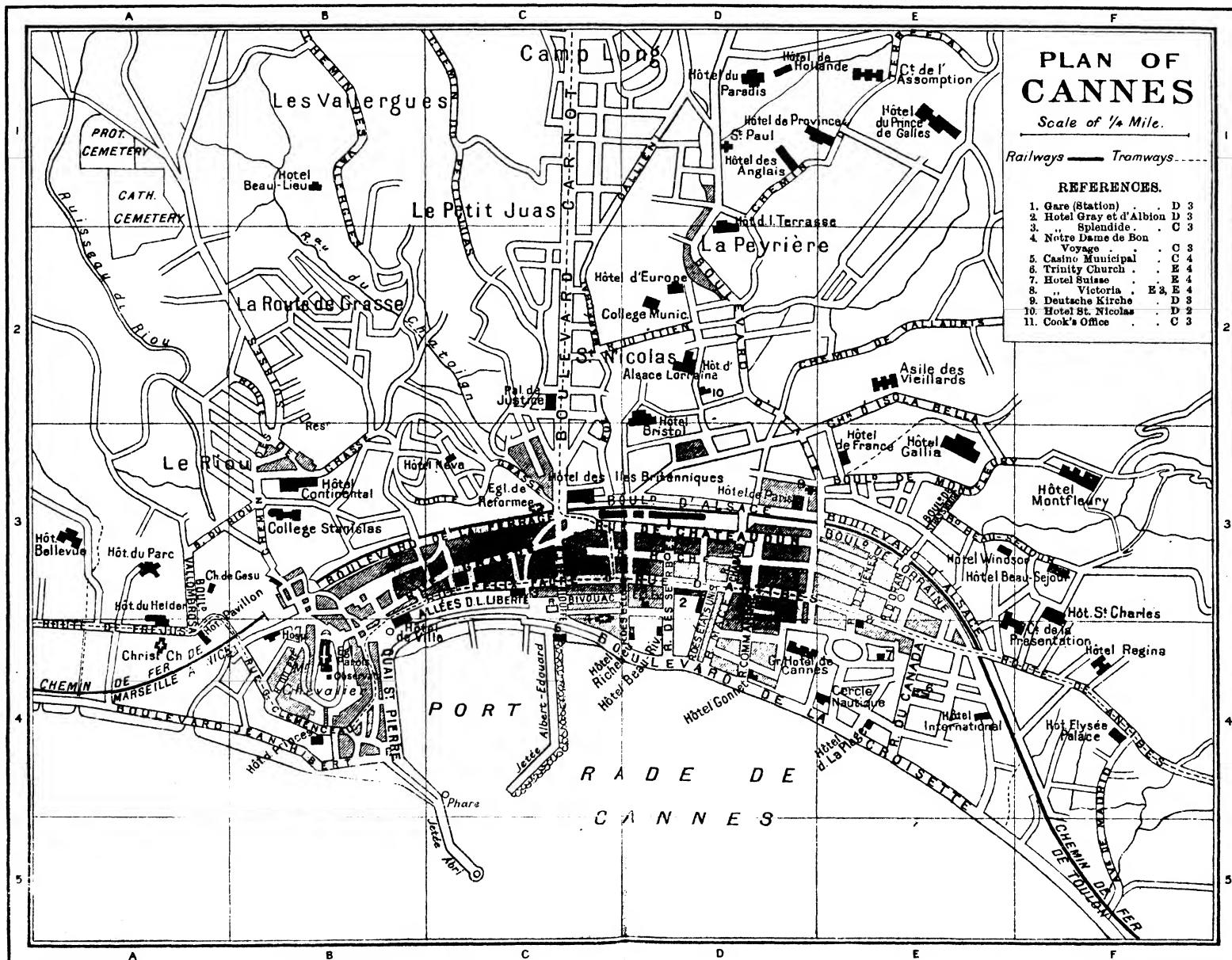
covered, and to which Monsieur Marinoni fled for repose, has in these days a collection of handsome residences, many of Oriental appearance, dominated by the lofty place built by the Marquis of Salisbury. Beaulieu is probably the most expensive residence in the Riviera, its rents being higher than at Monte Carlo, Nice or Cannes. The ordinary amusements of the larger winter resorts are absent from Beaulieu. One may, however, enjoy good and safe sea-bathing, numerous walks and drives and as much fishing, rowing or sailing as one desires. The climate of the place is very mild, but not relaxing, for, although well protected from the winds, the mountains are more distant than from some other neighbouring stations.

There is a *Post and Telegraph Office* in the Boulevard Marinoni; the *English Church* of St Michael was opened in 1894 and services are given at 11.30 A.M. on Sundays. There are *electric tramways* to Nice and to Monte Carlo.

There is a pretty public garden in the Boulevard Marinoni, just above the station, whence the roads climb up the hill to the Middle Corniche. At the end of the Quai Blundell-Maple begins the fine Promenade Maurice-Rouvier to St-Jean-Cap-Ferrat, a distance of about a mile and a quarter. *St-Jean-Cap-Ferrat* (Hotel: Parc) is a fishing village gradually acquiring considerable popularity as a winter and summer resort. Fishermen should visit St-Jean during the tunny fishing season in February, March and April. On the promontory are remains of fortifications and an eleventh-century church and masonry of a Saracenic stronghold; at the south end is Cap Ferrat (Grand Hotel).

After Beaulieu there follows the station for Eze. *Eze* is a strange romantic little village perched on an isolated rock and reached by a steep path and road, but see p. 222. Now follows *Cap d'Ail* (Hotels: Eden, du Cap Fleury), a pleasant little winter resort with a boulevard descending to the coast, whence a footpath continues on to Monaco. A steep zigzag road leads up to *La Turbie*. A fine view of the rock of Monaco may be seen as the train approaches the town, passing on the left the handsome cemetery of Monaco. Monaco, see p. 238. The next station is Monte Carlo (see p. 244). Beautiful views of the coast are enjoyed







as the line skirts the sea to *Cap-Martin-Roquebrune*, which is followed beyond a tunnel in Cap-Martin by Mentone, see p. 250. *Mentone-Garavan* is the last station in French territory; and the first in Italian territory is Ventimiglia or Vintimille (see p. 257).

## CANNES. NICE. MONTE CARLO

## CANNES

(a) *Cannes* is finely situated, partly on the Golfe de la Napoule and partly on the Golfe Juan; and well enough protected from the north-west winds by the Estérel Mountains. Its excellence as a winter station was first discovered by Lord Brougham, who, compelled to remain on this coast for some little time, owing to quarantine regulations, decided to build himself a home above the little fishing village of Cannes and to make it a permanent winter residence. He communicated his find to the rest of the world, and the rest of the world—Lord Brougham's world—quickly followed him, until now Cannes, with a population of 40,000, is one of the most frequented and aristocratic watering-places in the South of France.

It is a very beautiful resort. Large enough, and efficiently well organized to serve all the complicated wants of fashionable society, it yet contrives to avoid towniness, or cosmopolitan vulgarity. It lies amid a wealth of extraordinary flowers. In winter, as in summer, it is green and blossoming. It is a bewildering luxuriance out of which, in one's memory, emerges the olive, in pale green regiments, the long groves of oranges and lemons, exotic palms and clumps of pomegranate; and of the flowers there are chiefly great mountains of mimosa, and fields of jonquils, violets, roses, lemon-scented geraniums, cassia and jessamine, grown for their perfume.

There is every pleasant relaxation at Cannes. The tennis-courts and golf links attract the most famous sportsmen in the world. There is polo, where international players are seen, and race-meetings more notable, perhaps, for their fashionable attendance than for the excellence of the racing. Sailing, motoring, walking—there is no end to the gracious variety of Cannes. And not least of these pleasures are the walks in and out of Cannes, wander-

ing idly along the Croisette, up and down the gay Rue d'Antibes, or perhaps through the quiet ways of the old town, or out to the little villages behind, to *Le Cannet*, which is a little sore at heart to see its poorer subject, the fishing village of Cannes, become so great, so overshadowing ; and to half a hundred other fascinating hamlets.

Cannes, which takes its name from the cane reeds that formerly grew there, consists of a main thoroughfare, parallel with the coast ; and the Boulevard de la Croisette, with streets running at right angles to the Rue d'Antibes. Hotels and villas cover a wide area, and those occupied chiefly by English families lie to the west (Route de Fréjus) and east (La Californie). The residence of the late Lord Brougham, the founder of Cannes, is in the centre of the western part of the town, while the cemetery in which he lies buried, in the Route de Grasse, is beautifully situated on a hill which overlooks West Cannes. His statue is in the Allées de la Liberté at the west end of the Boulevard de la Croisette. King Edward VII. is also honoured with a statue at Cannes. It is on the Promenade de la Croisette, and was inaugurated on 3rd April 1912. The old town, known as Le Suquet, lies on Mont Chevalier, dominated by the Church of Notre-Dame-d'Espérance and an old *tower*.

*Practical Details*.—Railway station in the centre of the town ; hotel omnibuses meet all trains. *Cook's Office* (winter only) at 3 Rue Maréchal Foch. *Post and Telegraph*.—In the Rue Bivouac and Rue Notre Dame, near the Boulevard de la Croisette, open 8 A.M., to 7 P.M., and until midnight for telegrams (Sundays, 7 to 10 A.M.). Two arrivals and departures of English mail daily.

*British vice-Consulate* at 7 Rue Maréchal Foch ; *American* at 20 Rue de la Buffa. *English Churches*.—Holy Trinity, Rue du Canada, St Paul's, Boulevard d'Italie (library attached) ; Christ Church, Route de Fréjus ; St George's (Memorial), La Californie ; St Andrew's Presbyterian, Route de Grasse. *English Hospital*, Sunny Bank, Petit Juan. The foundation stone of this hospital was laid by Edward VII. when Prince of Wales, in 1897.

*Clubs*.—Cercle Nautique (see p. 178), Cercle de Cannes ; Cercle de l'Union ; Polo Club at Mandelieu ; Golf Club at La Napoule ; Automobile Club and Regatta Club ; Tennis.



and Croquet Club ; Cercle Artistique, etc. *Casinos* : Casino Municipal, at the shore end of the Albert Edward Jetty, with gaming-rooms, reading-rooms, theatre, etc. ; *Casino de Cannes*, 5 Rue des Belges. *Concerts* : The Municipal Band plays during the season in the Esplanade des Allées and, on Sundays, in the Allées de la Liberté. *Theatres* : at the Hotel Gallia, Olympia, and at the Casino.

*Hotels*.—Many of the hotels in Cannes are palatial, and therefore expensive, but in some first-class houses arrangements may be made for reduced rates over a long period. The charges at the Hotel-Pensions are, of course, more moderate. Most of the hotels in the suburbs have large gardens with sporting facilities. The following are recommended :—Beau-Site, Californie, Carlton, Gallia, Majestic, Métropole, Beau Séjour, Bellevue, Continental, Gonnet et de la Reine, Grand, Grande Bretagne, Gray et d'Albion, Mont Fleury, du Parc, Alsace-Lorraine, des Anglais, Bristol, Pavillon, des Pins, Splendid, St-Charles Winter Palace, Cosmopolitan, Campestra, Hollande et Russie, Victoria, Alexandra, Genève et d'Angleterre, de Paris, Carnot, Castelflor.

*Villas, Apartments, or Furnished Rooms*.—For those who require this sort of accommodation, a good plan is to drive to some hotel on arrival, and, during a stay there of a few days, to make a selection of apartments or a villa at leisure. There are a great many villas which may be rented for the season at varying prices. It should be borne in mind that the French law concerning furnished houses and apartments is drawn much in favour of the letter, and great care should therefore be exercised to have a clearly defined written agreement, specifying that all charges for water, all taxes, the maintenance of the gardens, fire insurance, etc., are included in the amount paid. In addition to this, an inventory must be prepared, not only specifying every article of furniture, but the condition of every separate piece. The safest plan is, of course, to employ an agent. Visitors may obtain, freely, reliable information concerning Cannes from Mr J. Augier, who is a house and estate agent at 71 Rue d'Antibes. The above remarks apply to all the towns of the Riviera.

*Pensions*.—These, like furnished apartments, should be personally selected.

*Amusements.*—Cannes is well provided with amusements of a somewhat select and quiet kind. Chief among these are balls, parties, golf, lawn-tennis, picnics, sea-bathing, sailing and boating. Afternoon concerts and theatrical productions are given at the Hôtel Gallia; concerts and dances at the Cercle Nautique; there is a small casino, with orchestra and cafés-concerts, in the Rue Bossu. During carnival and Mid-Lent there are battles of flowers, and other fêtes. Pigeon-shooting takes place at La Bocca, and regattas are held in April. Cricket, golf, tennis and polo flourish.

*Electric Trams* from Mandelieu via La Bocca and Cannes to Juan-les-Pins and Antibes; also from Hôtel de Ville through Rue de la Gare and Boulevard Carnot to Le Cannet; also to Grasse. *Motor-omnibuses*: to Thorenc, La Croisette, Pégomas, Mougins, Le Trayas, and Valbonne (for times and fares see Time Tables).

*Automobile Excursions.*—There are numerous motor excursions daily from Cook's office, 3 Rue Maréchal Foch; and various excursions by carriage are also arranged. *Steamers* run to the Lérin Islands (Ste-Marguerite and St-Honorat) twice daily, usually at 10 A.M., noon, and 2 P.M., from the Jetée Albert-Edouard (p. 187).

*Pleasure boats*, for rowing or sailing, may be hired on the beach, Allées de la Liberté and at La Croisette.

*Climate of Cannes.*—Lenthéric, who was by way of being an authority on the Mediterranean coast, is enthusiastic in his praise of the climate of Cannes. He writes thus: "Verily, no country in the world possesses a climate comparable to that of Cannes. There no extremes of temperature are known, as in other parts of Provence. The belt of hills which enclose the Gulf forms a screen intervening between the bay and the towering mountains; and when the cold winds blow down from the Alps, they sweep over the littoral, which lies always sheltered. Thanks to this natural protection, they fall at some distance out to sea, and one can mark the ruffle of the surface on the horizon, whilst that near the beach gently undulates like the face of a tranquil lake. The mighty loss of heat, favoured by the limpidity of a sky always cloudless, is compensated for by the proximity of the sea, always slow

to give up its heat, and which bathes this coast with an atmosphere ever temperate. The mean temperature is superior to those of Nice, Genoa, Florence, Pisa, Rome, and even of Naples; it never falls below freezing-point, and never rises as high as in most of the towns of Europe.

"This equilibrium of temperature is manifest in the simultaneous development of vegetations apparently contradictory. At Cannes, above every spot on the coast of Provence, the vegetations of opposite climes melt into one another in an admirable promiscuity. The landscape is veritably unique, and one feels there as if one were transported into a vast conservatory, in which artificially are united growths the most different in character. The plain is covered with oranges and lemons, from among which shoot up at intervals the fans of palms and the spikes of aloes. The hills are crowned with umbrella-pines, whose majestic heads recall classic sites in the Roman campagna. In the background of the picture are dark and dense forests of pines, like a gloomy drapery, above which rise the pure and gleaming heights of the Alps in their eternal snows. Thus, as in a single framework, one can see grouped together the great conifers of the north, the olives of Provence, the golden fruits of the Balearic Isles, the oleanders of Asia Minor, and the thorny vegetation of the Algerian Tell."

The mean temperature in summer and in winter varies not more than  $27^{\circ}$ . The average in autumn is  $64^{\circ}.4$ , winter,  $48^{\circ}.2$ , spring,  $60^{\circ}.4$ , summer,  $75^{\circ}.5$ ; for the year  $62^{\circ}$ . January is the coldest month; November and March are the wettest periods. Rainy days during the season, November to May, are computed at 44; sunny days at 108. Fogs are altogether unknown. It is said that for invalids of nervous disposition, and for sufferers from asthmatic troubles, the neighbourhood of the sea-shore may be too bracing and stimulating. La Californie and other residential parts situated slightly inland seem indicated for such people. After sunset there is a rapid diminution of temperature.

The sandy beach of Cannes slopes gently to the sea, whose waters are from  $10^{\circ}$  to  $14^{\circ}$  warmer than those of the Atlantic. All round the bay, and both east and west of the pier, there is a fine sandy bottom for bathing; and,

there being little or no tide in the Mediterranean, the bathing huts are stationary.

*History.*—The history of Cannes is of no great significance. The old town probably occupies the site of Ægnita, a Ligurian town destroyed by the Consul Quintus Opianus in B.C. 154, in response to a request by the Greek Colonies occupying the coast, that Rome should put a stop to the harassing tactics of the Ligurians in these parts. Ægnita was then handed over to Marseille. In the tenth century it was the property of the Abbey of Lérins, and throughout the Middle Ages it was in perpetual conflict with its ecclesiastical masters, from whom it sought a municipal freedom. This, however, was denied it until the year 1788, the year before the Revolution. In 1580 the great plague, which ravaged all Provence, began at Cannes, whither the infection had been brought by a Levantine trading ship. Wars of one kind or another passed over it during the succeeding years, but Cannes had now become little more than an unimportant fishing village, and such it remained until its discovery by Lord Brougham, and its subsequent exploitation as a winter resort.

The *Hôtel de Ville* is situated in the Place named after it. You reach it from the Rue d'Antibes by following the tram-line which skirts the shady Allées de la Liberté, noted for its morning flower-market. In the Hôtel de Ville is established the *Musée Rothschild* (week-days, 9 to 12 ; 2 to 5 ; closed during August). The museum contains paintings, engravings and sculptures, and a collection of natural history, including a fine collection of the flora of the Alpes-Maritimes.

To reach the old town you begin from the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, whence you follow a zigzag course, by way of narrow streets, to the plateau on the top of Mont Chevalier. Here is the church of *Notre-Dame-de-l'Espérance*, which dates from 1648. It is not a very interesting structure, and was built to take the place of a smaller parish church which lies behind Notre-Dame, and is well worth a visit. It formerly played the part of chapel to the castle and church to the parish, when Cannes was a small place enclosed within fortifications. It is Romanesque, with most of its features in pretty much

the same condition as when the church was built. On leaving this church you follow a path through an archway to the open space from which rises the large, square tower known as the *Tour du Mont-Chevalier*. It is an excellent tower, firmly based on hard rock, the outside being constructed of large blocks of stone carefully chiselled at the edges. The entrance is by a doorway 10 feet from the ground.

The view from this tower is striking. It extends from Cap Roux to the islands, and embraces the Estérels, the Tanneron and the Maritime Alps. You see a portion of Grasse, with Mougins perched on a hill; Le Cannet lies sheltered at the head of its valley, and at your feet is Cannes, with its little harbour, and the wide bay sweeping round to La Croisette. "From this point it is interesting to mark the extent of old Cannes, which is easily traced by the dark-coloured roofs; for almost all the new buildings have roofs of the bright red tiles of Marseilles. Cannes of the Middle Ages seems to have been a little burgh lying on the eastern side of Mont Chevalier, between fortifications which stretched like parallel arms from the castle on the hill-top down to the little harbour; a place of strength which could laugh at the Moorish rovers who infested the coast, and at jealous and plunder-loving neighbours. In times when security to life and property became greater, habitations were erected outside the walls, on the north of the hill, the quarter called the Suquet, and so it went on till Cannes crept quite down into the plain."

Adjoining the tower is the *Musée Lycklama* (9 to 12 and 2 to 5 except August, when closed), with a collection of Greek, Babylonian and Egyptian antiquities, and a number of Roman vases, some Oriental furniture, and local antiquities.

When returning to the Hôtel de Ville, take the old paved street leading from the church to the Rue du Suquet, a steep, old way, containing the most ancient part of Cannes after that within the fortifications. Note especially the medieval house-entrances at Nos. 18 and 2. A great deal of this street dates back to the fifteenth century, when the poorer houses were without glass, and the entrance made by a large opening flanked by one or two large blocks of stone, which served as shop counters.

The celebrated *Boulevard de la Croisette* begins near the Casino Municipal, which rises near the Jetée Albert-Edouard, named after King Edward VII. of England. The Boulevard is usually thronged with the fashionable world of Cannes in the forenoon. It is overlooked by magnificent hotels and villas. It passes the Edward VII. statue and goes on by the new Galeries Fleuries and the fashionable club, known as the Cercle Nautique to the famous *Garden of the Hesperides*, a remarkably fine garden with a stadium. The end of the Pointe de la Croisette, whence there is a fine view, is reached at the Place du Masque de Fer (p. 187), where rises a small seventeenth-century fort.

The view from the Pointe de la Croisette is a notable one. You see the Island of Ste-Marguerite (p. 187) a little to the south; and westward, mistily, is Cape Camarat. The bold outline of the Estérels is seen nearer at hand, with its highest peak, Mont Vinaigre, rising 2000 feet above the sea-level. Cap d'Antibes stretches eastward, with the lighthouse about midway from the point, and, beyond the land end, the mountains which overlook Nice. The Croisette divides into two bays the space of water stretching between the Estérels and the Cape of Antibes. On the Estérel side it is the Golfe de la Napoule, and on the other it is the Golfe-Juan (p. 170). The view extends northwards over all Cannes, embracing the villages of Le Cannet and Mougins, and the hills beyond Grasse. The return to Cannes may be made by tramway.

*Westward along the Fréjus Road :*

(1) *To La Croix des Gardes*.—You follow the high road for about half a mile to the bridge of the Riou. Then turn to the right, following the picturesque footpath up the gorge to the second bridge, known as the Pont Romain, which is said, with little show of evidence, to have carried the Roman Via Aurelia across the stream; cross this and ascend to the Croix in its pine grove 538 feet above the sea. There is an extensive view northwards, but the view is even better from a point about forty minutes higher. For this walk two hours should be allowed. The Croix des Gardes can also be reached by carriage from the Fréjus Road by the Avenue Bellevue, the Avenue Beau

Site and the Boulevard Leader. The carriage drive is, however, much less picturesque than the other. One mile beyond La Croix are the Roccabillère Crags with an even finer view.

(2) *Along the Fréjus Road.*—Following this road from the bridge over the Riou (see above) you pass Christ Church on the left, followed by the Villa Victoria, built in the English style of the fifteenth century. It was built by a Mr Woolfield, who was also responsible for the neighbouring church. A little farther along on the right is the Villa Rothschild and the Villa de Lugnes, followed by the Villa Eléonore, erected by the late Lord Brougham. On the left farther on is the Villa de la Rochefoucauld, with some fine gardens, then follows the Château de la Bocca, magnificently situated and constructed in feudal style. It is one mile farther on from La Bocca to the mound known as St-Cassien, on the summit of which is a hermitage. At one time there appears to have been a thick wall all around the top of this hill, but it is difficult to say whether it was actually a fortified post. It is, however, traditional that the village and monastery of Arluc were originally situated almost at the foot of this hill, in which case it is more than probable that the hill itself would have been strongly fortified. The remains, however, are very slight and not very helpful in forming a conclusion.

It is to-day quite an important site, for here it is that occurs on St-Cassien's day, the 23rd July, what is perhaps the most important of all those fêtes for the Roumeiragi which are peculiar to Provence. The word "Roumeiragi" is said to derive from Provençal words signifying a pilgrimage to Rome; at all events the local fête was invented in the Middle Ages as a substitute it is said for the difficult and harassing pilgrimages to Rome. "It is much more probable that it is a survival from pagan times of a religious festival, which, as it could not be abolished, was wisely taken in hand by the Roman Catholic Church, and purified and controlled into a fête in relation with one of her saints. However that may be, this of St-Cassien is the great romérage of this part of the country." The celebration takes place on the 23rd of July, when all the inhabitants of Cannes, Grasse, Fréjus and Antibes, with their neigh-

bouring hamlets, come dressed in all their finery to the hill of St-Cassien. The proceedings are opened at mid-day, when Mass is said in the chapel. At the conclusion of this ceremony dancing commences and is carried on with unfailing vigour until sunset. Meanwhile in the plain below and along the roadside preparations are made for dinner. "Precisely at 6 o'clock, at a given signal, the mound is deserted and all the people flock to the food prepared in the valley, where they can eat and drink in family parties, joyously and pleasantly, for by that time the sun is getting low, and the fierceness of his heat much abated. About half-past seven the sun sets and the sight from the mound is most remarkable. On all sides on the low ground are lights on the tables and at the booths. The air is full of singing and music, while the Estérel and Tanneron mountains loom large and black in the clear sky. And then begins the famous Provençal dance *Lou Maouresquo* (in French, *la Farandole*). The music of the clarionet, tabor, and violins, the real country music, strikes up any air that has somewhat of a martial character and plenty of spirit, and the young men and maidens, the latter all dressed in white, go two and two, hand in hand dancing and singing, following the leaders, in a long string, like wild swans, amongst the groups and the lighted tables and the booths till they return whence they started, and the quaint, pretty dance winds up with a regular romp, hands round. And then, too, there is *Lou Rigaoudoun* (in French, *le Rigadon*), a sort of foursome Scotch reel, of which the peculiarities are that no dancer may, however exhausted, leave his post till a substitute offers, and that any substitute may offer at any time. And so with dancing and singing the fête goes on till after midnight."

(3) *From St-Cassien*.—About a mile from St-Cassien is the suspension bridge over the Ciagne. There are three interesting routes hence, one to La Napoule, another to Les Pointus and a third to the Estérèls. La Napoule, situated on the sea at the foot of the Estérel mountains, is reached by an excellent carriage road of  $5\frac{1}{2}$  miles. The total distance from Cannes is  $6\frac{1}{2}$  miles, and the return may be made by sea, a distance of only  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles. It has a fine bathing beach, and there are picturesque remains of



a château of the fourteenth century taken and destroyed by corsairs in 1530. It was built in the fourteenth century by Raymond de Turenne, known as "the scourge of Provence." Les Pointus are the twin mountain peaks to the right, forming a difficult ascent by a path which may, however, be negotiated on horseback. From the summit there is a superb view. To the Estérel is by high road over a distance of 8 miles. The ascent to the *auberge* is a distance of about 3 miles, thence the ascent of Mont Vinaigre, which stands 2000 feet above sea-level, takes about an hour and a half. There are new roads through the pine and oak woods which have been opened in all directions by the Department of Woods and Forests. For Le Trayas, whence can be visited the grotto of Ste-Baume, see p. 170.

(4) *In continuation from La Bocca.*—You take the road to the mills of Abbadie. At the right time of the year this is a very delightful walk, passing through a region noted for the quantity, variety, and beauty of its wild flowers. Presently you come to a large expanse of grass-land, which is very refreshing after the glare of sea, sky, arid hills and white, dusty roads. A few minutes brings you in sight of Auribeau, prettily situated among hills. The way then goes on to a group of houses at the bridge of Pont Neuf. The road to the right now conducts to the village of Pégomas, whence it is a short walk to *Auribeau*. It is a sleepy little place, with no building of consequence, but from the platform on which the church stands there is a very fine view and the neighbourhood is very suitable for picnics. It is about a mile and a quarter farther on to the Chapel of Valcluse.

*Eastward along the Shore.*

(5) *To the Cap de la Croisette.*—This is a walk of 2 miles, taking about half an hour, or it may be accomplished by carriage in fifteen minutes. There are omnibuses from the Hôtel de Ville. On the left before reaching the cape is the celebrated Jardin des Hespérides with upwards of 10,000 orange-trees. At the cape there are large comfortable sailing boats which will carry you to Ste-Marguerite (see p. 187). The shore may be followed to the Golfe-Juan (p. 170).

*Northward inland.*

(6) *To Le Cannet*.—Le Cannet is about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles journey by carriage road, or can be accomplished by electric tramway. *Le Cannet* (Hôtel de Grande Bretagne; Hôtel Stella; Hôtel Carnot; Hôtel Astoria; Hôtel des Anges) is a hill village delightfully sheltered amid woods and with a climate even milder than that of Cannes. From the Place Bellevue there is a delightful view over the valley to the sea. Below, on the left, is seen the Villa Sardou, an odd double-towered building in which the father of Victorien Sardou, the dramatist, was born, and where Mademoiselle Rachel, the great French tragic actress, died on 3rd January 1858. The little town is perfectly protected from every wind and is very warm, being at the head of a long valley which slopes gently up from the Mediterranean. From various points there are delightful views, and the surrounding country is full of pleasant walks and drives. There is, near the old church, a twelfth-century Tour des Dany, wrongly called the Tour du Brigand, and part of the defensive works of the Abbots of Lérins, who controlled this territory in the Middle Ages, is seen in the Tour de Calvis in the old village.

(7) *To Vallauris* (Hôtel de la Renaissance; Hôtel des Voyageurs).—By carriage-road this is a run of  $5\frac{1}{2}$  miles and is one of the prettiest drives in the neighbourhood. Vallauris has for long been a seat of the pottery industry and excelled in that art even in Roman times. There is a stone preserved at Vallauris bearing a Roman inscription, from which it is concluded that it is one of a number erected by the side of a Roman highway. On the east side of the open Place, where stands the Hôtel de Ville, are the remains of a château built for the Abbot of Lérins. The most ancient part of it is a small chapel on the north side, which probably dates from the tenth or eleventh century, but the rest of the building is probably not more than 150 years old.

*Cannes to Grasse*.—This is a journey by railway of  $12\frac{1}{2}$  miles, taking about three quarters of an hour. The line, which diverges at La Bocca from the main P.-L.-M. route, passes *Ranguin*, *Mougins*, an interesting little village with old walls and a fortified gateway; *Mouans-Sartoux* with

a sixteenth-century castle and some pretty fountains; *Plan-de-Grasse* and *St.-Mathieu*.—The journey by tramway is one of 11 miles, taking one and a half hours and commencing from the *Jetée Albert-Édouard*. The tram-line passes *Les Baraques*, *Mouans-Sartoux* and *Les Quatre-Chemins*.

*To the Iles de Lérins.*

This is one of the most interesting excursions that can be made from Cannes. There is a motor-launch daily, leaving the *Jetée Albert-Édouard* at 10 a.m. and 2 p.m.; or motor-boat or sailing-boat may be hired. It is possible to take the morning boat to *St Honorat*, proceeding thence to *Ste-Marguerite*, where lunch could be taken, the return to Cannes being made by the afternoon boat. The islands, of which there are two—*Ste-Marguerite* and *St-Honorat*—are said to take their name from a mythical hero of whom nothing is known to-day. According to Pliny there existed on one of the islands a town named *Vergoanum*, and it is known that *Ste-Marguerite* was occupied both by the Greeks and the Romans.

The island of *Ste-Marguerite* is about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles in circumference and, except for the portion occupied by the fort built by Richelieu, it is entirely covered with pine trees. The fortress was altered by the Spaniards and later underwent improvements by Vauban. It is renowned chiefly for its association with the Man in the Iron Mask, of whom many legendary stories have circulated, one of them being that the man in the iron mask was the twin brother of Louis XIV. Mr S. Baring-Gould attributes this story to Voltaire, who in his *Age of Louis XIV.*, published in 1751, wrote, "Some months after the death of Mazarin an event happened which is without a parallel in history. Moreover, and this is not less remarkable, the event has been passed over in silence by every historian. There was sent with the utmost secrecy to the castle of the Isle of *Ste-Marguerite*, in the Sea of Provence, a prisoner unknown, of a stature above the average, young, and with features of rare nobility and beauty. On the way the prisoner wore a mask, the chin-piece of which was furnished with springs of steel, so that he could eat without removing it. Order had been given to kill him if he

ventured to uncover. He remained at the Isle until a trusted officer, Saint Mars by name, Governor of Pignerol, having been appointed in 1690 to the command of the Bastille, came to Ste-Marguerite to fetch him, and bore him thence—always in his mask—to the Bastille. Before his removal he was seen in the isle by the Marquis de Louvois, who remained standing while he spoke to him with a consideration savouring of respect. In the Bastille the unknown was as well bestowed as was possible in that place, and nothing that he asked for was refused him. He had a passion for lace and fine linen ; he amused himself with a guitar ; and his table was furnished with the best. The governor rarely sat down in his presence. An old doctor of the Bastille, who had often attended this interesting prisoner, said that, although he had examined his tongue and the rest of his body, he had never seen his face. He was admirably made, said the doctor, and his skin was of a brownish tint. He spoke charmingly, with a voice of a deeply impressive quality, never complaining of his lot, and never letting it be guessed who he was. This unknown captive died in 1703, and was buried by night in the parish of St-Paul. What is doubly astonishing is this : that when he was sent to Ste-Marguerite there did not disappear from Europe any personage of note. But observe what happened within a few days of his arrival at the isle. The governor himself laid the prisoner's table and then withdrew and locked the door. One day the prisoner wrote something with a knife on a silver plate and threw the plate out of the window towards a boat on the shore, almost at the foot of the tower. A fisherman to whom the boat belonged picked up the plate and carried it to the governor, who, surprised beyond measure, asked the man : ' Have you read what is written on this plate, and has anyone seen it in your hands ? ' ' I cannot read,' answered the fisherman ; ' I have only just found it, and no one else has seen it.' He was detained until the governor had made sure that he could not read, and that no other person had seen the plate. ' Go,' he then said. ' It is well for you that you cannot read.' "

The story has, however, often been refuted, and though the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask remains to this day unsolved, the probability is that he was an Italian,

Ercole Antonio Mattioli. Mattioli had agreed with Louis XIV. to negotiate with the Duke of Savoy with the object of permitting a French garrison to be quartered in the fortified town of Casale. After having received a considerable sum of money to carry through this secret treaty, Mattioli divulged the plan to the Austro-Spanish government. When Louis discovered the man's treason he caused him to be lured near to the frontier, there he was arrested as a traitor to France and thrown into the fortress of Pignerol, which was then in the hands of the French. He is said to have worn a black mask of velvet, not of iron, and, after Pignerol, to have been sent for confinement to the fortress of Ste-Marguerite. Finally he was removed to the Bastille, where he died.

Another celebrated prisoner of Ste-Marguerite was Marshal Bazaine, who was imprisoned there in December 1873, but succeeded in escaping in the following August. Marshal Bazaine, a child of humble parentage, early rose from the ranks to a captaincy in the Foreign Legion. In 1841, whilst serving in Algiers, he became a Colonel and then a General of Brigade. At the Crimean War he rose to be General of Defence and later was raised to the rank of Marshal, as such attending on the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian of Mexico. He lost some of his glory in Mexico but was again appointed to a high command during the Franco-Prussian war, when on 23rd October 1870 he surrendered to the enemy the city of Metz and 150,000 men. For this he was tried and sentenced to degradation and death; the sentence of death was, however, commuted to imprisonment for twenty years, and on 25th December 1873 he left Paris on his way to Antibes and from there was transferred to the fortress of Ste-Marguerite. Finally, on 10th August 1874, he escaped. It is said that his escape was planned and successfully completed by his wife and that it was connived at by the governor of the prison. He is supposed to have descended by a drain-hole to the bottom of the rock, where his wife awaited him in a boat. In this they rowed to a vessel chartered by Mme Bazaine and started at full speed for Genoa.

The island of *St-Honorat*, smaller than that of Ste-Marguerite, is less than half a mile distant. It is surrounded by a road pleasantly shaded by umbrella-pines

and close to the landing-place is a convent of Cistercian monks. The convent is said to have been founded in 410 by St-Honoratus. It was already famous in the sixth century but suffered afterwards in the attacks of the Saracens. In 1524 it was seized by the Spaniards. The monastery was handed over to the Cistercians in 1859. In the period of its importance practically the whole civilisation of France between the Loire and the Mediterranean was controlled by the monks established at St Honorat, in the abbey of which there are certain ruins. On the south coast of the island stands an old castle built in the eleventh century and serving practically as a fortified monastery, whither the inhabitants of the island could retreat at the approach of serious danger. The interior suffered a considerable change during this period as the residence of the actress Mlle Alziary de Roquefort, known as Sainval.

"To the west of the Ile Ste-Marguerite, the sea pours up a copious spring of fresh water. When the surface of the sea is calm, the upflow can be easily distinguished by the undulations. There are other such springs in the Gulf of Juan, near Antibes, also at the mouth of the Var; near the shore at Portissol, west of St-Nazaire; another again near Bandol. In 1838, a M. Bazin tapped this latter when sinking a well at Cadière, and such an abundance of water poured forth that the well had to be abandoned. Off Cassis is a very considerable spring in the sea, so strong that it carries floating bodies for a couple of miles from its source. But the largest of all is in the Gulf of Spezia, and is called La Polla. This has been enclosed by the Italian government, and vessels supply themselves with fresh water from it."

*Cannes to Grasse.*—This is a railway journey of 12½ miles, taking about forty-five minutes. Ranguin is passed, followed by Mougins, an old village with fortifications. Then comes Mouans-Sartoux, with an old sixteenth-century castle and some pretty fountains. Passing Plan-de-Grasse and St-Mathieu the line reaches Grasse.

By tramway from the Jetée Albert-Édouard it takes 1½ hours, passing Les Baraques, Mouans-Sartoux and Les Quatre-Chemins.

*Grasse* is an enchanting little place, very well known

for its perfumes, but insufficiently known for the quaintness and unexpectedness of its old town, which is a tangle of winding streets pleasantly interrupted by little green, shady squares. The town is built on the slopes of a hill 1000 feet high, and there is scarcely a piece of level walking in the whole place ; but, when you have done climbing its ever-ascending streets, there is yet to be explored a neighbourhood which yields little in romance and picturesque-ness to any other part of the Riviera. It is, indeed, an admirable centre for the magnificent scenery of the Loup and the strange country through which runs the river Var, St-Vallier and the upper waters of the Siagne. Close at hand also are Vence and St-Jeannet beneath its strange crag full of crevasses and caves. Grasse was the birthplace of Fragonard, and is little changed to-day from what it was in the eighteenth century. The modern quarters with their foliage stretch east and west, and at the foot of the hill are field upon field of violets, jonquils, roses, mignonette, jessamine and tuberoses. The flower fields and nursery gardens near Grasse and Cannes are said to produce annually several millions of francs' worth of flowers, and a vast quantity of these pass annually through the distilleries at Grasse, whence the perfume is despatched all over the world.

*Railway Station.*—The P.-L.-M. station is situated  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles south of the Cours ; the Sud-France Railway for Nice, Draguignan and Meyrargues is 1 mile east of the Cours. *Tramways* run to and from the P.-L.-M. station ; also from the P.-L.-M. station to Cagnes and to Cannes ; Auto-cars run frequently to Cannes and twice daily in winter to Nice ; there are omnibuses to St-Auban and St-Cézaire and to Thorenc.

*Hotels.*—Grand, Belvedere Palace, Victoria.

The *Post, Telegraph and Telephone Office* is situated in the Place Neuve and the *Municipal Theatre* is in the Boulevard Jeu-de-Ballon. The *English Church* of St-John is in the Avenue Victoria. There is a *Casino* with theatre, gaming rooms, restaurant, etc. in the Cours. *Tennis* is provided in the Boulevard Emile Zola and *golf* at Pré-du-Lac, with which there is frequent communication by trams.

There is no evidence that Grasse was at any time occupied either by the Romans or the Greeks, though the existence of a *foux*, a great outburst of pure water from the rock, has led to the belief that a settlement of some kind is almost sure to have been there from the earliest

days. The town has its first historical reference in 1154, though by that time it had achieved some prominence and was able shortly afterwards to enter into treaties on an equal footing with the Pisans and the Genoese. There are those, however, who assert that Grasse was founded by Crassus in the first century B.C., and some others are of opinion that its first settlement occurred in the sixth century, when a colony of Sardinian Jews established themselves there. It remains a fact, however, that the city was an independent commune in the twelfth century, thriving on its manufactures of soap, its leather, its gloves, its refined oil and scents. In 1227 it submitted to Raymond Bérenger, Count of Provence, though under circumstances entirely favourable to itself. The city acquired further prominence in 1243, when the bishopric of Antibes was transferred to Grasse by Pope Innocent IV., the reason for the change being the unhealthiness of Antibes and its liability to be plundered by the Saracens.

Of the bishops of Grasse none has made any mark with the possible exception of Antoine Godeau, of whom Mr Baring-Gould gives some interesting particulars. He was born at Dreux in 1605 and lived in Paris with a kinsman named Couart, to whom he had submitted a number of his own verses. Couart distributed the lyrics and gained for them some appreciation among a little coterie which gathered from time to time for the purpose of hearing Godeau's compositions: thus was the nucleus established out of which grew the Académie française. Godeau, who had entered Holy Orders and became an Abbé at the age of thirty, was offered and accepted the united diocese of Grasse and Vence. From Grasse he wrote the following verses to Mlle de Rambouillet, whose devoted admirer he had become:—

“ Dans ce désert où je suis retourné,  
Mon cœur languit, à souffrir destiné,  
Et mon esprit plein de mélancolie  
Ne pense plus qu'à la belle Julie.

J'aimerais mieux être aux fers condamné  
Dans le dur froid de l'âpre Corilie.  
O Rambouillet ! O nymphe si jolie,  
Souffrirez-vous que je sois confiné  
Dans ce désert ? ”



His appointment to Grasse is said to have followed on his presentation of a paraphrase of the *Bénédicité* to Richelieu. The Cardinal said, "Sir, you have given me *Bénédicité*. I in return render you Grasse (*Grâces*)."  
Godeau was not very happy, however, and finally he threw up Grasse and retained only Vence, the poorest see in France.

Grasse was also the birthplace of the Provençal poet Bellaud de la Bellaudière and of the Comte de Grasse, a hero of the War of Independence in America; and, of greater significance than all these, Jean Honoré Fragonard, an important member of a popular eighteenth-century French school of painters, whose works, however, never rose very far above mediocrity. Fragonard died at Paris in 1806. Those paintings which show his technical qualities at their best are five pictures representing the sports of childhood and youth, which were painted for the decoration of the magnificent château built by Louis XV. at Luciennes for the famous Countess du Barry. The pictures never reached their destination, owing to the outbreak of the Revolution (p. 195).

The main centre of Grasse is known as the Promenade du Cours, reached by funicular from the P.-L.-M. Station. Here is established the Casino. The terrace commands a notable view, embracing the snow-covered Alps to the north and the olive-clad plains sloping down to the sea. There is a still more extensive view to be had from the plateau on the top of Roquevignon. The Boulevard Victor-Hugo leads west from the Cours to the Hôpital du Petit-Paris, where, in the chapel, are three early paintings by *Rubens*: The Crown of Thorns, The Elevation of the Cross, and The Crucifixion. The Emperor Alexander of Russia offered four thousand pounds for these works, but their possessor, M. Perolle, refused to sell them, and presented the pictures to the church. There are also three excellent works attributed to Natoire.

The Boulevard du Jeu-de-Ballon, whence there is a tramway to Cagnes, is the chief thoroughfare of Grasse, and is continued by the Avenues Thiers and Victoria, in the favourite quarter for winter visitors. The number of winter visitors is rapidly increasing, Grasse being well sheltered and subject to a dry, pure air, which is said to

be an agreeable change for those who find the sea air of Cannes or Nice somewhat exciting.

From the Boulevard Fragonard, which goes beyond the Public Park, in which is a bust of Fragonard, the Rue du Cours goes south-eastward to the Rue Droite. Now following the Rue Gazan you come to the *Hôtel de Ville*. This was formerly the Bishop's Palace, and has connected with it a great square tower, of the eleventh century. On the tower is a tablet commemorating Bellaud de la Bellaudière; and in the Hôtel de Ville is a library containing old MSS. and paintings. Near by is the *Church*, formerly the cathedral.

The *Church* is said to occupy the site of a Roman temple dedicated to Jupiter. "The Cathedral of Grasse is of singularly uncouth Gothic, of the twelfth century [actually thirteenth], with huge drums of pillars, and the crudest of vaulting without any moulding being afforded to the ribs. Grasse possessed formerly a very curious feature, shared with Vence, of having the choir for bishop and chapter in the west gallery, over the porch. As this was so exceptional, and as the early apse would not admit of seats for the chapter, a late bishop built out a hideous structure behind the high altar to accommodate himself and the clergy." The main doorway and two crypts hewn in the rock are based on Vauban's designs. There is nothing in the *interior* worthy of special notice except a painting behind the high altar, by Subleyras, representing the Ascension of the Virgin; and a Christ Washing the Disciples' Feet, by Fragonard. Perhaps also notable is a fifteenth-century triptych.

Returning to the Boulevard Fragonard, you should visit the former mansion of Louise, Marchioness of Grasse-Cabris, youngest and most beautiful of the sisters of Mirabeau. Various writers on Grasse have seized upon the Mirabeau connection with Grasse to invest their descriptions with some piquancy; and, certainly, there was much scandal afoot when Mirabeau resided with the Marquise. Here is one of the stories. Mirabeau, whose father had obtained an order for his interment at Manosque, broke bounds and came to visit his sister at Grasse. Two days after his arrival the good folk of Grasse were shocked to observe on the walls of their town an indecent lampoon,

insulting important ladies of rank who visited Grasse during the winter.

The rumour grew that Mirabeau and his sister were responsible, a circumstance which greatly angered Mirabeau, who, deciding that a certain M. de Villeneuve-Monans was responsible for the report, sought out the old gentleman, whom he met one day walking bareheaded, under the protection of an umbrella. The incensed Mirabeau straightway horsewhipped him and broke the umbrella over his shoulders. The next move was the taking out of a *lettre de cachet* against Louise, but then it transpired that her husband, the Marquis de Grasse-Cabris, had been the author of the pasquinade, and that Mirabeau had known nothing whatever about it.

The mansion has now become the *Musée Fragonard*. In 1921 the Société Fragonard acquired the house and converted it into a museum of the arts and history of Basse-Provence, to be known as the Musée Fragonard. It has already received gifts including certain original Fragonard paintings and drawings, and works by other artists associated with the school. There are also a number of prints and engravings, a bust of Fragonard and the box of colours with which he worked. There is also the beginning of a regional library, and specimens of eighteenth-century furniture.

A number of very fine excursions are to be had in the vicinity of Grasse. Chief of these, of the nearer ones at any rate, is that to the Gorge of the Loup, seen to advantage from the station of Le Loup (p. 196). "It is hard to decide which is most beautiful, the view of the mouth of the Ravine, with the waterfall foaming down the cliff beside it, as seen from the hillside as the train swings down from the direction of Nice, or whether from the side approached from Grasse, whence up the Gorge is obtained a glimpse of snowy peaks."

*Grasse to Nice*.—This is a journey of 30½ miles, accomplished by the Sud-France Railway in about three hours. It is a delightfully picturesque line, passing some exceedingly interesting sites, and always within view of romantic scenery. The first station after Grasse is Magagnosc-Châteauneuf. The line then reaches its summit level and halts presently at *Le Bar* (Hôtel Cauvin), a quaintly-

situated village, with an old church containing an interesting fifteenth-century altar-piece ; and, in the presbytery, a curious panel-painting of the fifteenth-century, illustrating the "Dance of Death."

You pass now over two viaducts, and halt at *Le Loup* (p. 195) for the *Gorges du Loup*, a series of rocky ravines, with fine waterfalls, extending about 6 miles. A footpath, commencing by the bridge on the left bank, and a narrow carriage-road, conduct to the gorges. Again quoting from Mr Baring-Gould : " It does not suffice to look at the mouth of the Gorge of the Loup. The ravine must be ascended, and that not by the new track, cut to accommodate the lazy, high up in the cliff, but by the footpath at the bottom. This will lead in the first place to an exquisite subject for the artist. On the farther bank is planted a little chapel with a cell once tenanted by a hermit. In mid-torrent is a pile of rocks, and a light bridge of widest construction traverses the river ; above the piles of stone in the centre, against the purple gloom of the gorge, lies a crucifix, bathed in golden sunlight. Below, where it can root itself, is flowering Laurestinus." Continuing the ascent you come upon increasing loveliness, until presently you reach the main stream as it leaps " in maddest gambol of youth."

After *Le Loup*, the line makes for *Les Valettes*, which is reached after crossing a fine, curved *viaduct*. Then comes *Tourettes-sur-Loup*, with old walls and three towers, and a quaint collection of dwellings cast against a cliff ; it has a Gothic church unusually pure in style. Three hours' climb away is the summit of the *Puy des Tourettes* (4160 ft.). After *Tourettes* comes *Vence*.

*Vence*, known to the Romans as *Vistium*, is surrounded with the crumbling ramparts of medieval times, which seem to have squeezed both streets and houses into a cramped and disorderly, if pleasantly picturesque, confusion. The town stands on a long, hilly ridge, with mountains all around it, dominated by the great cliff of the *Roche-Blanche*. Under the Romans it was one of the eight principal cities of the *Alpes Maritimes*, and possessed a forum, as well as an aqueduct, which brought to it volumes of delicious water. Now it is bursting its walls in an endeavour to make provision for its winter

visitors. Godeau, referred to on p. 192, was one of the Bishops of Vence; he yields in piety to Saints Veranus and Lambert, also bishops of Vence, as was another, Piccolomini, who became Pope Pius III. Note the twelfth-century Romanesque *cathedral*, in the interior of which are some fine choir stalls.

The route increases in picturesqueness as you leave Vence, crossing the Lubiane and Cagne to *St Jeannet-la-Gaude*, which serves as the station for *St Jeannet*, just under 3 miles to the north-west, and for *La Gaude*, 3½ miles to the south, where is a ruined castle of the Templars and some manganese mines. The next station is *Gattières*, from which may be visited *Carros*, which has a ruined castle, and the small summer resort of *Le Broc*. You now cross a viaduct and descend in zigzags to the Var, which is crossed by the Pont de Manda. Comes now *Colomars*, the village of which is some 2½ miles away from the station, which serves as a junction for Puget-Théniers and Digne (see p. 147). Passing *Lingostière*, *St-Isidore* and *La Madeleine*, you pass through several tunnels and come presently to Nice (p. 198).

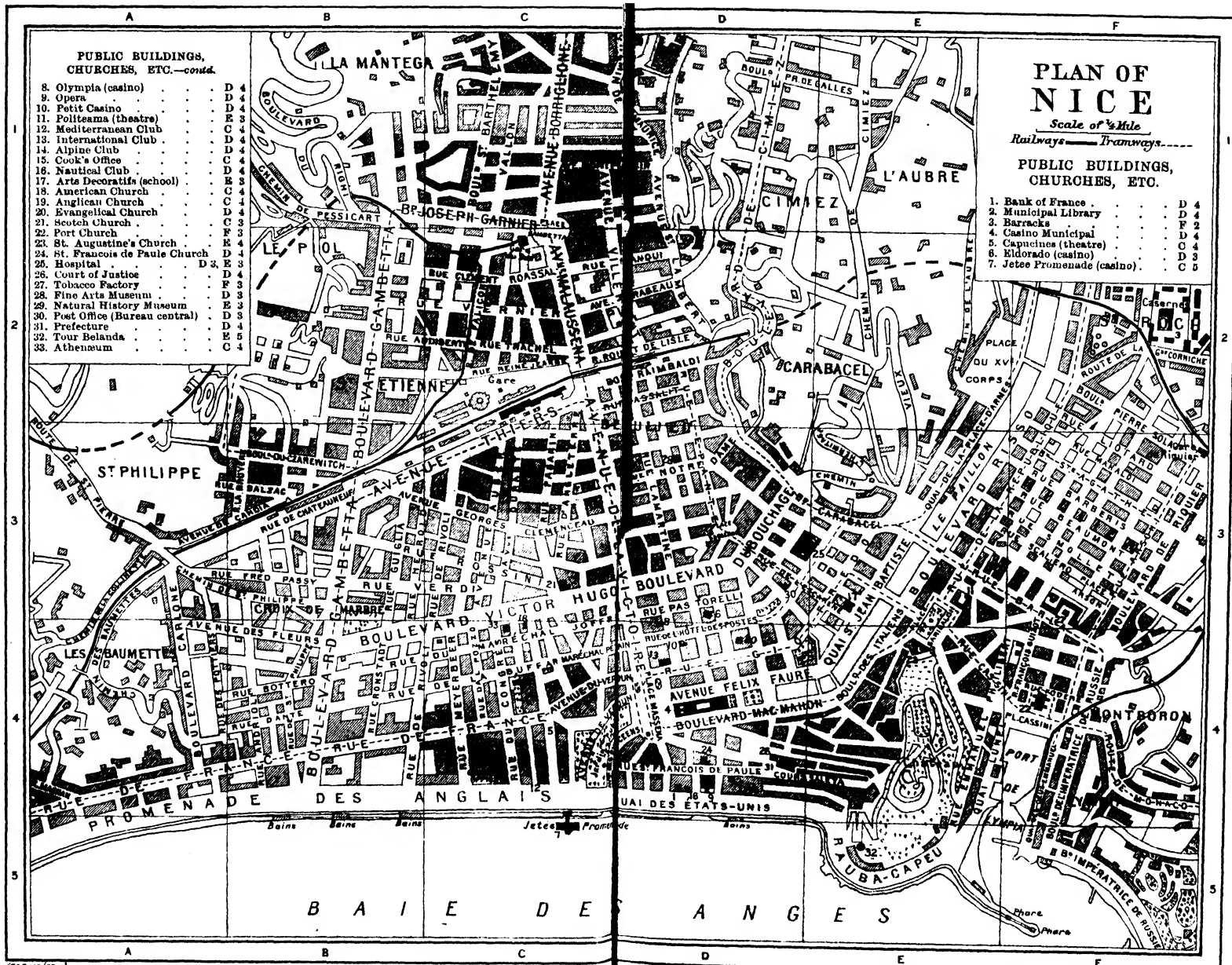
Among other shorter excursions from Grasse is that to Thorenc, a distance of 31 miles by the direct road, served by motor-omnibus starting from the Funicular station in connection with the P.-L.-M. trains. The shorter route of 22 miles is that which is followed by a motor service from Cannes. *Thorenc* (Grand Hôtel des Alpes; Grand Hôtel; Pension Beau Séjour) stands in the midst of pine forests and the mountains behind Grasse and is frequented both in summer and winter. There are numerous excursions in the neighbourhood. The climate is delightful and facilities are available for Winter Sports. There is a motor service daily from Grasse to St Cézaire, a distance of 10 miles to the west. *St Cézaire* is an interesting old place largely retaining its medieval aspect, with a ruined castle, well-preserved towers and a gateway. An excellent Roman sarcophagus is preserved in the Mairie, and several interesting caverns, including the Grotte Dozol, may be visited in the neighbourhood.

Grasse to Castellane and Digne (see p. 149).

## NICE

(b) *Nice* has been subject to a great deal of enthusiasm and not a little criticism. Doubtless there are tawdry elements and a slightly more democratic flavour than is to be seen in the more exclusive or, at any rate, more expensive resorts of the Riviera. But, when all is said, everything that the Riviera stands for in the popular imagination is to be had at Nice. The beauty of the place is undeniable, the excellence of its hotels, shops and general municipal features is equally undeniable, and the spirit of gaiety which is, after all, next to the sun itself, the feature most generally sought by visitors to the Riviera, is buoyant and untiring throughout the whole of the season ; one might almost say throughout the whole of the year. Nice is, indeed, the *ville de plaisir par excellence* of this strip of coast. Life here is one perpetual round of balls, horse-races, regattas, concerts, parties and fêtes. Music is heard on the promenade daily at certain hours, and the smart world turns out in its diverting glory to see and be seen on the Promenade des Anglais. Carnival and Mi-carême are days which are specially celebrated at Nice. They represent the high-pressure mark of Niçois gaiety. On these occasions the bright little city, half-French, half-African in its aspect, throws itself into a complication of festivities with an abandon almost incredible to those who know only the decorous fêtes of colder climes. A notable feature of carnival is the Battle of Flowers, a celebration in which hundreds of carriages and motor-cars, gaily decorated with every variety of bloom, march up and down the promenade, pelting their neighbours with the flowers. Sir Frederick Treves prefers to call it the Massacre of Flowers. However that may be, it calls forth all the light-hearted enthusiasm of the gaiety-loving Niçois and not a little, one suspects, of the enthusiasm of visitors from the North. A feature of Nice which renders it ideal for those who do not wish to confine their activities to the Promenade des Anglais, La Croisette or the Société Anonyme des Bains de Mer, is its admirable position as a centre for excursions in either direction. The immediate neighbourhood of the Riviera is in adequate communication with Nice by train, tram or public automobiles, so









also are the marvellous beauties of the Maritime Alps and the little-known curiosities of the Alps of Provence, stretching northward to Barcelonnette and westward to the Rhône. A thousand delightful and unusual sights are brought within reach of the visitor to Nice.

*Climate.*—The mean temperature of Nice during the months of November, December and January is  $48^{\circ}$ ; the average for the months of February, March and April is  $56^{\circ}$ . Those figures, however, do not convey very much. It is better to realise that January is the coldest month, August the hottest, and October the wettest. Fogs are unknown and snow practically so, while throughout the season, which commences in November and lasts until about Easter, the amount of sunshine is enough for most ordinary mortals. Doctors will tell you that the air is very favourable to patients suffering from gout, rheumatism, paralysis and certain other unfortunate affections; but it is also very exciting, and patients suffering from any form of nervousness need hope for little benefit. The air is usually clear, the sun bright and the rainfall moderate, while the breezes are generally cool and refreshing. Invalids should, however, be very cautious how they go out when the wind is in the east, a direction it favours for something like forty days in every year. The south-west wind, which blows on an average about twenty-one days in the year, is usually very boisterous, and the mistral, which blows chiefly in March and April, is the most annoying of them all; the fact that it is cleansing hardly justifies, in the minds of temporary visitors, its ferocity. At all events, though Nice is to some extent sheltered, visitors should be particularly careful not to expose themselves to these unusual blasts; for in addition to their prejudicial effect on the lungs, they are usually accompanied by clouds of fine dust. It is said on authority that invalids should not be out of doors before 10 a.m. or after sunset. Suggesting these precautions seems to give an impression that the climate of Nice is apt to be dangerous, that, however, is not so; it is merely that visitors from the North, unaccustomed to the brilliant sunshine and sweet air of Nice in winter, are inclined to grow careless and often suffer as a consequence.

*Population*, 170,000. *Hotels*: Majestic, Negresco, Plaza et de France, Ruhl et des Anglais, Atlantic, Continental, Grand, Langham, de Nice, Palace, Royal, Westminster, Beau Rivage, Luxembourg, Métropole, du Mont Boron, Grand Hôtel O'Connor, des Palmiers, Queen's, Terminus, West End, Excelsior Hôtel Funel, Merveille, des Princes, St Ermins, Windsor, Brice, Busby, Pension Trois Epis; (Cimiez) Hermitage, Riviera Palace, Winter Palace, Grand Hôtel de Cimiez, Pavillon Victoria. *Railway Stations*.—The P.-L.-M. station faces the Avenue Thiers. Hotel omnibuses meet trains. Gare du Sud in the Avenue Malausséna for Grasse, etc. *Cook's Office*.—13 Promenade des Anglais. *Post and Telegraph Office*.—Place Wilson. Branches; Place Grimaldi, Place Garibaldi, Avenue de la Victoire, Hôtel de Ville, and Railway Station. The chief Post Office is open from 8 a.m. to 7 p.m.; and the Telegraph Office is always open. *British Consulate*.—95 Rue de France. Hours, 10 till noon. *United States Consulate*.—35 Boulevard Victor Hugo. Hours, 9.30 a.m. till 4 p.m., Saturdays 1 p.m. *English Churches*.—Holy Trinity, Place Alziary-de-Malausséna. Christ Church, 3 Avenue Notre Dame. Presbyterian, 35 Boulevard Dubouchage (10.30). American, 21 Bd. Victor Hugo (8.30 and 10.30). Sacred Heart, Pl. de la Croix de Marbre. Russian, 6 Rue Longchamps. Services on Sundays, 10.30 a.m.; Vespers, Saturdays, at 5 p.m. The church is open daily to visitors from 2 to 5 p.m. *Russian Memorial Chapel*, to the N.W. of the railway station, where the Prince Imperial of Russia died, April 24, 1865. *Jewish Synagogue*.—Rue Deloye. Services on Saturdays at 9 a.m. and 3 p.m. *English Hospital*.—The Victoria Memorial Hospital, Mt. Boron. For paying and non-paying patients. *Hydropathic Establishments*.—The two most important establishments are in the healthy St Philippe suburb, viz.—The Villa Verdier, large and expensive; the Villa Rozy, charges moderate. *Clubs*.—Riviera Club, Promenade des Anglais. Cercle de l'Union, 1 Place Masséna. Cercle Masséna, 11 Place Masséna. *Casinos, Theatres, Music Halls*.—Jetée Promenade and Casino. Admission, 1 fr. 25 c. Municipal Casino, Place Masséna. Admission 2 fr. Grand Theatre and Opera House, Rue St-Francois-de-Paule. Eldorado Palace, 29 Rue Pastorelli. Palais de la Jetée, Promenade des Anglais. *Golf Links* (18 holes).—Near Cagnes station (train or tram). *Cab and Taxi-Auto Fares* vary according to whether by the hour or course, within the first or second zone or beyond, day or night, number of persons, and are moreover continually being increased, so that it is of very little use quoting figures. Visitors are advised to obtain the current tariff from the driver of the vehicle. *Electric Tramways*. Nice is served by an excellent system of electric cars running in all directions from 5 a.m. until midnight to the suburbs and districts, which extend as far as Mentone in one direction, Cagnes in the opposite direction; also to Cimiez, and Garibaldi-Contes. The principal starting-station is at the Place Masséna, opposite the Casino (see also p. 209). *Automobile Excursions*.—During the season automobiles make trips of every description to the neighbourhood. *Steamers*.—For Toulon, Marseilles and Corsica (see p. 305). Excursions in small steamers several times a week to the

Iles de Lérins, Cannes, Antibes, Villefranche, Monaco, and Mentone. Time-table and fares at the Offices, North Quay, at the Port. *Ostrich Farm*, Route du Var.—Visitors to Nice have now an opportunity of visiting an Ostrich Farm. It has been started by an Englishman, Mr Edward Cawston, whose experiments have disproved the theory that ostriches can only thrive in South Africa. At the end of 1905 there were about 150 ostriches on the farm, and their number is constantly increasing. There is also a sale-room with a choice of ostrich feathers, boas, and fans. Admission to the farm, 1 fr. Trams from the Place Masséna to Cagnes pass the farm. *Sea-bathing* is very good, but the beach is formed of shingle. Near Villefranche, and beyond the peninsula of St Hospice, the shore is sandy, and there are some places very favourable for bathing.

*History.*—The origin of Nice can be traced to the prehistoric settlement on the outstanding calcareous rock which is now called the Château. The rock is part of the long ridge of Cimiez and was fenced in by the Ligurian shepherds and herdsmen of the settlement with a strong palisade. Just such a site, it can well be understood, aroused the cupidity of the Greek navigators. We do not know if the colony of Greeks which established itself in this position came direct from Phocœa or mediately from Marseille. That at this time is a little matter, but we may imply from the Greek name "Nike," meaning "victory," that the position was not handed over without something of a struggle. The spot chosen for the first settlement was at the foot of the rock, where the little cove now called Ponchettes afforded a natural shelter. In time the Ligurians were dislodged from the rocky fastnesses above, which became to the Greeks, like the Acropolis of Athens, a citadel and a place of refuge. Traces of the Ligurian inhabitants, who fled to the mountains, were not altogether obliterated, for recent investigations have uncovered considerable fragments of tombs and prehistoric buildings, various stone implements and the massive vaulting of a large underground building. In the fullness of time Rome laid her hand upon the whole of this Mediterranean coast, including Nice, but permitted a Greek colony to continue on sufferance in the shadow of the castle hill. The site of the original Greek colony did not commend itself to the Romans, who established themselves at *Cemenelum*, now Cimiez, situated on the high ground

above modern Nice and dominating the ancient port. Here again the remains of an ancient Ligurian fortified town were discovered, including enormous blocks laid together with cement to form a defensive wall, which formed a foundation for the Roman ramparts. Here were established by the new authorities a palace of the governor of the province, a temple of Diana, another of Apollo, an amphitheatre and baths, all of which have entirely disappeared except for a few fragments of the amphitheatre. Sepulchral monuments from the Roman occupation have, however, been uncovered in various places. Throughout this period the Greek colony dwindled to almost nothing, and in 578 both Nice and Cimiez were destroyed by the Lombards under Alboin.

When the ferocious newcomers were driven back into Italy by the Franks, Nice was rebuilt and repopled, while Cimiez remained a heap of ruins. The revival of the city did not, however, take place near the part where the original Greek settlement had been, but on the rocky height of Le Château. It seems to have prospered pretty considerably and to have achieved some power, for presently it was important enough to enter into a league with Genoa and other large towns on the Italian Riviera and to revolt against the Frankish domination. To this domination it returned in the year 741, when it became the seat of a Count appointed to govern it. On the break up of the Carolingian dynasty in 880, it became part of the kingdom of Provence under one Boso. By this time Nice had become quite a large city with a castle, a cathedral and an abbey founded in 775 by Siagrius, Bishop of Nice and Charlemagne, who provided the funds for the building and endowment of the institution. The rock on which the abbey was erected is said to be that on which St Pontius suffered martyrdom by decapitation. Such a rich city could not expect to pass unnoticed by the roving Saracens, who at that time were active in their campaigns of massacre and plunder. One town after another had been sacked and burnt, and on the spur of Saint Hospice they had established a fortress from which to harass the neighbourhood of Nice, but the fortified town on the rock of Le Château was more than a match for their assaults. Finally, Gibelin Grimaldi, who with William Count of

Provence had freed most of the coast from the Saracens, destroyed the citadel at Saint Hospice and thus removed the principal danger to Nice. The Saracen prisoners taken during this struggle were quartered in a part of Nice still known as *lou canton dei Sarraïns*. An important part of the history of Nice throughout the Middle Ages is taken up with the rivalry between the Counts of Provence and Savoy and contending families such as the Lascaris of Tenda and the Grimaldi of Monaco. In 1229, after the town had revolted against the Count of Provence, it was taken by Romeo de Villeneuve, who established himself in the castle, which he enclosed within a strong wall that embraced also the cathedral and the houses of the nobility. In the next century it was taken possession of by Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, at the request of the people, a fact which proved somewhat to its advantage during the wars of Charles V. and Francis I., which practically desolated the rest of Provence. These wars were concluded at a conference between the two kings held at Nice on 18th June 1525, and a cross of marble, thrown down by the Revolution, but later set up again, marks the spot where the conference took place. It was not long, however, before the war broke out again, and Francis I. entered into an alliance with the Turks under Barbarossa, the combined army laying siege to Nice in August 1543, and it was during this struggle that an incident which Nice has never forgotten took place. "Catherine Ségurane, commonly called Malfacia (the misshapen), a washerwoman, was carrying provisions on the wall to some of the defenders, when she saw that the Turks had put up a scaling-ladder and that a captain was leading the party, and had reached the parapet. She rushed at him, beat him on the head with a washing-bat, and thrust down the ladder, which fell with all those on it. Then, hastening to the nearest group of the Niçois soldiery, she told them what she had done, and they, electrified by her example, threw open the postern, made a sortie, and drove the Turks back to the shore. According to one version of the story, Catherine gripped the standard in the hand of the Turk, wrenched it from him, and with the butt-end thrust him back." A few weeks later, however, the Turks managed to penetrate into the town and to return with 2500 prisoners,

who were retaken shortly afterwards by the Sicilian fleet.

Nice changed masters several times in the ensuing years, and was besieged and captured by France in 1600, in 1691, in 1696, and in 1705, when the siege was led by the Duke of Berwick. Then, however, by the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, it was restored to the House of Savoy, and thus became a portion of the Kingdom of Sardinia. It went again to France in 1792, when the Republic annexed it; but in this allegiance it remained only twenty years, reverting again to Sardinia in 1814. When Savoy was ceded to France in 1860, Nice went with it, and as a French town it has remained ever since, playing a very little part in international complications, but developing calmly and prosperously along the road that has brought it, to-day, to the pinnacle of excellence and splendour as a resort for the fashionable world.

*Smollett*.—It is said that, as Cannes is the creation of Lord Brougham, so Nice, as a resort, owes its discovery to Smollett. At all events, when the author of *Humphry Clinker* arrived at Nice, in November 1763, he found only an uninviting collection of alleys and old houses clustered at the foot of the château. There existed no English colony and no English comforts. The annual flight to its shores had not yet begun, and few were the adventurous foreigners who cared to sojourn, for however short a time, in its indifferent inns. Smollett seemed to like it, however, and spent a year and a half there, making it a centre for excursions throughout the neighbourhood. He wrote about it to some purpose, and with wholesome criticism, in his *Travels*, which should be read to-day for the wonderful pictures they give of old Nice as it existed a century ago. In recognition of Smollett's part in making Nice more widely known, the Municipality has named a street after him. They are prepared to overlook the acerbity of his remarks for the good that he did them in bringing their city into European notice.

Here are a few of Smollett's observations :—

“The city of Nice is built in form of an irregular isosceles triangle, the base of which fronts the sea. On the west side it is surrounded by a wall and rampart; on the east

it is overhung by a rock, on which we see the ruins of an old castle, which, before the invention of artillery, was counted impregnable. . . . This little town, hardly a mile in circumference, is said to contain twelve thousand inhabitants. The streets are narrow; the houses are built of stone, and the windows in general are fitted with paper instead of glass. This expedient would not answer in a country subject to rain and storms; but here, where there is very little of either, the paper lozenges answer tolerably well. The bourgeois, however, begin to have their houses sashed with glass. Between the town wall and the sea, the fishermen haul up their boats upon the open beach; but on the other side of the rock, where the castle stood, is the port or harbour of Nice, upon which some money has been expended. . . .

“When I stand upon the rampart and look round me, I can scarce help thinking myself enchanted. The small extent of country which I see, is all cultivated like a garden. Indeed, the plain presents nothing but gardens, full of green trees, loaded with oranges, lemons, citrons, and bergamots, which make a delightful appearance. If you examine them more nearly, you will find plantations of green pease ready to gather; all sorts of sallading, and pot-herbs, in perfection; and plats of roses, carnations, ranunculas, anemonies, and daffodils, blowing in full glory, with much beauty, vigour, and perfume, as no flower in England ever exhibited. . . .

“Amidst the plantations in the neighbourhood of Nice, appear a vast number of white *bastides*, or country houses, which make a dazzling show. Some few of these are good villas, belonging to the noblesse of this country; and even some of the bourgeois are provided with pretty lodgeable *cassines*; but in general they are the habitations of the peasants, and contain nothing but misery and vermin. They are all built square; and, being whitened with lime or plaister, contribute greatly to the richness of the view.

“The noblesse of Nice cannot leave the country without express leave from the king; and this leave, when obtained, is for a limited time, which they dare not exceed, on pain of incurring his majesty's displeasure. They must, therefore, endeavour to find amusements at home; and



this, I apprehend, would be no easy task for people of an active spirit or restless disposition. True it is, the religion of the country supplies a never-failing fund of pastime to those who have any relish for devotion ; and this is here a prevailing taste. We have had transient visits of a puppet-shew, strolling musicians, and rope-dancers ; but they did not like their quarters, and decamped without beat of drum. In the summer, about eight or nine at night, part of the noblesse may be seen assembled in a place called the Parc ; which is, indeed, a sort of street formed by a row of very paltry houses on one side, and on the other by part of the town-wall, which screens it from a prospect of the sea, the only object that could render it agreeable. Here you may perceive the noblesse stretched in pairs upon logs of wood, like so many seals upon the rocks by moonlight, each dame with her *cicisbeo* : for, you must understand, this Italian fashion prevails at Nice among all ranks of people ; and there is not such a passion as jealousy known. The husband and the *cicisbeo* live together as sworn brothers ; and the wife and mistress embrace each other with marks of the warmest affection. I do not choose to enter into particulars. I cannot open the scandalous chronicle of Nice, without hazard of contamination. With respect to delicacy and decorum, you may peruse Dean Swift's description of the Taboos, and then you will have some idea of the *porcheria*, that distinguishes the gallantry of Nice. But the parc is not the only place of public resort for our noblesse in a summer's evening. Just without one of our gates, you will find them seated in ditches on the highway side, serenaded with the croaking of frogs, and the bells and braying of mules and asses continually passing in a perpetual cloud of dust. Besides these amusements there is a public *conversazione* every evening at the commandant's house, called the Government, where these noble personages play at cards for farthings. In carnival time, there is also, at this same government, a ball twice or thrice a week, carried on by subscription. At this assembly every person, without distinction, is permitted to dance in masquerade : but, after dancing, they are obliged to unmask, and if bourgeois, to retire. No individual can give a ball, without obtaining a permission and guard of the commandant ;

and then his house is open to all masques, without distinction, who are provided with tickets, which tickets are sold by the commandant's secretary, at five sols a-piece, and delivered to the guard at the door. If I have a mind to entertain my particular friends I cannot have more than a couple of violins; and, in that case, it is called a *conversazione*."

One cannot help reflecting on the vast change that has overtaken life at Nice. The mild diversions of Smollett's day have become what is perhaps the most sophisticated gaiety in Europe, and a town notable for its discomforts has acquired such luxury and ease as Smollett never dreamed of. But the beauty of the neighbourhood, the fine quality of the air, and the abundance of sunshine deserve to-day a praise equal at least to that which Smollett gave so ungrudgingly (for his criticisms were eminently fair and sensible); while in the old town of Nice you will find that life Italianate, and a great many of the narrow streets and old, white houses, to which he reverted in many of the letters.

*Lyte*.—One thinks of another visitor to Nice, whose name is hardly known at all, but who bequeathed to the English-speaking world a few lines which have perhaps affected a great many more hearts than did all the works of *Humphry Clinker's* creator. This is Henry Francis Lyte, the author of "Abide with Me." Mr Lyte spent his last days at the Hôtel de Grand Bretagne at Nice. At that time there was no resident clergyman of the Church of England at Nice, but, it is interesting to recall, staying at the hotel was a certain young clergyman of ardent evangelical zeal. He was the Reverend Edward Manning, Rector of the English Church of Lavington, in Sussex, and Archdeacon of Chichester, soon to become famous as a Cardinal of Rome. From his hands the author of "Abide with Me" received for the last time the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. A few days later he was buried in the old Protestant Cemetery of Nice, beneath a simple slab of white marble, with a large marble cross at the head. The inscription records the bare facts of his name, birth, death, and place of residence, with no indication that the author of "Abide with Me" lies below.

“ ‘Abide with Me ’ was the last poem which he composed. It was indeed the swan-song in which he poured out his latest breath. It was the climax and supreme effort of his genius. The spirit of inspiration came to him in answer to his prayer at Berryhead, the scene of his long ministry on the south coast of England, when his life was fading with the fading leaves of September, and he was about to set out on that last forlorn journey to the Continent from which he was never to return. And that swan-song, expressing as it does the deepest longings and hopes of human hearts, has sounded throughout all the Christian world, and will keep the memory of the author green as long as the Church endures. No other hymn is sung more frequently or more heartily at the family altar or in the public worship of the sanctuary.”—*Rev. H. Macmillan.*

*Masséna.*—Some quite important people were born at Nice. Ludovico Brea, of the Ligurian School, and Carle Vanloo, are two painters of significance whose works may be seen in the neighbourhood, but not far beyond it. Marshal Masséna was born there in 1758, and is commemorated in the principal *place* of the town. Nice is very proud of Masséna, Duke of Rivoli, Prince of Essling, and Marshal of France. Born of poor parents, he passed from the sea to an Italian regiment in the pay of France, and there rose swiftly, though denied a commission on account of his birth. In 1792, under the vastly different circumstances imposed by the Republic, Masséna rejoined the army, and presently rose to the rank of colonel. Eight months later he was general of division, and so great was his success that in Bonaparte's great campaigns of 1796 and 1797, Masséna became the most trusted general of division. Success crowded upon him, and at the victory of Rivoli he achieved his greatest triumph. Fresh laurels came to him during the campaign in Switzerland. In 1804 he was made one of the first Marshals of France, and in the following year was decorated with the Grand Eagle of the Legion of Honour. In subsequent campaigns it was always Masséna who was entrusted with the most significant and difficult tasks; and always he acquitted himself with glory. For his great services he

was made Prince of Essling, and given the Castle of Thouars. In the campaigns of 1810 and 1811, undertaken in Spain to "drive the English into the sea," his heroic endeavours were largely frustrated by the incompetence and disobedience of his subordinates, and the old Marshal returned to France, having lost a great deal of his prestige. In subsequent events, and particularly on his refusal to be the judge in the trial of Marshal Ney, the old soldier was subjected to every indignity. He died on the 4th April 1817, and was buried at Père-la-Chaise, with only the word "Masséna" upon his tombstone.

From the P.L.M. Station at the north-west corner of the town runs a fine boulevard, the Avenue de la Victoire, leading in a direct line through the centre of the new town to the Place Masséna, the chief focus of Niçois tramways and traffic. On the left of the Place Masséna, as you approach, is the Municipal Casino, at the rear of which is the Square Masséna. On the right of the Place Masséna are Ornamental Gardens. These are laid out above the bed of the Paillon, which is covered over from the Square Masséna to the sea. The *Casino*, in the manner of such institutions, is highly decorated, and, with its theatre, club-rooms, and other features of amusement, is a fashionable centre. It is behind this, proceeding in the direction of the château there, that you find the old city, which is described below.

In the Ornamental *Garden* there is a seventeenth-century fountain and other sculptures, including the Monument du Centenaire, raised to commemorate the union of Nice with France in 1793. To the right, jutting into the sea, is the *Jetée Promenade*, with a huge Casino at the end of it. This, also, is a gay spot, with gambling, dancing, and theatricals. Westwards along the shore runs the famous *Promenade des Anglais*, a palm-flanked avenue, with the sea on one side and a line of fashionable hotels and mansions on the other. The avenue was originally constructed, in part of its extent, at the cost of the English colony, and was extended as far as the mouth of the Var in 1904.

At No. 33, formerly known as the Palais Rivoli, is the *Musée Masséna*, or Museum of Old Nice (daily, except Monday and Saturday, from 10 to 12 and 2 to 4.30;

admission 1 fr., except Sundays, when 50 c.). On the ground floor is a replica of Canova's statue of Napoleon I., and in the Petit Salon, portraits of Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie; in the Grand Salon are panels showing incidents in the life of Masséna, of whom there is a bust, together with portraits of his family, on the staircase. On the first floor there are miscellaneous objects, of which the most important is probably a triptych of *Our Lady of Pity*, by Miraiheti, who flourished in the fifteenth century, and was the master of Ludovico Brea, whose works are seen notably at Genoa, Savona, Albenga, Taggia, Cimiez, and Nice. Miraiheti was the founder of the Nice School. This is the *Première Salle des Primitifs*, where also is a triptych by Brea. There are interesting engravings, views, and articles illustrating the early life of Nice, whose painters are represented in the *Salle des Peintures Niçoises*. Souvenirs of Masséna and Garibaldi have been collected in rooms on the first floor. On the second floor are musical instruments, oriental jewellery, and paintings and documents concerning the annexation of Nice in 1860. In the garden are preserved Roman, Gallo-Roman, and medieval antiquities.

The Promenade des Anglais continues hence, beyond the Brook Magnan, skirting the quarters of St Hélène and Carras to the race-course and aerodrome near the mouth of the Var. The return may be made by the Cagnes tramway, passing the station of Le Var, and an *Ostrich Farm*, which may be visited.

The return journey from the Place Masséna may be made by turning to the right, into the Rue de France, which runs more or less parallel with the Promenade des Anglais, and entering the Jardin du Roi Albert Premier by the Rue Croix de Marbre. The *Croix de Marbre* is a marble cross commemorating the visit of Pope Paul III. in 1538, to conciliate Francis I. and Charles V., who had declined to see each other. In spite of this petulance, however, the Pope was able to effect peace between them. Hence the Croix de Marbre. Formerly there stood on this spot the Convent of Ste Croix, destroyed in the siege of 1543.

The Duke of York spent part of the winter of 1764 in this neighbourhood, a choice which was followed a few years later by his brother, the Duke of Gloucester. That

started the fashion for many English people, who built houses and villas in the same quarter. Opposite the Croix de Marbre there is a marble column raised in honour of the visits of Pope Pius VII. in 1809 and again in 1814. A little beyond the Croix de Marbre is an entrance to the English Church of the Holy Trinity, in the churchyard of which is buried Lyte, the author of "Abide with Me" (see p. 207). There is another entrance to the church in the Rue de la Buffa.

The principal Museum of Nice is situated in the Avenue Notre Dame, commencing opposite the modern Gothic Church of Notre Dame de Nice, which is situated in the Avenue de la Victoire. The *Musée des Beaux Arts* (10 to 12 and 2 to 4, except Mondays and holidays) contains a collection of paintings, chiefly by modern French artists; also sculptures, engravings, tapestries, mosaics, furniture, etc. There are portions of an altar-piece of St Margaret, by Ludovico Brea, together with other examples of early Niçois paintings, in the Salle Brea. A fine Theseus and the Bull of Marathon by Carle Vanloo, is in the Salle Vanloo; in the Salle Ziem are works by Ziem, and in the Salle Bashkirtseff are water-colours and sketches by Marie Bashkirtseff.

Returning back along the Avenue de la Victoire you come on the left to the Boulevard Dubouchage, which leads through a populous part of the new town to the Quartier de Carabacel. The Boulevard Carabacel, leading to Cimiez, goes down to the Pont Barla and the Quai St Jean Baptiste. This brings you back to the Square Masséna, passing the Pont Garibaldi and the Pont Vieux, which dates from the sixteenth century. Just over the Pont Garibaldi is situated the *Museum of Natural History*; near by is the Place Garibaldi with a good *Monument* to Garibaldi by Deloye, from a design by Etex. Garibaldi was born in a house in the Rue Cassini, which, however, was pulled down in 1879.

On the left of the Jardin du Roi Albert is the Avenue des Phocéens, whence runs the Rue St François-de-Paule, one of the chief streets of old Nice. To the left is the *Hôtel de Ville*, followed by the eighteenth-century Church of St François-de-Paule, containing a picture attributed to Vanloo. On the right are the Opera House and Public

Library. In this street, at No. 8, Robespierre, Napoleon, and Pius VII. have successively lodged. This street is continued by the Cours Saleya, where an interesting market is held every morning during winter. The roofs of the low houses on the right, which separate the Cours from the Quai des Etats-Unis, were once a fashionable lounge. To the left are the Préfecture and the Palais de Justice, the former having served at one time as the Governor's palace. To the right is the Chapelle de la Miséricorde, with an oval nave surrounded entirely by six apsidal chapels. Within these are two very interesting pictures—the Death of the Baptist by Bernardini, and a Madonna, by Ludovico Brea. In the Rue de la Préfecture, at No. 35, Paganini died in 1840.

In the Place Rossetti, a little north of the Préfecture, is the seventeenth-century Cathedral of *Ste Reparate*, which was restored in 1901. "The cathedral, that once stood near the castle on the rock, was demolished in 1656, and the present building—a rococo construction in the barbaric taste of that period—was erected below the rocky height. On December 16th, the Bishop Désiré de Palletier was contemplating the dome that was in process of construction, when some of the material fell on his head and killed him. In 1705, on March 16th, a bomb fell in the cathedral and exploded, killing many people. If it had blown the whole church to atoms it would have caused no loss to art."

From the Place Rossetti, the Rue Rossetti conducts to the Rue Droite, in which, at No. 15, is the *Palais des Lascaris*, built in the seventeenth century, after the fashion of a Genoese palace. The general appearance of the palace still has an air of nobility, though its use is that of a tenement, a fate which has overtaken very many of the palaces of Europe. The Lascaris family, formerly one of the most powerful along the Mediterranean, are said to have been associated with the throne of Byzantium; their day was ended, rather miserably, during the Revolution (see p. 204). There is an elaborate stone staircase, and in two rooms of the first floor are ceiling-paintings by Carlone, one representing the Fall of Phaeton, the other, Mercury abducting a woman.

To the south-east of the town rises the *Château*, or

Castle Hill, which was formerly crowned with a castle destroyed by the Duke of Berwick in 1706, and is now made pleasant by a garden filled with palm-trees, aloes, cactuses, and other exotics. The ascent may be made by the Rue du Château. This passes to the right of the *Old Cemetery*, in which is Gambetta's tomb. Another mode of ascent is by the long flight of steps, known as the Escalier Lesage, from the end of the Quai des Etats-Unis; yet another way is from the Place Garibaldi, via the Rue Ségurane.

"The slopes of the hill are covered with trees, many of them exotics, through which the road winds gently to the top. We drove up this winding road to the harsh music of innumerable French drummers and trumpeters . . . a very babel of uncertain sounds, tending to realise, perhaps faintly, the Highlander's dream of heaven—that delectable thought of 'four and twenty bagpipers all in one room, and all playin' different chunes.' Nevertheless, every visitor desirous of obtaining the best view of Nice and its environs should make the ascent. On the top of the hill there is a platform, from which is obtained a most striking panoramic view. Below, on one side, lie the harbour, and the hills beyond to the eastward, over which the Corniche road proceeds to Mentone and Genoa; then on the south, the beautiful Mediterranean Sea, hemmed in by promontories, and basking and glittering in the sun; westward, the promenades; and thence northwards and eastwards, the city, bounded in the distance by mountains. But what arrested our attention most was the extraordinary torrent bed of the river Paillon. . . . As the torrent beds are a remarkably characteristic feature of the Riviera, I may just describe their appearance. The bed or channel of the river consists of a broad stony course, through which usually a streamlet trickles; the bed being out of all proportion to the size of the stream as usually seen. It is, however, stony, and no grass grows in it; and sometimes, after heavy rains or from snowy meltings, the water comes down from the mountains in torrents, and more or less covers the channel from side to side, even occasionally, when the rains are more than ordinarily protracted, flooding it considerably—a fact which I believe the contractors in forming the



railway found to their cost. But although we have seen heavy rains lasting for days together, I do not think that, with one exception, we ever witnessed such a flow of water in any of the river beds as completely to cover it. The strange aspect of the river course, however, is produced by men continually digging into it when and where dry, and riddling out the fine limy earth which has been borne down from the uplands, and carting it away for building and other purposes; by doing whereof they leave behind them all over it large holes and little heaps of riddled-out stones, imparting a very mottled and singular appearance to the channel. The river Paillon, therefore, extending for miles in this condition, had a most novel and extraordinary aspect from the château. Although there had been heavy rain the day before, the stream was very diminutive."

On the north side of the hill is a charming *Old Cemetery*, in which are the tombs of Léon Gambetta (said to be empty) and of Garibaldi's mother.

The *Harbour* of Nice, which lies on the east side of the Castle Hill, may be reached by way of the Quai Rauba-Capéu, which prolongs the Quai des Etats-Unis, and signifies, by its name—"rob-hat"—the gusty characteristics of this part of the little cape. The harbour, known as Lympia, is used by yachts and coasting craft, and by the steamers to Corsica. In the Place Bellevue, at the foot of the hill, is a *Statue* of Charles Felix, King of Sardinia, who made Nice a free port. The Rue Cassini leads to the Place Garibaldi, whence the Boulevard des Italiens and the Boulevard MacMahon conduct to the Place Masséna.

From the Musée Masséna (p. 209) the Boulevard Gambetta leads to the Boulevard du Czarewitch, which leads to the ornate *Russian Church*, near which is a memorial chapel on the site of the house in which Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia died in 1865. It stands in an orange grove, and its interior is gracefully decorated in blue and gold, with rich mosaics and white marble panelling, enclosing frescoes of saints in niches. The young prince is said to have had a presentiment of his death long before any symptoms of disease appeared, and he is supposed then to have uttered these remarks "I should wish to

live, and everything smiles upon me, but I feel that my happiness will not be here." As he lay dying, the Grand Duke placed the hand of his betrothed, Princess Dagmar of Denmark, in that of his brother, Alexander, saying: "Marry my brother; he is true as crystal, and I wish it;" and, as Marie Feodorowna, she became Empress of Russia.

### NEIGHBOURHOOD OF NICE

As expressed at the beginning of this section on Nice, there are manifold opportunities for exploring inland and along the coast. As an excursion centre, Nice is probably superior to all other resorts on the Mediterranean. Local tramways run in all directions; the *Sud France* railway connects up the delightful interior; and there are numerous motor-diligence services which are cheap, reliable, and entertaining.

*To Cimiez.*—Cimiez, in Italian Cimella (Hotels: Hermitage, Riviera Palace, Winter Palace, Grand, Pavillon Victoria), lies to the north of Nice on a pleasant hill. It is reached by the Boulevard Carabacel and the Boulevard Cimiez. Many people look upon it as the most attractive spot in the neighbourhood of Nice, and its gently sloping hill has been a favourite residence since the Roman Emperor Gallienus sent his delicate wife Salonina there to recover her health. "The air is softer and more soothing at this elevation than on the sea-shore; and those who cannot sleep in the exciting atmosphere of Nice may enjoy in the quietude and stillness here a grateful repose." Cimiez is of great antiquity. According to Pliny it was originally an oppidum or walled city, inhabited by an alpine tribe called the Vediandii, and on the arm, or loftiest point of the terrace, are certain prehistoric fragments, great blocks of stone, which clearly are the remains of a fortress pre-dating the Romans. Cimiez became the Roman *Cemenelum*, which in time served as the capital of the whole region of the Maritime Alps. Its principal monuments were the palace of the governor of the province, a temple to Diana and one to Apollo, an amphitheatre and baths; but of these there are only fragments to-day. The original foundations of the

Roman city were, however, revealed by excavation, as well as the course of the two aqueducts which supplied it with water ; numerous Latin inscriptions were unearthed, together with sepulchral stones, urns, lamps, statues, and mosaics. What remains above ground is, even to this day, witness to the importance of Cemenelum. The most important of these relics is the *Amphitheatre*, which the peasants used to call the *Tino delle Fade*, or Bath of the Fairies. " The large elliptical space is surrounded by huge masses of buildings, somewhat roughly put together, without any attempt at ornamentation. The broken seats rise up one above another in tiers of half-ruinous masonry, on which the spectators arranged themselves to see the sports, from the magistrates and legionaries on the lowest to the common people on the highest ; while an awning was spread over the whole building to protect them from the hot sunshine. A few of the perforated corbels in which were inserted the poles which supported this awning may be observed on the outside of the walls. It was in this amphitheatre that the prefect Claudius vainly endeavoured to save the life of St Pons, by entreating him to offer sacrifice in the neighbouring temple of Apollo."

Above the Amphitheatre is a *Monastery* destroyed by Barbarossa in 1543, but rebuilt by the Franciscans. In the square in front rises a curious fifteenth-century *Gothic Cross* on which is richly sculptured the image of the crucified seraph which St Francis beheld in a dream. In the church are a Crucifixion and a Madonna by Ludovico Brea, and a Descent from the Cross by Antonio Brea. There is a fine collection of illuminated missals and manuscripts preserved in the sacristy. The lofty position of the cemetery—which has nothing else to commend it—commands a magnificent view.

In the garden of the Villa Garin are some interesting remains of *Roman Baths* discovered by excavation in 1875. The excavations revealed the hypocaust which supplied the heat, the chambers for rest and amusement, the hot, cold, and vapour baths, with their pavements and casings of coloured tiles, and numerous sculptured fragments. In the same grounds are the defaced remains of a building obscurely ascribed to a Temple of Apollo.

*Nice to Gairaut, Falicon, and St André.*—The whole journey, including the return to Nice, covers about twelve miles, and makes a fine circular drive by car ; or part of it may be accomplished on foot, taking the tram from St Sylvestre to Le Ray, and from St André to Nice.

You commence the journey from Nice by passing along the Avenue de la Victoire over the railway, thence via the Avenue Malaussene to the Place Gambetta. The way is continued thence along the Avenue Borrigione as far as the Church of Le Ray. Here you take the road to the right and ascend by way of Les Mourailles, where are fountains and Roman aqueducts. Presently you reach the Cascade of Gairaut, and a few minutes later you stand at a point whence the whole of Nice is spread out at your feet. Farther on is the Chapelle St Sebastian, from which the ascent of Mont Chauve (2780 feet) may be made. It takes about 2½ hours there and back over a good deal of rough ground, the surface of which is broken and covered with sharp angular stones with little or no vegetation. There is a small plateau near the top, where a certain amount of fertile soil has permitted a sparse cultivation. A well-made path goes thence to the summit, on which are unmistakable traces of a primitive Ligurian fort. The ascent is desirable, however, above all, for the view, the most striking part of which is to the rear, where huge storm-beaten mountains rise above the picturesque valley of the Vésubie, their highest points covered with snow. To the west you will see the long, bleak Magnan valley, stretching from Aspremont at its head down to the sea ; beyond the purple Genestiera range of hills, from which you can pick out an occasional village with a picturesque campanile, runs the broad channel of the Var, glistening over the boulder-strewn acres of its bed. To the east is seen the curious, deserted village of Châteauneuf, a solid, grey collection of ranged houses, abandoned by its inhabitants because of the failure of the water supply.

Returning to the Chapelle St Sebastian, you continue to Falicon, a romantic village perched on the summit of a rock overhanging the stream (Hôtel au Thé-de-la-Reine). It commands a magnificent view of wild hills, castle-topped and barren, with a diversity in an occasional hollow by the white walls of lonely villages. The return

from Falicon should be made by the descent in zigzags to the road from Levens in the valley. You cross the stream of the Paillon several times, and pass below a beaconing rock, which bears a seventeenth-century castle. You come then to St André, a little village with a ruined castle and a gracious little Parish Church, from which rises a picturesque campanile. There is a little path hence, shaded by cypresses, to an interesting grotto lined with stalactites and luxuriant masses of maidenhair fern. "Beyond this the glen becomes wild and savage, like some alpine gorge. The bare limestone cliffs, scarred and riven in the most extraordinary manner, approach so closely that there is barely room for the road and the stream; while they rise so high overhead that they shut out the sun and create a dim, cold shade which invalids must guard against in passing through. This gorge was once the haunt of bandits; and an old, sinister-looking oil-mill, situated near an open cave in the precipitous limestone rocks, whose products discolour the waters of the stream, is associated with many a dark deed."

The way from St André follows the right bank of the Paillon, and on a terrace to the right is seen the former Abbey of St Pons, which was founded in 775 in honour of the Roman senator, St Francis Pontius, who suffered martyrdom for the Christian faith in the Amphitheatre of Cimiez. It is a large, white, bare-looking building, surrounded with walls and shaded by tall cypresses. Charlemagne is said to have spent some days here on his way to Rome; and here in 1308 the inhabitants of Nice signed the famous treaty by which their territory was annexed to the House of Savoy. The church has a curious ground-plan, and in the cloisters are some old sarcophagi. The way lies thence straight to Nice, which is re-entered via the Place d'Armes and the Avenue Félix-Faure.

*To Levens and St Jean-la-Rivière.*—(a) There are some fine excursions to be had among the sub-alpine gorges and villages which lie to the north of Mont Chauve; one of the best is that by road up to the valley of the Vésubie. You go from Nice to St André, whence a tramway ascends through the valley of the Garde to Tourette-le-Bas, just below Tourette-Levens, perched on a rock 400 feet high,

and with an old château and a twelfth-century church. The tramway then ascends through pine woods to Les Traverses, near the curious Gorges d'Enfer. The tramway reaches its terminus at Bas-Levens, beyond which, about a quarter of an hour's walk, lies the village of Levens. This was the headquarters of the ancient Lepontei, who gave their name to the Lepontine Alps. It is also the birthplace of Masséna. Three miles beyond, over the Col du Dragon, is Duranus, in the vicinity of some magnificent precipices, from one of which, the Saut des François, a number of Masséna's republican troops were thrown into the river by the infuriated inhabitants whom they had so long ill-used. A little farther along is the ancient village of Utelle, once the city of the Aratelli; it has also been in the possession of the Templars, and contains a twelfth-century church, with massive towers and some beautiful carving inside. The way lies thence through the narrow gorge to Lantosque, and at the head of the valley is St Martin Vésubie, frequented in summer by the Niçois. It is a very ancient village, and was the seat of a Commanderie in the time of the Templars. The surrounding scenery is magnificent, and the botanist may idle to his heart's content in the fields and woods brilliant with verdure and flowers. In its neighbourhood near by is the Sanctuary of the Virgin, which used to serve as a hospice for travellers coming over the Alps from France into Italy. It lies below the crag of the Col de Fenestra. There are numerous excursions to be had in the neighbourhood of this now popular resort (Hôtel des Alpes, Grand Hôtel Regina, Hôtel de Londres, Hôtel Terminus et des Anglais). In the sacristy of the church, which dates from 1694, are two old panels, one of which is attributed to Lodovico Brea; there is also a fifteenth-century processional cross.

(b) This journey may also be accomplished by railway in 3½ hours, changing carriages at La Vésubie (see p. 153). Here take the branch railway over the Vésubie and enter the beautiful gorge, which presently expands at Le Cros-d'Utelle. The way lies thence through equally fine scenery to St Jean-la-Rivière-Utelle, the station for Utelle (see above). The next station is Le Suquet, placed at the confluence of two torrents with the Vésubie. It is followed by Lantosque (see above) and

La Bollène Vésubie (Grand Hotel—June to October, Hôtel Cennie, Hôtel Bellevue). It is a little summer resort with ruins and a castle, and is reached from the station by a pleasant road of chestnut groves. The line continues through alpine scenery to Roquebillière (Hôtel des Etrangers, Hôtel des Alpes), a curious, sombre little town with a church, containing an interesting altarpiece dealing with the life of St Anthony. Hence there is a winding road to Belvédère (Hôtel Continental, Hôtel Beau-Séjour), another little summer resort with very pleasant excursions in the neighbourhood. The line goes on via the ruinous Castel-Vieil to Berthemont, the station for Berthemont-les-Bains (Hôtel des-Bains, Hôtel Beau-Séjour), a small resort with iron and sulphur springs, which have been used since the time of the Romans. Now comes St Martin Vésubie (see above).

Among the excursions to be had near Nice, some of the pleasantest are those through the hills to the west and north-west of the city. From St Sylvestre, reached by tram, there is a path ascending the *Vallon Obscur*; and on the right are paths ascending to the Aspremont road. From *Vallon des Etoiles*, reached by the Ste Madeleine tram, there is an attractive path up the Tina valley to the *Puits des Etoiles*. Another agreeable excursion is that from Ste Hélène, reached along the Cannes road, over the Terron valley by the Fabron road to Chapelle St Joseph and *St Antoine*, where is a restaurant. You may continue north, passing below the Villa de Repos, to Gines-tière, where the St Romain road is joined. This leads to the right to the bridge over the Magnan.

*Nice to Cagnes by tramway.*—The journey by tram takes about 50 minutes. You come to the Magnan and the Church of St Hélène, followed by the fishing village of Carras. Then comes La Californie and the race-course. The Var is crossed over the railway viaduct, and, passing Cros de Cagnes, you come soon to Cagnes (p. 172).

*Nice to Mentone by road.*—This is probably the indispensable excursion from Nice, and one of the pleasantest road journeys in the South. There are three routes—the Grande Corniche, the Petite Corniche or Corniche du Littoral, and the Moyenne Corniche or Middle Corniche. The first of these is by far the most popular, as it is the highest,

and in perpetual command of noble views ; the Petite Corniche is the coast road, and the other runs between the Grande and the Petite. It should be explained, in passing, that the word *corniche* means a road, usually hanging to the face of some precipitous cliff, forming, as it were, a shelf or cornice. The *Grande Corniche* is the one we shall describe.

“The Corniche is one of the most famous roads in Europe. Originally its dangers were more talked about than its beauties. It was carried along the edge of precipices and promontories that plunged sheer down into the sea, and was so steep and narrow that only a mule could pass along the track. To Dante, who traversed this route on his sad, lonely way, as an exile to the north side of the Alps, it suggested an image of the road out of Purgatory. Exposed to the full blaze of the sun, and passing over crumbling and slippery limestone rock, now rising to giddy heights and then sinking into deep gorges, no better image of the ascent from the Purgatorial sea could have been desired ; and it was an image drawn from the poet's own painful experience. Since then a magnificent carriage road has been constructed by the French, commanding from its lofty position the most varied views of the loveliest of sea-coasts. Undoubtedly the portion of road between Nice and Mentone is the finest, and one might almost spend a whole season in going backwards and forwards between these two points, without being wearied or satiated, so endless are the beauties of the scenery, so ever-varying are its aspects and outlooks. On one side rise up from profound valleys the rugged spurs and offshoots of the mountains, covered on their lower slopes with a monotonous olive drapery, and crowned on their tops with desolate grey rocks ; while on the distant horizon, far off appear the long chain of the Maritime Alps, the higher peaks covered with snow, like so many great white thrones dominating all the scene. On the other side, far below, is the wonderfully varied coastline, extending to Ventimiglia and Bordighera, with its steep precipices, cultivated terraces, curved bays, and far-projecting promontories, embowered in a perfect wilderness of olive, pine, carouba, and other greenery. And away out to the southern horizon stretches the vast



sapphire plain of the Mediterranean, its farthest line quivering in the golden sunlight, and near the shore its limpid waters shimmering like the neck of a peacock, with an iridescent mingling of colours. The rocks that rise here and there on the right side of the road in castellated ruins are bare and blanched by rain and wind, and softened in their crevices by clusters of tall lilac lavatera and bushes of the yellow tree-spurge."

The road was constructed by the Prefect Dubouchage under Napoleon, and therefore, like many other great roads in Europe, had a purely strategical origin. Napoleon unwittingly served beauty more often than his record would lead one to expect.

The road leaves Nice in unobtrusive fashion: it passes some barracks and then ascends through splendid olive groves, presently skirting Mont Gros, with the celebrated *Observatory* on the right. This observatory was the gift of M. Bischoffsheim to the University of Paris, and is magnificently equipped. Visitors may inspect it from 2 to 4 p.m. on the first and third Thursdays of each month, and night visits are sometimes arranged during the season. At this point the road commands a beautiful view of Nice, and of the Paillon valley, from which the villages of Trinité Victor and Drap are distinguished. You now reach the *Col des Quatre Chemins*, near which a road diverges in zigzagging descent to the Middle Corniche. Another branch road, descending to the Chapel of St Michel, and then on sleepily to Eze station, is passed a little farther on.

The main route now skirts Mont Pacanaglia and Mont Fourche, and affords a view of the well-wooded peninsula of St Jean and the curious little village of Eze, extending also from the Fort on the *Tête du Chien* to the *Pointe de Camarat* in the Mountains of the Moors. On the Col d'Eze is a restaurant and a direct road to Eze; and from Mont Bastide, seen on the right, you have simultaneous views of the Paillon and the sea, as well as signs of the ancient Celtic camp, succeeded by a Roman, by which it was anciently commanded. A little farther along, at the *Capitaine*, you are at the highest elevation reached by the road (1772 feet); and presently a road is seen diverging left to the shrine of the Madonna of Laghet, a popular pilgrimage church.

Now you reach the ancient village of La Turbie (Hôtel Righi-d'Hiver, Hôtel de France). There is also a mountain railway from Monte Carlo to La Turbie (p. 250).

The name La Turbie is said to be derived from *Tropaia*—the trophy—a name which the site acquired from the monument erected here by Augustus somewhere about the year 13 B.C., to commemorate his subjugation of the Ligurian inhabitants of the coast. This monument, though it lacks any sort of beauty, was probably the chief interest, historically, which the village possessed. In its ancient site it bore an inscription in seventy-eight words, thirty-three of which were devoted to the official dedication to Augustus, who, by that time, was accorded an official worship akin to that of a god. In the sixteenth century the monument was used as the base of a fortress, and in 1706 it was destroyed by the French; the marbles which decorated it were pilfered by the Genoese to adorn the palaces of their nobles. What is left is but the substructure of the original building supporting the fragments of a medieval tower. Many of the stones of this monument were used for the building of the houses of La Turbie, and of the church which was erected in 1777. In the latter is a copy of Raphael's St Michael, which the village received from the Musée St Germain in exchange for a statue and fragments of the inscription from the tower of Augustus. What, however, makes La Turbie attractive to the tourist is its view, which extends for many miles along the coast in both directions, embracing innumerable towns and villages, bays and headlands.

From La Turbie the Grande Corniche descends in a series of steep zigzags, continually revealing magnificent views. It passes Le Vistaéro, which gives one of the finest views of Monaco and Mentone, and of the coast as far as Bordighera. The road now passes below Roquebrune. Here "the charms of the road are focused into the most varied loveliness. That romantic village climbs up among great masses of brown conglomerate rocks that look as if they have fallen from the steep hillside overhead, and had been arrested half-way down the slope. Houses and rocks are scarcely distinguishable from one another; and with their confused heaps, out of which narrow streets, dark staircases, vaulted over with arches, binding the

houses together, and the great ruins of the ancient castle of the Lascaris, crowning the highest point, rise, the olive mingles its dusky foliage and the lemon its lighter leaves, and golden fruits, with fine effect." The Church of St Margherita, which rises from the centre of the village, has some curious frescoes, representing St Augustine, St John, and St Louis ; and is adjoined by a gracious little garden. The castle of the Lascaris occupies a rock at the top of the town, and is surrounded by heavy walls. There are many fascinating little lanes and quaint old houses scattered throughout the town. The road now descends very gradually until it meets the Petite Corniche. It then crosses the Gorgio and Carie to Mentone (p. 250).

*Nice to Mentone by the Petite Corniche.*—The tramway goes from Nice to Monte Carlo at frequent intervals, and thence to Mentone. The road commences in the Place Masséna, then crosses the Pont Garibaldi, and ascends the Boulevard Carnot to Mont Bron, which is the halt for the pleasantly wooded height of Mont Bron. The way continues past the Victoria Memorial Hospital, and ascends to Villefranche (p. 172) ; it then passes Pont St Jean, which is followed by Beaulieu (p. 173), now skirting the Bay of Beaulieu and the cliffs of Petite Afrique, passes through a tunnel to Eze with Eze-sur-Mer on the one side, and high above the village of Eze, to which a steep road ascends from St Laurent, a little farther along. Cap d'Ail (p. 174) is now passed and the Principality of Monaco is entered, the town of Monaco itself being reached and followed by Monte Carlo (p. 244). Those who are accomplishing it by tramway change cars at Monte Carlo. The way lies then by the Pont St Roman across the base of the Pointe de la Veille to Cabbe, very pleasantly situated about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles below Roquebrune. The tramway leaves the road at Cabbe, makes a detour via Cap Martin, and ascends to Mentone by the Avenue de Maréchal Pétain.

*From Nice to Mentone by the Moyenne or Middle Corniche.*—This road is not yet complete, though a considerable and increasing section is available for motors. It begins in Nice at the Place Saluzzo, ascending thence along the flank of the Mont Verdon to the Col de Villefranche, revealing splendid views of Nice, Antibes, and the Estérrels. It continues above Villefranche and Beaulieu, to the Col

de Carie, where it meets the roads from the Col des Quatre-Chemins, and from Villefranche. It then continues through a tunnel into the vale of St Michel, and presently by a viaduct spanning a deep gorge comes to *Eze*. This is an ancient, odd-looking little village, clinging to the summit of a pyramidal rock and crowned by a thirteenth-century castle. The streets of the town are very steep, and the houses have about them an authentic air of the Middle Ages. They are solidly built, and all the floors and doorways are arched with stone, and doubtless there are considerable traces of Saracenic foundation in many of the buildings. *Eze* is supposed to be the *Arisium* of the Antonine *Itinerary*. From Rome it passed to the Lombards for more than 200 years, thereafter it was assailed by the Saracens. As a protection against these foes, *Eze*, together with other small towns along the coast, placed itself under the protectorate of Genoa in 729. It was also given substantial help by Charlemagne. After the death of Charlemagne, however, the Saracens were able to effect a landing, and to make themselves masters of the whole region, building the Castle of *Eze* as one of their principal strongholds. *Eze* was taken from the Saracens in 980, and it was at this time that a Genoese noble, Ghibellin Grimaldi, distinguished himself, and secured for his brilliant services the territory of Monaco. *Eze* was acquired by Charles of Anjou in 1303, later it reverted to the Counts of Provence, and after that to the King of Naples. At the end of the fourteenth century it was sold to Amadeus VII. of Savoy, in whose family it remained, except for a short period during the French Revolution, until its accession to France in 1860. "In 1770 the Corniche road did not exist. Darbid, the painter, was on his way to Italy to study at Rome. He arrived at *Eze* at night, and the Curé very kindly took in the poor and footsore young artist. He was interested in Darbid, and gave him a letter of introduction to a kinsman, Prior Filghera, in Rome. This opened to Darbid many doors in the capital of Western Christendom, and Darbid received orders for pictures. In gratitude he sent a painting of St John the Baptist to his friend, the Curé of *Eze*, for his new church. About the year 1880 this picture vanished. The Administration des Beaux Arts instituted an inquiry,

and ascertained that the Consuls of Eze had sold the painting to an Englishman for 500 francs, whereas it was worth 100,000 francs. That picture is now in the National Gallery." Just beyond Eze the Middle Corniche reaches its highest point, and from there it descends towards Monaco, sending out a branch road to join the Grande Corniche and La Turbie, and a little farther along another to the Petite Corniche. Passing through a tunnel there is seen the Cap d'Ail below. Another below to La Turbie, and another one for Cap d'Ail is passed, followed by the Observatory of Monaco, and thence up a boulevard, by which the road enters Monte Carlo, where it joins the Petite Corniche, which may be followed to Mentone.

*Nice to St Etienne-de-Tinée.*—A light railway goes from Nice, via La Tinée, where carriages are changed, to St Sauveur, the distance being  $35\frac{1}{2}$  miles, usually accomplished in about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours. From St Sauveur there is a motor omnibus to St Etienne, taking about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  hours. Auto-cars do the whole journey from Nice to St Etienne during the summer. The valley of Tinée is a cool, pleasant resort, visited by the Niçois in summer. The railway goes from Nice to La Mescla, then ascending the valley of the Tinée by way of a beautiful gorge, just above the meeting of the Tinée with the Var. Four miles from the station of La Tour, the little village of that name, containing some interesting paintings by G. Nadal, Verese, Claus (Hôtel de Tour), is a pleasant little resort with mineral springs. It is followed by Valdeblorg,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  miles from St Sauveur (Hôtel des Alpes-Maritimes). This, as the terminus of the railway, and as the chief market-place of the valley, has quite a pleasant air of importance. There is a Romanesque church, with a fine tower and with a statue of St Paul, and some interesting fifteenth-century furniture. In the neighbourhood are some very pleasant mountain villages, including Roure, with an interesting thirteenth-century chapel; Roubion, with a twelfth-century church, and Rimplas, curiously situated astride a ridge, from which juts out a rocky spur crowned by a chapel. The road from St Sauveur threads a tunnel and presently crosses to the right bank of the Tinée, which it follows to avoid the frontier as far as the Pont St Honorat, where it recrosses to the left bank, still in French territory. Isola (Hôtel de France, Hôtel

des Alpes-Maritimes) lies at the mouth of the Torrent de Guercia. It has a ruined fourteenth-century church, from which rises a notable tower. The way goes on now by Pont Rouge to St Etienne-de-Tinée (Hôtel de Raeuons, Hôtel de Issotier). There is a branch here of the Syndicat d'Initiative, who supply information and guides concerning the alpine neighbourhood. In the town there is a good Romanesque church with a Gothic belfry.

*Nice to Cuneo.*—Throughout the season auto-cars frequently make this trip. There is also throughout the year a daily motor diligence service starting from the Place Masséna (see local announcements). There are two routes, one from Nice via L'Escarène, the other via Ventimiglia or Mentone. The L'Escarène route joins the Mentone route at Sospel and the Ventimiglia route at Giandola. Passports should be carried, and ordinary precautions taken to avoid offending customs or military regulations. It is one of the pleasantest journeys to be had in these parts, the roads winding through magnificent scenery and passing numerous fascinating villages, while the region of the Alpes-Maritimes available from Tenda with all its possibilities and its variety of interest is comparatively unknown. Furthermore, from either Tenda or Cuneo it is agreeable to explore the old towns of Piedmont, which again, in spite of their extraordinary interest and the beauty of their surroundings, remain practically unknown.

*Via Mentone and Sospel.*—You follow the Petite Corniche as far as Mentone (p. 250), and then begin the beautiful ascent to Castillon by the valley of the Carière. It is a fine imposing valley, with the river at first a narrow, piping thread. Then the valley itself becomes narrower, and the river becomes a torrent as it leaps over round boulders on beneath the wet lichen of old bridges. It is an admirable approach to lifeless *Castillon*, which lies in the centre of the Col de la Garde. The climb is steep and circuitous. Every twist in the road brings an extensive and lovely retrospective view, with the sea frequently revealed. Presently a good stretch of easy gradient opens before your car, and in a very few minutes you will halt at New Castillon. The old town, riveted to the summit of its lofty peak, can be reached from the road in about ten

minutes by a path which is not more than ordinarily difficult. It lies still and deserted. For 2000 years, by some accounts, it had within its now crumbling walls a large community of men and women who, through all the calamity of famine, pestilence, and war, remained tenaciously loyal until on one dark, strange day less than fifty years ago, they shrank from it and fled. Since that time none has returned to patch its rent walls or give warmth to its hearths. The cause of the terror was an earthquake, which appears to have killed no one but to have brought with it a panic which has never been wholly overcome by the people of the neighbourhood. It has already been hinted that some authorities put the age of Castillon at 2000 years; others attribute its foundation to the Saracens, who made of it an impenetrable stronghold, from which to sweep down upon the villages and castles of the neighbourhood. Neither Saracen nor ancient Ligurian has much with which to identify them, but the climb to the ruins is justified for the superb views down the valley of the *Carière* on the one side and that of the *Merlanson* on the other. There are also some interesting vestiges of the old Castillon. The gabled church, with the date 1712 over the door, is more or less intact, except for the campanile referred to in old descriptions; and at the end of the main street are vaults, a gateway with a pointed arch, and the perishing walls of a castle set there to block the enemies of Sospel. That is why the ridge was called the *Col de la Garde*—but guardian no longer, as it was sold by Charles of Anjou to Sospel's hereditary enemy, the Lord of Ventimiglia, in 1261.

The descent to Sospel is by an easy gradient over a good surface.

*Sospel* is an attractive village (Golf Hotel, winter only; Hôtel de France, Hôtel du Touring Club) with an odd ruin or two, lovely romantic lanes, an intriguing history, and a curious old bridge with a tower, now used as a dwelling. Through it runs the *Bevera* beneath the overhanging houses of the old town; trees and meadows make a cool circlet, and paths run up by olive groves to the deeper shade of pine forests, whence you look down upon the clustered dwellings in the basin below—a basin which at one time was a wide lake which disappeared in the con-

vulsion that formed the bed of the Bevera and the valley of the Merlanson. It is a very old town. Early in the march of the Cæsars into the land of Gaul it was a fortified Roman station, which gradually grew to a commanding city, and remained as such when grass began to grow in the streets of Rome. In the ninth century it went the way of many southern towns, and was sacked by the Saracens; later it became the prey of Guelf and Ghibelline, of Lascaris and Grimaldi—a bone round which many a lordly dog snarled and bickered. To-day it is little more than a village, divided into two by a boisterous river, and over the river an old bridge of the eleventh century, with an odd tower, now converted into a dwelling, to guard it. “An artist would halt at Sospel long enough to sketch that bridge, and the ambiguous tower, with newly washed red underwear hanging from the windows. I myself halted, though no artist, long enough to paint it vividly upon my mind, in tones of grey and brown, and to back it with a row of balconied houses, lively with the bunting of many wash-tubs—to fill in a broad band of blue sky above, and a narrow of brown-flecked blue beneath, where the river rolled.” There was a time when Sospel’s population was counted in many thousands and its shops in hundreds. Now the few shops along the quay and in the main square are adequate enough. Of its towered walls, to which entrance was given by five gates, there is only a vestige. Now there is only one church of consequence, the Church of St Michael in the arcaded square. St Michael’s Church is nothing to get very excited about; but it is nevertheless a very pleasant church. By its side is a Romanesque bell-tower of much older date than the seventeenth-century church itself, which has some very beautiful pillars and a retablo of the Immaculate Conception, possibly by Brea. Its façade is very pleasing. In the chapel of the Penitents there is an indifferent Pietà, which is, however, highly prized. Near by, on the road to the Col de Brouis, is the eighteen-hole course of the Mentone Golf Club.

The way now traverses a closely cultivated plain, and then ascends by a pretty stiff gradient, twisting and turning. There is little or no sign of habitation until you reach the Col de Brouis, where, in his lonely cavern, lives



a member of the Corps de Gardes, with his wife and child and a little donkey, that clearly is no longer inspired by the superb view of snowy mountains seen from the pass. The descent is by way of terraced fields, and at the little village of La Giandola you touch the Roya, one of the most attractive streams in the South of France. There are fine schistose rocks beaoning up behind La Giandola, which accordingly partakes of a perilous grandeur that is in effect common to all the castled towns of the Roya valley. A little down the valley on the Ventimiglia route is *Briel*, romantically situated. It was a large village overlooked by the curious tower of Crivella, and so placed that it commands a great deal of the Roya valley, a fact which ensured it some prominence in the days when the great families of Nice, Tenda, and Ventimiglia were constantly engaged in strife. Its prominence far predates that era of course, and its present name is said to be derived from *Prælium* (combat), which it gained as a result of a fierce battle between the factions of the rival emperors, Otho and Vitellius. A few vestiges of the ancient ramparts are to be seen, and there is a singular gateway, but, except for that and the mute tower of Crivella, there is nothing remarkable. Tall arcaded houses line the narrow streets, which receive only a niggardly portion of sunlight, and are as a consequence rather cold. There are some pleasant old houses in the Place Fontaine, and here and there you will come upon an old bridge, a façade with unintelligible carving or some other pleasant representative of medieval *Briel*.

Retracing your steps to La Giandola, you continue along the right bank of the Roya, in the bed of which numerous polished boulders have been deposited, so that the river has a succession of white cascades set in the emerald green of unchecked waters. A boisterous, headlong stream, as its various names imply, for it is called the Roya, Rutula, Rotta, Radoria, Rodogia, Rudigia, Rovia, Rocra, Rodia, each of which signifies a roaring torrent. Its claim to be the most important river of the Maritime Alps is borne out conclusively by the record of history: from Otho to Napoleon it has aroused fierce animosities, until it seems to have acquired the temper of a warrior. Fishermen will be interested to learn that there

are splendid trout to be had in this river. The road presently shoots edep into the extraordinary gorge of Saorge, riding anxiously along a narrow projection between the foaming bed of the river and the blue strip of sky overhead. Stonework rising here and there suggests a bridge or probably an old aqueduct. Emerging from this ravine, you mount to the village of *Saorge*. This is an astonishing little village. Nests were never more precariously set than is this black array of dwellings suspended between two rocky promontories. It is the last French village of consequence, and of véry considerable consequence, for it commands the Roya valley, which is thus blocked effectually against encroachment from over the frontier. Italy possesses the lower or Ventimiglian and the upper third of this valley, but the possession by France of the middle bit, with Saorge cock-a-hoop on the top of it, nullifies for Italy the strategical importance of the other two-thirds. The Lords of Ventimiglia, and the branch of their family which rules from Tenda, originally held the entire valley, but the middle bit separated itself in 1250, and went to the Counts of Provence. Savoy got hold of it in 1388, and made it over to France in 1860. Saorge has a small Romanesque church, with a six-storied campanile surmounted by an octagonal steeple. At the southern end of the village is an agreeable Franciscan church with some fine modern woodwork. It was at one time attached to a convent. A little farther away is a chapel to the Madonna del Poggio, with some frescoes of no particular merit.

The road now continues to *Fontan*, where passports are examined. It then threads the beautiful gorge of Verghe or Ganderena, from the centre of which as you enter there rises a tall rock covered in chestnut-trees and supporting an old crenellated tower. Emerging from this gorge you come to San Dalmazzo di Tenda (Grand Hotel), the first Italian village and the terminus of the unfinished railway from Cuneo, via Sospel, to Nice. This is an agreeable hill station, admirably placed for excursions in the Maritime Alps, and with its hotel occupying a restored Augustinian Chartreuse. A little farther along we come in sight of Tenda, congealed against a rocky hillside and overlooked

by the stark, disfigured ruin of the ancient Lascaris château. *Tenda* (Hôtel National). The history of Tenda is largely the history of its Counts. A branch of the Ventimiglian family and Lascaris were said to be directly descended from the Emperor Theodore Lascaris of Byance. The principal attractions of the town are reached from the Piazza Italia. You pass through an old gateway and so reach the Piazza de Trabe, passing a beautiful fourteenth-century doorway. A little farther along you come to the Piazza del Ponte, overlooked by the façades of ancient dilapidated palaces. Hence runs the Via Cotta, commemorating Giovanni Battista Cotta, one of the poet patriots of Italy in the seventeenth century, who was born at Tenda; the house he occupied is No. 14 Via Cotta. At the end of this street is the Porta Nizza, and if you walk along for another five minutes beyond this gate and look back you will perceive a magnificent view of Tenda grouped in the shelter of Monte San Salvatore and dominating the valley of the Roya, herself dominated by the lofty derelict of the old Lascaris Castle. The Castle was destroyed by the French in 1692, and only an enormous wall about sixty feet high remains. It is sometimes called the Castello Beatrice, after the beautiful and ill-fated Beatrice de Tenda, one of the Lascaris, who when still very young became the bride of the great Condottiere Facino Cane, Lord of Mont Ferrato. Facino was killed at Pavia in 1412, and his widow was persuaded to marry Filippo Maria Visconti, Duke of Milan, who desired Beatrice's wealth for the furtherance of his territorial ambitions. What he felt for his wife it is difficult to determine, for the charge of infidelity he brought against her was based on the flimsiest of evidence. She was accused of having taken as her lover Michele Oronbello, a troubadour of Ventimiglia, and on this charge the miserable Filippo caused her to be beheaded in the Castle of Burasco, near Pavia, on the night of 14th September 1418.

The Collegiate Church of San Salvatore has a beautiful glazed façade in the Lombard style, with a richly carved portal. The severity of the interior is not unpleasing. There are several tombs of the Counts of Tenda, and in the Treasury are some richly brocaded vestments of the

fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. There are no pictures of any consequence.

*To Briga.*—Briga lies about two miles to the east of San Dalmazzo di Tenda. It has an old castle, several interesting façades, and two churches, the most interesting of which is the Madonna del Fontan, the object of a large annual pilgrimage on the 15th August. The church is adorned with some frescoes by Giovanni Canavesio of Pinerolo. "Canavesio's frescoes at first are utterly bewildering, they cover 150 square metres of wall, and include upwards of 500 figures, all meticulously painted. Out of this host it is good to choose your favourites and sit in contemplation of them; then to retire somewhat and enjoy the whole effect, which becomes startlingly clear and ordered. It is, of course, essentially decorative; one moment you feel the illusion of figures worked on tapestry, but out of the design come certain figures, certain groups richer in colour than the rest, fuller of life, which arrest the attention. Among these is the Last Judgment, which is a little reminiscent of Orcagna's conception in the Campo Santo at Pisa, but the finest section is that portraying the Crucifixion, as brilliant a piece of grouping as I have seen."

San Dalmazzo di Tenda is in the neighbourhood of some interesting caves marked with prehistoric drawings discovered before the war by a German scholar. Among other excursions from Tenda is that through the Urno Wood to the summit of Monte Ciagore, which offers a magnificent view extending to the Mediterranean; another picturesque excursion is that to the top of the Cima Margareis (8690 feet), up the valley of the Rio Freddo and over the Col des Signori, the excursion taking about six or seven hours. The Cima Marguaris is the highest peak of the Ligurian Alps. There are numerous valleys to be explored in this neighbourhood, and Tenda makes quite a good centre, especially in summer, when the bracing air and clear atmosphere render it one of the best resorts in France.

From San Dalmazzo di Tenda there is a railway line to Cuneo, which it is hoped will some day be completed via Sospel to Nice. Leaving Tenda, you come to Vievola. The line then threads the Tenda tunnel and comes

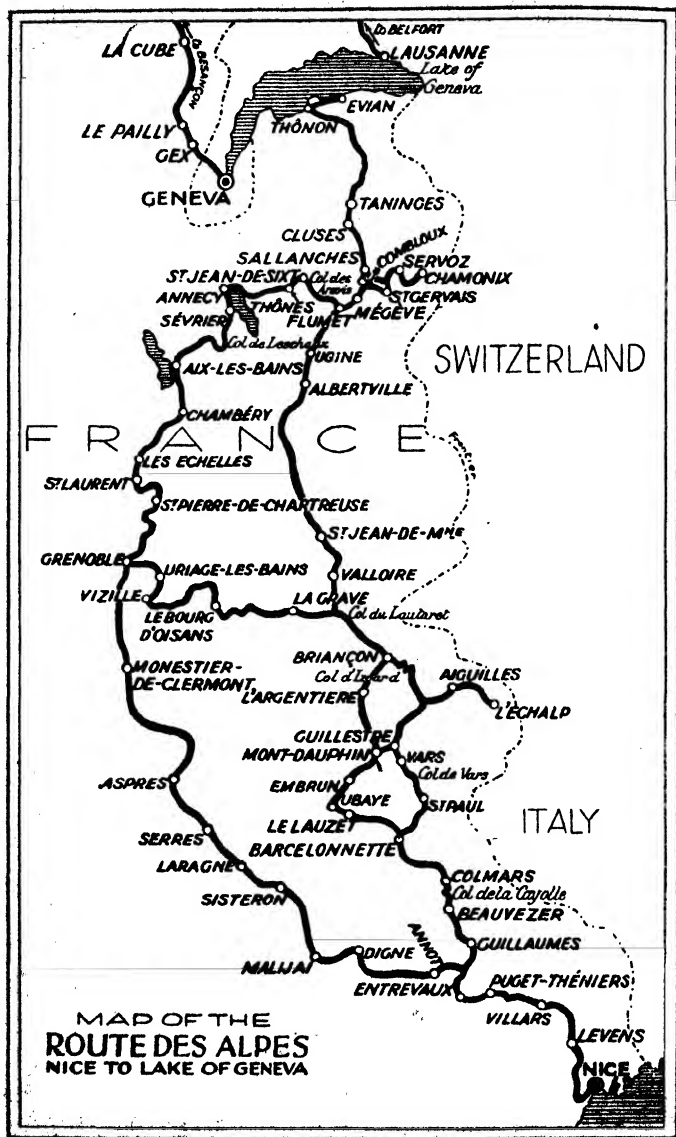
presently to Limone Piemonte, beautifully situated and offering facilities for winter sports. There are some interesting fifteenth-century frescoes in the early Gothic St Pietro Vincoli, and a pulpit is there from the Certosa di Pesio (see below). Tunnels and viaducts conduct you now to Vientiane; the line then descends the Valley Vermagua and passes Roccavione, with its ruined castle. Now comes Borgo San Dalmazzo, the Urbs-Pedona of the Romans, above which is the Church of the Madonna del Monserrato, whence a fine view is unfolded. The way now lies through a plain covered with chestnut-trees, passes over the Gesso, and comes to a halt at Cuneo.

*Cuneo* (see *Traveller's Handbook to Northern and Central Italy*).

*Nice to Cuneo, via L'Escarène.*—This route leaves Nice by the Rue de la République and the Route de Turin, then ascending the left bank of the Paillon to La Trinité-Victor, which is followed by *Drap*, which, since the thirteenth century, has given the title of Count to the Bishops of Nice. [A tramway goes hence up the valley of the Paillon to La Grave-de-Peille, whence a road zigzags up to *Peille* (Hôtel Montagne), which has a twelfth- to thirteenth-century church, a ruined castle, and an old Lascaris palace, now used as the Mairie.] From *Pointe-de-Contes* a road goes north-west to the pretty village of *Contes* (select Hotel). The main road now goes on to the *Col de Nice*, whence another road goes to *Berre-des-Alpes*. The main road rejoins the Paillon valley at *L'Escarène* (Hôtel de France, Hôtel de Paris), which has some old Gothic houses and an interesting bridge. The name is derived from "l'escalier."

[*To Peira-Cava.*—The road passes *Chapelle St Grat*, in which are some sixteenth-century frescoes; then comes *Lucerun*, with a fifteenth-century church, adorned with contemporary altar-pieces, and the ruins of fortifications. At *Chapelle Bon-Cœur* are some fifteenth-century frescoes; this is followed by the *Col St Roch*; and then, reached by zigzags, the summer resort and winter sports centre of *Peira-Cava* (Hotels: Grand-Hôtel Farand, Truchi, Bellevue, and Victoria; des Alpes). There are magnificent views, and some very pleasant excursions are to be had in the neighbourhood.]





Beyond L'Escarène the main road mounts via Touët-de-l'Escarène and St Laurent to the *Col de Brouis*, whence it meets the route from Mentone (see above).

*Route des Alpes*.—The P.-L.-M. Railway Company has inaugurated a service of motor-cars between Nice and Evian-les-Bains, via what is known as the "Route des Alpes," since extended to the Ballon d'Alsace, "the Route du Jura." The whole journey occupies six days, as follows : (1) Nice-Barcelonnette, (2) Barcelonnette-Briançon, (3) Briançon-Chambéry (railway between St-Jean-de-Maurienne and Chambéry), (4) Chambéry-Chamonix, (5) Chamonix-Evian-les-Bains, (6) Evian-les-Bains-Ballon d'Alsace. Covering a distance of 750 miles, it is the finest mountain ride in Europe.

The journey between Chambéry and Le Fayet-St-Gervais may be made (1) wholly by rail, or (2) partly rail and partly automobile, either (a) via the Col des Aravis, or (b) the Gorges de l'Arly.

Leaving Nice, you have the sea near you for about a mile ; then you ascend the hills, passing *en route* villas and beautiful gardens, to a point where you dip down to the Var, which leads you to its source. The villages, picturesquely situated on the hills, have many an ancient historical association, which is well worth awaking. From Bonson aloft with a church containing an altar-piece of 18 panels, the road enters the Mescla Gorge and winds through particularly impressive scenery to the interesting village of Touët-de-Beuil, with its church built over a waterfall. But Puget-Théniers is a town of some little importance, and has much to please. The ruined castle and ancient church, with a delightful early sixteenth-century altar-piece, are the chief features. A little more than four miles farther on is the old town of Entrevaux (p. 152). Thence the scenery undergoes a change, and the beautiful Gorges de Daluis come into view. The road ascends the gorges, and winds through some finely coloured cliffs. A number of tunnels are traversed, and eventually the route leaves the hills and opens out into the valley, which leads to *Guillaumes*. Here are the ruins of a former castle and ramparts. Still pursuing the River Var, the road conducts to *St-Martin-d'Entraunes*, with an interesting church containing an altar-piece by Francesco Brea di



Nizza (1555), sixteenth-century mural paintings, a Gothic side-portal, and Renaissance woodwork. Ascending tortuously, the road leads to a wilder region, passing the source of the Var, and zigzagging to the highest point, the Col de la Cayolle (7717 feet). Descending the peak, the cliffs of Mont Pelat are observed on the left, and the Cime de l'Eschillon (8890 feet) on the right. *Barcelonnette* is now reached. This little town was founded in 1231 by Bérenger, Count of Provence. It suffered greatly during the frontier wars. In the Grande Place is a memorial of Eugène Manuel (1775-1827), the famous orator of the Restoration. In the east side of the town rises the fifteenth-century Tour Cardinalis.

To Briançon the road conducts past the fortress of Tournoux, and passing thickly wooded slopes and, later, great rocks, opens out at St Paul-sur-Ubaye. From here the road becomes steep, and the ascent of the Col de Vars (6939 feet) has begun. The view thence is not very extensive. Descending, a delightful forest is disclosed, and Mont Pelvoux (12,944 feet) comes into sight. The road drops, and soon *Guillestre* appears, an old-world town, with a fifteenth-century church, whose porch is supported by sandstone pillars, resting on the backs of crouching lions. Mounting the Guil valley, the route lies through the district of the Queyras, passing Aiguilles, an industrial village, and the medieval *Château Queyras*, standing on a rock in the valley. Situated on the Torrent de la Rivière, *Arvieux* leads to the Col d'Izoard. The road is tortuous, and zigzags past strange rocks to the jagged spot known as La Casse-Déserte. After this the scene is different; vegetation appears again, and the Col d'Izoard begins (7835 feet). The view from the summit is extensive, including the distant part of the valley of Névache and Mont Thabor. Descending the mountain, and traversing a beautiful valley, Briançon is soon reached—an ancient walled town with picturesque, narrow streets, containing seventeenth-century houses.

*Le Lautaret*, situated on the Col du Lautaret, possesses some famous meadows, long celebrated for their botanical specimens. About six miles away is La Grave, delightfully situated on a jutting rock. A favourite tourist centre, *Le Bourg d'Oisans* is the most important place until

Vizille is reached, with an ancient château, which may be visited on Sunday and Thursday (from 2 to 7.30). Eight miles from Grenoble, *Uriage* is a popular little spa and summer resort. Grenoble itself, the seat of a bishopric and a university, is full of historical associations. *St Pierre-de-Chartreuse*, a good centre for excursions, *St Laurent*, and *Les Echelles* next follow, and eventually *Chambéry*, the chief town of the department of Savoie. The fifteenth-century Cathedral, and the Castle, founded in 1232, are particularly interesting. *Aix-les-Bains*, the next town, is an important thermal spa, and one of the principal fashionable resorts in Europe. The Col de *Leschaux*, between *Aix-les-Bains* and *Sévrier*, is 2968 feet high, while *Annecy*, a very delightful old town, has links with *St Francis de Sales*, and *J. J. Rousseau*. *Thônes* is a quiet summer resort, and *St Jean-de-Sixt*, *Flumet*, and *Mégève* are similar places. *St Gervais-les-Bains*, well situated, is a good centre for excursions. The next town is *Chamonix*, probably the most famous tourist resort at the foot of the Alps. *Servoy*, at the mouth of the *Gorges de la Diosaz*, comes next, followed by *Sallanches*, a small summer resort. The little town of *Cluses* is a watchmaking centre; another small industrial place is *Taninges*, within a mile of which is the old Abbey of *Mélan*, now a school. *Thonon* is picturesquely situated on Lake *Léman*, and *Evian*, the terminus of the *Route des Alpes*, is one of the most delectable places of the French Alps.

*To Barcelonnette, via the Col d'Allos*.—This covers a distance of 103 miles. P.-L.-M. autocars of the short "Route des Alpes" (2½ stages) leave Nice every afternoon (1st July to 15th Sept.). Stop at *Beauvezer* for the night, and at *Barcelonnette* the next day for lunch.

*Nice to Méailles* (see pp. 152-3).—Ascending obliquely high above the *Vaire* valley, the road descends at *Thorame-Haute* to the *Verdon*, from which a road leads to *St André-de-Méouilles* and *Castellane*. On the right is seen the *Crête du Pasquier*, and later the mountain torrent which an arch transports over the road. *Beauvezer* is an unassuming summer resort, whence a visit may be made to the bizarre *Gorges de St Pierre*, which rise on the left bank of the *Verdon*. Traversing the *Verdon*, underneath the old *Fort de France*, *Colmars* is touched. Formerly

fortified with two forts, it is now little more than a village. It took its name from a temple of Mars on a hill near by. Its main street is narrow, flanked by high houses, and its sixteenth-century church notable. Leaving Colmars, the Fort de Savoie will be observed on the left, and the Roche-Cline (8373 feet) on the right. The route thence continues to Allos, a summer resort, with a restored eleventh-century church. Becoming ever steeper, the road ascends to the Col d'Allos (7382 feet), situated between the Sestrière (8261 feet) on the left, and the Grand-Cheval-de-Bois (9321 feet) on the right. Descending, the recent Refuge National is passed, and farther on Les Agneliers-Bas. Thence the route is by way of the road from Col de la Cayolle to Barcelonnette.

### MONACO

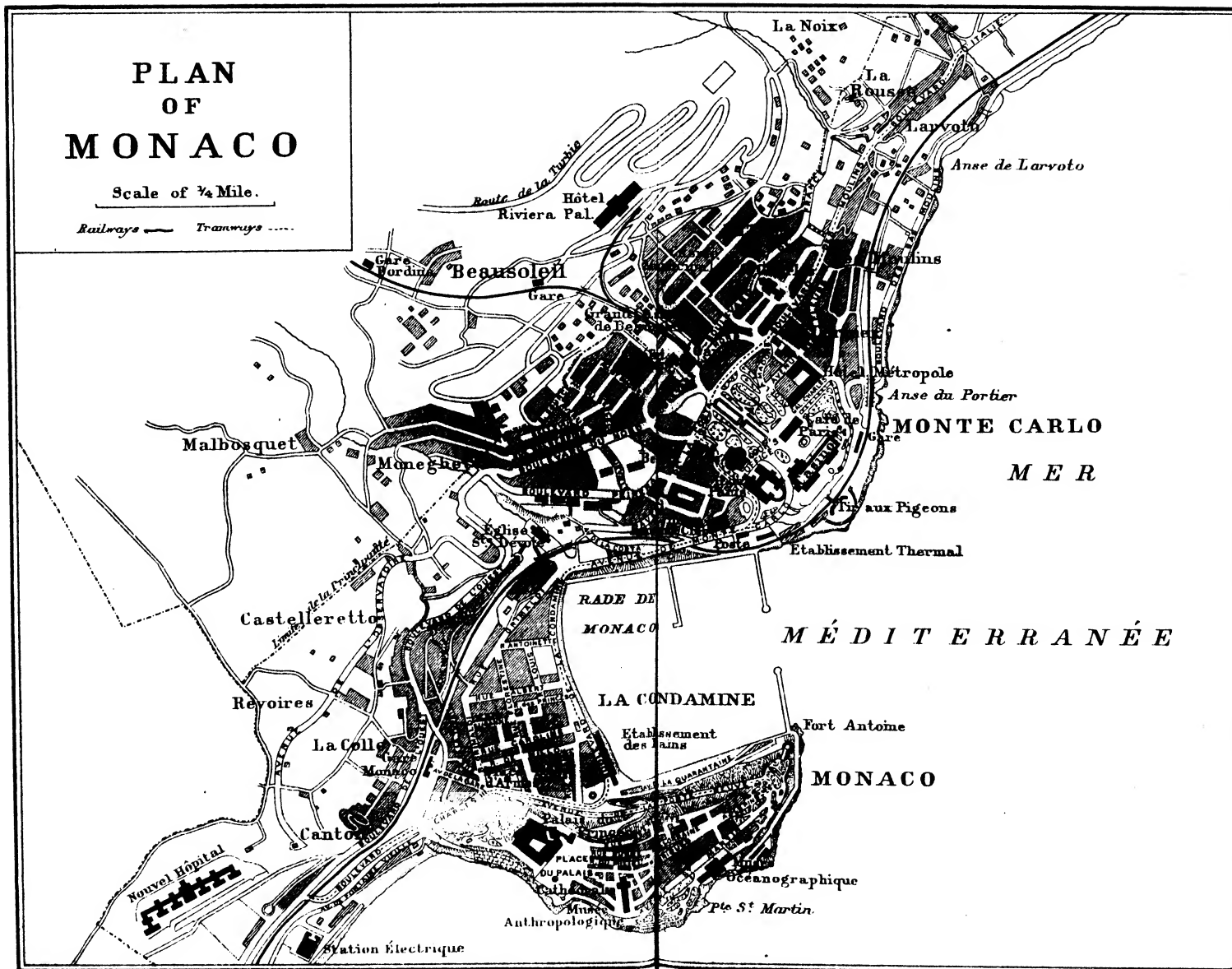
(c) *History*.—Monaco is the capital of the principality of the same name, the smallest state in Europe, including in its area the celebrated Monte Carlo, synonymous in the minds of most people with gambling. Let us briefly chronicle the history of Monaco, which is intimately associated with the Grimaldi family. The town is very ancient, and is said to have been founded in the sixteenth or seventeenth century B.C. by Hercules himself. At all events its earliest name was *Herculis Portus*. We learn that in the year 407, when the Goths invaded Gaul, Monaco was destroyed. After the Saracens had been defeated by William, Count of Provence, in 972, they fled to the Montagnes des Maures, where they continued to defy the Christians. But a Genoese noble named Ghibellin Grimaldi, with a handful of followers, climbed Mount Maurus in the dead of night and massacred the infidels to a man. For this brave deed William of Provence presented him with the territory he had conquered, that is to say, all the coast from St Tropez to Fréjus. The Gulf of Sanbrocca was called the Gulf of Grimaud in honour of the Grimaldis. Whoever were the owners of Monaco during the ninth and tenth centuries, it seems that the Rock was abandoned until the year 1191. There was hardly a trace of the fortress in 1215, when the Genoese took possession of it. It had been given to them in 1174, that



# PLAN OF MONACO

Scale of  $\frac{1}{4}$  Mile.

Railways ——— Trams ———



COOK'S  
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they might build a castle there, which was done in 1215. At that time Genoa, like many other Italian towns, had her leading families at enmity with one another: the Doria and Spinola families were Ghibelline, and the Grimaldi and Fieschi, Guelfs. These family quarrels soon extended to Monaco; and the Fieschi and Grimaldi sought refuge in Monaco and other coast towns. The Genoese besieged the Rock in 1297; it was defended by a Grimaldi. In 1300, Monaco declared war against Charles II. of Anjou, but Pope Adrian V. intervened, and at a conference a treaty was concluded by which Charles restored to the Republic the forts occupied by the Guelfs, allowing, however, the Guelfs to return to Genoa. But once more the Guelfs, led by one Francesco, a burly member of the Grimaldi family, in the disguise of a monk gained an entrance to the castle, filled long before with his spies and followers, and took possession of Monaco. Twenty-one years later the Ghibellines regained it.

We now come to Charles Grimaldi the Great, who in 1338 bought, for a huge sum from Niccolo Spinola, the territory that Charles II. of Anjou had presented to the Ghibelline family in 1303. Later the fortunes of the Grimaldi family become mixed up with those of Joan, Queen of Naples, who has been called the "Mary Stuart of the fourteenth century." When Joan was only eight years old she was betrothed to Andrew of Hungary. She was tall and beautiful, whilst he was ugly and a kill-joy. On the night of the 18th of September 1345—the coronation was to have taken place two days later—Andrew was killed, either by strangulation or hanging—historians are not agreed on the point—and by a silken cord made by Joan herself some days before the murder. Joan returned to Naples, and was at once accused of the murder by Charles of Durazzo, who had married Joan's sister Mary. Whether guilty or not, Joan, after marrying Luigi of Taranto, was acquitted of the murder by Clement VI. She and her husband were crowned in 1352, and Joan reigned as Queen of Naples for thirty years. After Luigi's death, Joan married James of Majorca, but he took offence at not being made king. So he left his consort three months after their marriage, and went to Spain, but returned, and, according to Brantôme, had his head

cut off by Joan's orders because he was unfaithful to her. When she was fifty years of age she married her fourth husband, Otho of Brunswick, in 1375. In 1380 Joan adopted Louis of Anjou as her heir, but Pope Urban VI. crowned Charles of Durazzo, her nephew, as Charles III. of Naples. He took possession of Naples, "without striking a single blow," on the 16th of July 1381. Joan was imprisoned in the Château Neuf and capitulated, and Charles had her suffocated between two mattresses on 12th May 1382. He himself was afterwards killed by instructions of Elizabeth of Hungary, who had favoured Joan's first marriage with Andrew of Hungary.

John Grimaldi, the hero of the siege of Cremona, married Pommeline Fregoso and left one son, Catalan, who died in 1457, leaving a daughter, Claudine, who was sovereign lady of Monaco. John's wish was that she should marry her cousin Lambert Grimaldi. Pommeline objected to the match, Lambert being 42, and Claudine only 12 years of age; but the people were in favour of it, and Pommeline had to yield. An attempt on his life, instigated by Pommeline, failed, and he took Claudine away from her grandmother and married her as soon as she was fourteen years of age. The historians say that the union was a supremely happy one: "she reigned; he governed."

The history of the Grimaldi family is a catalogue of murders and murderers. John Grimaldi, one of three surviving sons of Lambert, appears to have been killed by a younger brother Lucien, who was in turn killed by his nephew. The third brother, Augustin, also died under suspicious circumstances in 1532, but he was instrumental in bringing about the execution of Bartolommeo Doria, Lucien's nephew. Lucien's son, Honoré I., succeeded him, dying in 1581, and leaving twelve children behind him.

During the minority of Honoré II., the Prince di Valdetare, his uncle, acted as Governor of Monaco, and signed a treaty placing the garrison under the absolute control of Spain. The new garrison, consisting solely of a company of Spanish infantry, took possession of the place in 1605. Spain's domination lasted until 1641, when, after a secret alliance with France, entered into by Honoré, the Spanish garrison was expelled.

With the French Revolution came the downfall of the



principality of Monaco, also that of the sovereignty of the House of Grimaldi, and in 1793, the three communes of Monaco, Mentone, and Roccabruna declared themselves a republic. This was in January, and in the following month the French Republic annexed the republic of Monaco. Honoré III. died in Paris in 1795, leaving two sons to work out the destiny of the House of Grimaldi. Twenty years later the principality was returned to the Grimaldis by the Treaty of Paris.

In 1861 Charles Grimaldi sold the two towns of Mentone and Roccabruna, or his rights over them, to France for four million francs. Further, an idea occurred to him, that Monaco might profit by visitors in the same way that Mentone did. Before the sale of his rights to Mentone and Roccabruna Charles had given a concession to two speculators for building a Casino, but these gentlemen went into liquidation, and a bigger Casino, the present, was built on the Plateau des Spélugues. With the advent of M. François Blanc in 1863, prosperity came to both Prince and peasant. The Casino was to have been called the Elysée Alberto, but the title finally selected was the one it now bears, Monte Carlo. When François Blanc died in 1877, he was possessed of two hundred million francs. The present representative of the Grimaldis is Louis II. (born in 1870), who succeeded his father, Albert I., in 1922.

*Monaco* is the capital of the principality, and the seat of a bishop. It has a considerable medieval interest and some attractive gardens, though the town itself is not a resort for tourists; below at La Condamine there are, however, many hotels, and all the facilities of a favourite winter health resort. For a stay of longer than fifteen days in the principality of Monaco, a *Permis de Séjour*, for which a small fee is asked, must be obtained from the police.

*Hotels.*—Des Etrangers, in the Rue Florestine; de la Condamine, in the Rue des Princes; Bristol et Majestic, in the Boulevard la Condamine; Hôtel de la Paix, in the Rue Albert; Hôtel de Nice, opposite the station. *Restaurants.*—The Criterion, in the Place St Dévote; Renaissance, in the Rue Grimaldi, and the Contoz, near the Monaco Cathedral. *Post and Telegraph Office*, in the Place de la Mairie (the entire collection of Monégasque stamps may be obtained here). *English Church* of St Cyprian near the Hôtel Victoria. Service on Sunday at 10.30 a.m. *British Vice-Consul* at 10 and 12 Avenue des Fleurs.

*Electric trams* run between Monaco and the Monte Carlo Casino every few minutes, and from Monaco to Nice every half hour, also to Mentone.

From the Place d'Armes, through which the trams pass, the Rampe Majeure, a slope with steps, mounts in about five minutes to the *Place du Palais*, in front of the Palace ; hence the Rue du Milieu leads to the Post Office, at the end on the right. Out of the Rue du Milieu, on the right, the Rue de l'Eglise leads to the Cathedral. The Place du Palais may also be reached by taking a tram from the Place d'Armes to the Place de la Visitation, and proceeding thence by the Rue de Lorraine and the Rue Basse.

The *Place du Palais*, with its battlemented parapets and its bronze cannons, presented to the principality by Louis XIV., has about it a fine air of medieval grandeur, accentuated by the splendid views to the west and south. The *Palace* itself is shown every day from 2 to 5, in the absence of the Prince. It is of considerable antiquity, but has undergone much restoration ; the southern wing is the most interesting part. The main gate is adorned with the family arms, and the battlements of the tower are said to be shaped in the manner exclusive to adherents to the cause of the Guelfs. From the Cour d'Honneur the ascent is made by a double white marble staircase to a sixteenth-century arcaded gallery, adorned with restored frescoes of the seventeenth century ; there are other frescoes, dating from the sixteenth century, on the façade to the right. From the gallery on the left you enter the state apartments, which contain portraits of the Grimaldi and other distinguished people. Here, also, is the Chapel of St John the Baptist, lately adorned. In the reception hall there is a splendid apartment, with a massive white marble chimneypiece finely sculptured, and a room is shown where Lucien Grimaldi was murdered in 1523. In 1767 the Duke of York, brother of George III., died in the Palace when visiting the Prince of Monaco. On the sixteenth-century ramparts are some fine hanging gardens.

Hence by the route already referred to, or by the Rue Ste Barbe, you come to the Cathedral. The Rue du Tribunal also leads there, and at the end of this street is the Anthropological Museum, situated in the beautiful

Jardin St Martin, which has a very pleasant promenade overlooking the sea. In the museum there are a number of Roman antiquities found at La Condamine, and also some interesting objects dotted among the prehistoric caves of the Rochers Rouges near Mentone. The admission to the museum is 1 franc. The *Cathedral*, finished in 1897, is an imposing Romanesque-Byzantine building, designed by Lenormand, and dedicated to the Immaculate Virgin. "A vast sum—from the gambling tables—has been spent upon a cathedral, designed by Charles Lenormand. Internally, and indeed externally, from near at hand it is fine and dignified. But from a distance it produces an unpleasing effect. It has no tall towers, no stately dome; but at the rear, a monstrous hump, designed to make a display of the west front, otherwise meaningless. The distant effect of this church is that of an infant peacock, spreading its tail before it has any feathers to display." There is an interesting painting in eighteen compartments by L. Brea, representing St Nicholas, and other saints; it adorns the right transept. The same artist has a *Pietà* over the door of the Sacristy. The twenty-eight Princes of Monaco lie in the crypt, where also are preserved the remains of St Devota, the patron saint of the principality (and of Corsica—see p. 305).

Descending the Avenue St Martin, you reach the handsome building which houses the Museum of Oceanography (Institut Océanographique Musée), facing the College de la Visitation. The museum is open from the 1st November to the 31st January, 10 to 1 and 2 to 4; from the 1st February to the 31st May, 10 to 1 and 2 to 5; from the 1st June to the 31st October, 10 to 12 and 2 to 5; admission 3 francs. It contains the objects collected by Prince Albert I. in the course of his deep-sea explorations, and by him the museum was founded in 1910. On the lower floor is a fine marine aquarium. In Room I., facing the vestibule, is a statue of Prince Albert. In Room II., on the left, are cases with seaweed, star-fish, lobsters, crabs; and in the centre models, skeletons of huge fish, and stuffed and green animals, etc. Room III., on the right, is the Salle des Conférences, adorned with a large sea piece at the end of the room behind the President's chair. The compartments with an ornamental ceiling are painted with marine

subjects. On the *first floor* in the corresponding three rooms are models of ships, fishing-nets, sponges, pearls, corals, sea-shells, stuffed sea-birds, etc., and the laboratory of the yacht *Hirondelle*. Opposite the museum the Rue des Ecoles will take you to the Place de la Visitation, whence you may return to the Place d'Armes in La Condamine.

The little *harbour*, usually full of yachts and smart motor craft, is skirted on the west side by the Boulevard Albert-Premier, which leads past the large Bristol Hotel, beyond which is the valley of Gaumattes or of Ste Dévote, the mouth of which is spanned by the railway viaduct. Beyond this, and the Moneghetti Bridge, a little higher up, situated on ancient foundations, is the little Church of Ste Dévote. Dévote was a Christian from her childhood, and whilst still a child was taken into the house of Eutyches, a senator not of the Christian faith, who lived in Corsica. After the publication of Diocletian's edict in 303, it came to the knowledge of the Governor of Corsica that the senator sheltered in his house a Christian maid. He ordered that she should be brought forth, and, this done, had her feet tied together, and her body carried cruelly over the rough ground. She was then stretched on the rack, where she died. The legend says that as she died a white dove fluttered over her, and in a moment was lost in the deep blue of the sky. On the following night a priest managed to secure the body, laid it in a boat, and bade a boatman carry it away. At this moment the white dove again appeared, and the boatman followed it, rowing until he reached Monaco, and there the body was laid. The Festival of Ste Dévote is on 27th January. On the eve of the festival a boat is burned to commemorate the miraculous rescue of the precious relic in 1070, when an attempt to carry it off was made by a Florentine named Antinope; in spite of the breeze being already in his favour, the boat remained stationary as if becalmed.

## MONTE CARLO AND BEAUSOLEIL

Monte Carlo arouses a great deal of enthusiasm. It also arouses a good deal of indignation, though it is useless to concern oneself with that aspect when on a visit to what

is at the lowest estimate one of the most beautiful resorts in Europe. The natural beauties and equable climate of Monte Carlo rival those of any other watering-place along the Riviera. Situated on a stony ridge at Foncinana Point, rising from the sea, Monte Carlo is sheltered from the north and north-west by mountains, and is protected on the south and south-west by the Rock of Monaco. It is, of course, an entirely modern creation. Of man's handiwork there is nothing here save luxurious hotels, large modern mansions, smart shops, exotic gardens, and, of course, the Casino. The latter is its principal centre, and perhaps its greatest attraction, although the cosmopolitan crowd, including a great deal of fashion and wealth, annually attracted by the gaming-tables, the elaborate entertainments, and the perfection of the hotels can be a source of considerable interest. The first gaming establishment in the principality was opened at Monaco in the Place du Palais in October 1856. This continued with varying success until May 1858, when the late Prince, then a lad of ten years, laid the foundation-stone of the Casino at Monte Carlo; so began the very recent history of what is probably the smartest town in Europe.

*Hotels.*—Métropole, de Paris, Riviera Palace, Balmoral Palace, Grand, Hermitage, Mirabeau, Monte Carlo Palace, Prince de Galles, Windsor, Alexandra, des Anglais and St James, Beau Rivage, Bristol and Majestic, Gallia, de Londres, Royal, National, des Princes, Olympia.

*Cook's Office*, Credit Lyonnais, Avenue des Beaux Arts (winter only). *Post, Telegraph, and Telephone Office*, Avenue de Monte Carlo. *British Vice-Consulate* at 1 Avenue des Fleurs. *English Church* of St Paul in the Avenue des Fleurs.

*Electric tramways* to Monaco every few minutes, to Nice about every half-hour, as also to Cap Martin and Mentone. On the theatre and concert nights there is a departure of the Mentone tram after the performance, at double fares. *Funicular* railway train from Boulevard du Nord to La Turbie (p. 250) runs frequently between 8 a.m. and 5.30 p.m. (see local time-table). Trains stop at the Monte Carlo Supérieur Station for Beausoleil.

*English Doctors.*—Dr Price Mitchell, Villa Henri, in the Boulevard Perera; Dr Andrews, at the Villa Capozzi in the Boulevard du Nord. An *English paper*—*The Mentone and Monte Carlo News*—is published weekly in the town.

The *Casino*, with its gaming-rooms, theatre, opera-house, and ballroom, is open for admission to the public rooms between 10 a.m. and 11.30 p.m. for 3 francs, or 30 frs. per month, or 75 frs.

for the season. Admission to the private rooms is from 2 p.m. to 2 a.m., at 75 frs. per month, or 250 frs. for the winter season and 200 frs. for the summer season. Seats in the theatre cost 40 frs., or 25 frs. each for a series of 44 tickets; or 30 frs. each for a series of tickets for use once a week. Dancing is held in the afternoon and evening, admission 10 frs. In the Casino Theatre concerts are held daily in winter at 2.30 and 8.30, except when theatrical performances are given. The concerts are given in summer in the Casino gardens.

*Golf Links*, 18 holes, with a club-house and restaurant, have been opened on Mont Agel; the annual subscription is 350 frs., and there is a motor service to and from Monte Carlo; at La Condamine is *La Festa Tennis Club*. The *National Sporting Club* is in the Avenue de Monte Carlo. During the season there are international fêtes, fancy dress balls, battles of flowers, tennis competitions, sailing competitions, flower-shows, dog-shows, regattas, etc.

The Avenue de Monte Carlo rises from La Condamine to the Place du Casino in front of the Casino, passing the Post Office and the exclusive International Sporting Club. Below the Casino is the P.-L.-M. Railway Station, and in the Place, flanking it on the west, are the huge Hôtel de Paris and the Palais des Beaux Arts, with the tramway halt between, in the Avenue des Arts. Opposite the Hôtel de Paris is the celebrated Café de Paris, and above this, stretching to the west of the Casino, is a beautiful garden. In the Boulevard de l'Observatoire is the Peace Museum, with a collection of ancient and modern Persian enamels, lacquer-work, carved jades, model mirrors, mosaics, etc.

*Casino*.—The Casino is an elaborate building originally designed by Charles Garnier, architect of the Opera House of Paris. Its principal façade faces the town, and its southern façade overlooks the sea. It is the property of the *Société Anonyme des Bains de Mer et du Cercle des Etrangers à Monaco*. The façade, sixty yards long, which overlooks the terrace, consists of three arcades flanked by towers up to 120 feet high, with campaniles above them. On either side of the great balcony are sculptured groups, the one on the right representing music, executed by Madame Sarah Bernhardt; that on the other side representing dancing, by Gustave Doré. On the west side is a private door used by the Prince of Monaco. The great hall has been elaborately decorated by eminent French

artists, and in recent years the eastern façade has been considerably extended to make room for additional tables. Roulette and trente-et-quarante tables are always active. Daily concerts of instrumental music and special concerts from time to time, with first-class operatic or dramatic entertainments, keep the Casino a perpetual source of attraction. On entering the great building you find yourself in a magnificently decorated hall lighted from above, paved with various coloured marble and flanked by elegant columns. On the right of the entrance is the vestiaire or cloak-room. On the left is an office where cards of admission to the gaming-tables are issued. Every applicant for a card is required to state his name and nationality and his last address; the card is then handed to him, available for one day, one week, or a month, as may be desired, and must be produced when requested by the doorkeeper. On the side of the hall opposite the entrance, and facing the sea, is the gorgeously decorated concert room and theatre, with every seat a fauteuil cushioned in red velvet. The orchestra at this theatre, composed of eighty musicians, is said to be one of the finest in Europe; their concerts are free, except in the case of the Thursday afternoon classical concerts and the Sunday modern concerts, when a charge is made.

The Hungarian Orchestra plays in the atrium morning and afternoon. For the operatic and theatrical performances in the theatre well-known singers and actors from Paris, Berlin, London, and Milan are engaged. The reading-rooms, to which admittance is free, face westward, and like the rest of the building are fitted in most luxurious style, so also is the billiard-room. Everything in short is of a sumptuousness that might very justifiably stagger the average man, but the cause of it will be evident on passing through the Salle de Jeu. Padded doors swing silently on their hinges and give entrance to a series of magnificent assembly rooms, decorated in the Persian style and rivalling in splendour the royal palaces at Versailles, the Louvre, or Fontainebleau. There are five double tables for roulette and one for trente et quarante.

The roulette tables are laid out in squares somewhat like the quadrangular which children construct for hop-scotch. The squares are numbered with figures ranging from 1 to

36. On one side of this figure are compartments marked respectively pair (even), passe, nineteen to thirty-six, and a black diamond. The corresponding compartments on the opposite side are marked impair (odd), manque, one to eighteen, and a red diamond. On each side of the roulette is zero, and at the opposite ends are squares marked first dozen, second dozen, and third dozen. The roulette or wheel and ball is in the centre between two tables; opposite to it, facing each other, are the croupiers. Every time the game is called, money is showered down on all parts of the table, with 5 frs. as the minimum stake. The croupier calls out, "Faites vos jeux, Messieurs," the ball and wheel are set rolling, and in a few seconds hundreds of pounds have changed hands. The compartments of the wheel in which the ball falls are either red or black, and the numbers 1 to 36.

Let us suppose No. 15 turns up. All who have placed money upon the square 15 receive 35 times their stake; all who have placed money on the square marked "impair" receive double their stake, and those who have staked on the second dozen receive their stake in prices value added. On the other hand all sums placed on any number other than 15 are lost, as also are all sums staked on the square marked "pair." In a like manner all the money upon "passe" is lost, because the number is below 18, but all money upon "manque" gains. If the number thrown is zero the table takes the whole of the stake unless zero has been staked on, when the player gets 36 times his outlay. The croupiers first rake in all sums lost, and then proceed to throw upon the squares occupied by winners the amount due to them. Directly the settlement is finished money showers down upon the tables for the next throw. The trente-et-quarante tables are worked by the distribution of cards. Here the minimum is a napoleon.

Considering that the Company, in addition to paying the expenses of the establishment, bears the cost of the government of the principality, some idea may be formed of the profits of these gaming-tables. Out of those profits the Prince of Monaco receives a considerable share, and the governor-general, the judges of the tribunals, the army—not a large one, it is true—and the police are paid. Roads and streets are maintained and lighted from the



same source, exotic gardens are kept in a state of exquisite perfection, education is free, and there are no rates and taxes. The only needy people in the principality are those who have "hunted" too recklessly, but the Company considerably pays the hotel bills of these unfortunates, and provides them with a second-class ticket home and the necessary expenses, according to the length of the journey. This sacrifice is probably wise, as the presence at Monte Carlo of people who have been beggared at the tables is undesirable, and the sums granted represent a very small fraction of what the recipients have left behind at the Casino. The Company also has its pensioners, who receive a daily stipend, but they are only among those who have benefited its coffers to a very large extent. They are most of them people who have infallible systems. Besides the enormous expenses of maintenance, of subsidies to the press for holding their tongues, and the sum paid annually to the Prince, which amounts to £160,000, the company, after paying interest on the shares, manages to put by sufficient to enable it in due time to possess a reserve fund equal to the whole of its capital.

But Monte Carlo must not be spoken of merely as a gambling station. As a health resort it stands very high in the estimation of invalids, and is considered by some medical men to be without rival on the Riviera. There is no watering-place more picturesquely situated, the climate is agreeable, and the surrounding scenery delightfully diversified. The water supply is excellent, and the sanitary arrangements efficient. Even during the summer the weather is not unpleasantly hot, thanks to a constant sea breeze. In front and below the Casino, facing the sea, is a thermal establishment, recently constructed. All kinds of baths—sea-water, medicinal, etc.—are provided, and there are also electric and medicated installations.

*Beausoleil*, which is actually in French territory, extends to the north of Monte Carlo. It is pleasantly situated on the slopes of the Mont des Mules, with a southern aspect embracing a beautiful view. It is favoured as a winter resort, being less expensive than the neighbouring Monte Carlo.

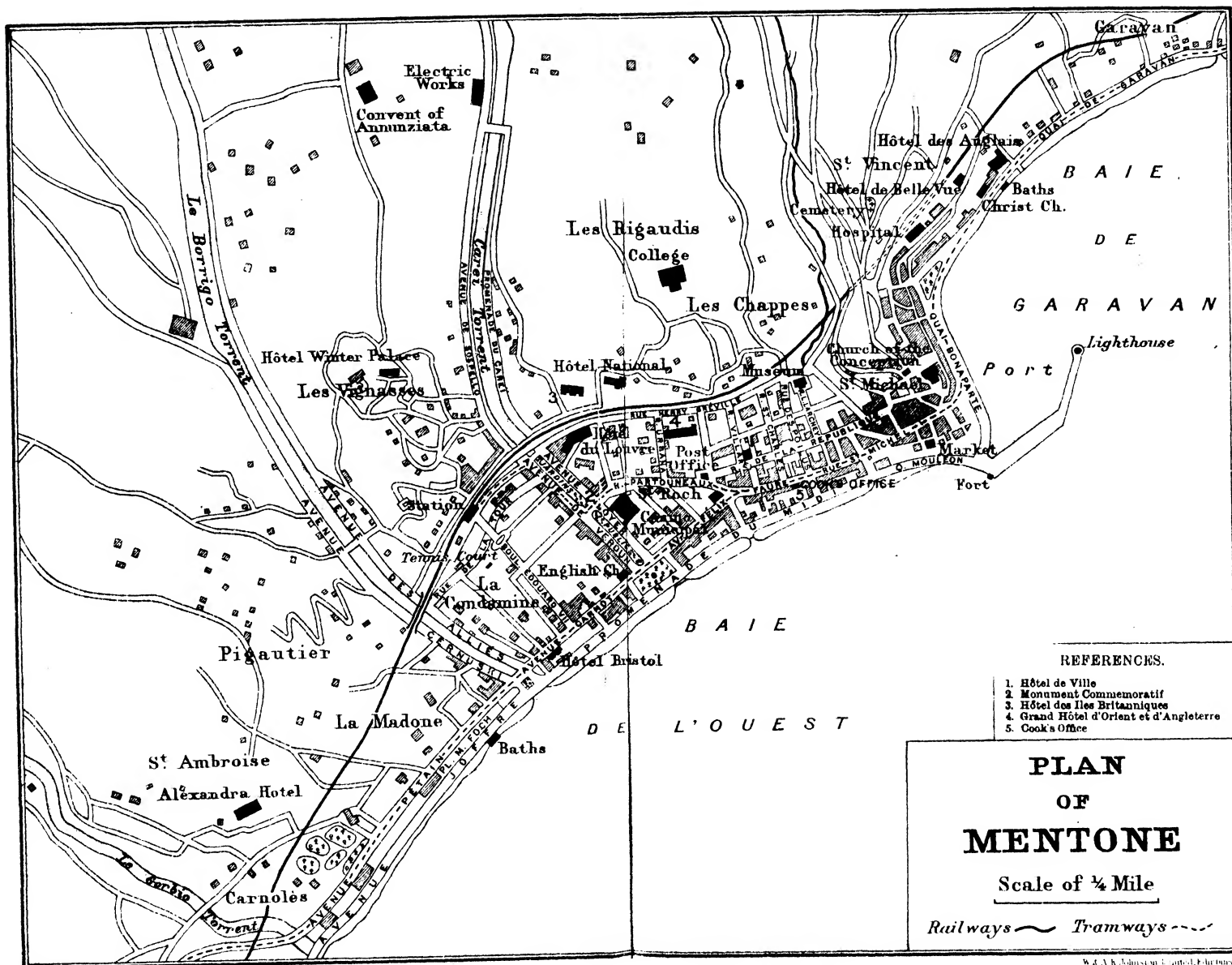
*Hotels.*—The Riviera Palace, the Gallia (open all the year), Suisse, Olympia, de Beausoleil. *Post Office* at the Mairie. *Municipal Casino*, with theatre, gaming-room, reading-room, etc. *Tennis Courts* in the Square de la Festa.

Beausoleil is separated from Monte Carlo by the Boulevard de France, which is French on one side and Monégasque on the other. In Beausoleil is the *Gare de la Turbie* for the rack-and-pinion railway up to *La Turbie* (p. 245). A tramway ascends to the Riviera Palace Hotel.

### MENTONE

Mentone—in French Menton—is one of the most favoured resorts along the Mediterranean coast, and is unusually suited to the requirements of invalids and persons of delicate constitution, being sheltered from the mistral by a semi-circle of mountains. Its climate is probably the mildest anywhere along the coast. Nowhere along the northern Mediterranean shore does the lemon grow with equal luxuriance. Olives achieve their richest profusion, fogs and dews are unknown, the sky is almost perpetually cloudless, and the temperature scarcely ever falls below the freezing-point. The quarters of the town situated on the eastern bay have the highest average temperature, being even more adequately sheltered than the west bay, which is terminated by the wooded peninsula of Cap Martin. The mean minimum temperature for the six winter months is  $46^{\circ}$ , the mean maximum  $58^{\circ}$ , the combined mean  $52^{\circ}$ . The temperature is equable, not subject to the severe changes experienced at many of the other Riviera health resorts. The town is plentifully supplied with water from the Vesubie, which is subject to Anderson's system of filtration. Great attention is paid by the municipality to the removal of dust and refuse and to the maintenance of a well-nigh perfect system of sanitation. According to observations taken, rain falls on an average 80 days in the year, the sky is cloudless during 214 days, and cloudy days number 71. With a climate so superb and with luxuries and conveniences equal to those of any winter resort in Europe, it is scarcely a matter for surprise that Mentone should stand in such high favour, especially with the English.







*Amusements* at Mentone are not so varied and elaborate as those at Nice or Monte Carlo, but if one is in need of more excitement than this town has to offer, then both Monte Carlo and Nice are near enough at hand to provide that want—not that Mentone is dull, on the contrary there is really any amount of amusement, organised and spontaneous, available throughout the season. There is very good boating and bathing. The harbour is well protected by a breakwater, and there is excellent accommodation for yachts. Sailing boats may be hired, golf links are adjacent, and there is a pretty little theatre for operettas attached to the new Casino. Open-air concerts are given morning and afternoon in the Carei Gardens; dinner parties, garden parties, and dances are frequent in the villas, and the various hotels maintain a pleasant but quiet programme of entertainment. Carnival, fêtes, and battles of flowers on an attractive scale occur in the early spring, and when the fashionable international regattas are held the harbour is usually filled with yachts.

*Railway Stations.*—There are two railway stations at Mentone: the principal station is at the west end of the town, in the Carei quarter, the other is at the east end in the Garavan district, behind the Grand Hotel and the Britannia. All trains do not stop at the Garavan station, so that the passengers wishing to alight there should make inquiries beforehand.

*Hotels.*—Imperial, Winter Palace, Bellevue et d'Italie, des Iles Britanniques, Majestic, Riviera Palace, Royal and Westminster, Venise et Continental, Annonciata, Atlantic et Malte, Balmoral, Menton et du Midi, Côte d'Azur, Méditerranée, de Turin, Prince de Galles, Cyrnos Pension, Pension Flandria, Magali Pension, Pension Mignon, Pension Princess; (Mentone-Garavan) des Anglais, Cecil, Wyder's Grand, Britannia, and Beau Site.

*Villas, Boarding-houses, or Pensions.*—A large number of houses are, during the season, let furnished at rents more moderate than at Nice or Cannes. Before making engagements visitors would do well to consult an agent on account of the peculiarities in the French law of landlord and tenant (see p. 177). Servants can easily be obtained on application at any of the house-agents, and those of foreign nationality must be registered at the police office.

*Gorbo Sanatorium.*—As some of the principal hotel-keepers of Mentone decided to refuse consumptive visitors, the Gorbo Sanatorium was established in 1900 for the reception of patients in all stages of consumption. The Sanatorium is situated at an altitude of 820 feet, facing south, three miles from the railway station, and nearly four miles from the sea. It is conducted on the most up-to-date scientific principles. *The House of Rest.*—This was estab-

lished in the Quartier de la Madone for professional men of small means. Board and lodging is charged for, but medical attention is given free, and a medical certificate is necessary. *British Doctors*.—Dr Stanley Rendall, in the Villa Stella Marie, Avenue de la Madone; Dr D. W. Samways, at the Villa Flaire, Avenue Boier; Dr William Campbell, Casa Rossa, Garavan.

*Cook's Office*.—22 Avenue Félix-Faure (winter only). *Post and Telegraph Offices*.—Rue Partouneaux. *British Vice-Consulate*.—9 Avenue Félix-Faure. *U.S. Consulate*.—Villa Isnarl. *English Churches*.—Christ Church, Promenade de Garavan; Services, 10.30 a.m., 5 p.m. St John the Evangelist, Avenue Carnot, 10.30 a.m. and 5 p.m. *Scottish Church*.—Rue du Général-Gallieni, at 10.30 a.m. and 3 p.m. *French Church*.—Rue de la République. *Russian Church*.—Maison Russe, Quartier Carnoles, 10.30 a.m. *English Nurses' Institute*.—Rue St Michel.

*Anglo-American Club*.—Promenade du Midi. *Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club*, Avenue Carnot. *Town Hall*.—Opposite the Place Ardoino, in the Rue de la République, is the Town Hall. *Casino Municipal*.—A new building facing the Jardin Public, opened December 1909. Theatre, gaming-rooms (*petits-chevaux*, minimum stake 2 fr.). *Grand Casino*.—Rue Villarey.

*Electric Trams*.—From one end of the bay to the other, *i.e.* from the Avenue Ladola, at the land end of Cap Martin, to the east end of the Garavan, or Promenade St Louis; and from Garavan through the town to Monte Carlo; also to Sospel Golf Links (in about an hour). For drives and excursions there is no fixed tariff, and the charge should be agreed upon before starting.

*Golf Links* (18 holes) at Sospel, opened November 1911. Electric trams from Mentone and Nice (see also p. 229). *Sea Bathing*.—There are good baths in the East and West Bay, but the water close to the shore is much discoloured by alluvial earth when the sea is rough. *Baths*.—Rue des Bains. *Public Gardens*.—Music in the Kiosque, 10.30 to 11.30, and from 2.30 to 3, week-days; and on Sundays, 1.30 to 3.

Mentone, 15½ miles from Marseille, formerly belonged to the principality of Monaco, but was annexed to France in 1860. It belonged to the Counts of Ventimiglia at the end of the tenth century, after the expulsion of the Saracens, and from them it passed into Genoese hands about the middle of the thirteenth century. In the following century it passed to the Grimaldi, Lords of Monaco, and under that lordship it remained with certain vicissitudes until 1848, when, with Roquebrune, it revolted and declared itself a free town. It continued as a republic until its annexation by France in 1860. It stands like an amphitheatre upon a promontory, which cuts into two unequal parts a semi-circular bay of about 6½ miles in breadth, bounded on the east by the slopes of

the Cap de la Mortola, and on the west by Cap Martin. The eastern section of the bay is partly overshadowed by broad rocks which descend close to the shore. The western section, usually called Golfe de la Paix from the tranquillity of its waters, is bordered by alluvial lands continually increased by mountain deposits, and watered in winter by the three torrents the Carei, the Borigo, and the Gorbio.

*Geological Formation.*—The mountains surrounding Mentone are formed of oolitic limestone. The town stands partly on a stratum of coarse sandstone, and the islands in the bay are of the same formation. Close to the shore of East Bay have been discovered in the sandstone rock deep caves, evidently dwellings of prehistoric mankind. Several of these caves have been explored, and found to contain, together with bones, large numbers of the flint and bone implements of the Palæolithic Period. First were revealed the remains of a large stag and of a cave hyena. In the next layer were found several of the flint weapons used by the ancient Gauls when the South of France was overrun with reindeer. Finally, at depths respectively of 4 feet, 22 feet, and 25 feet, the explorers brought to light four human skeletons. Of the two most perfect of these, one represents an old woman, who measured 5 feet and half an inch in height, the other a young man, measuring about 5 feet  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inches in height. The skull is in both cases very long with a wide facial part, and the lower part of the face is frankly negroid, the under jaw projecting in the same way as does the jaw of a native of Senegambia, while the arms are unusually long. The caves and the museum may be visited daily from 9 to 12 and from 2 to 4, for an entrance fee of 2 francs (see below).

*Old Mentone.*—The higher or old town stands on slopes so steep that no carriage can ascend to it, the houses being ranged one above another like the stages of an amphitheatre. Nevertheless, or perhaps because of it, this old town is in many respects more interesting than its modern rival. Its narrow, battlemented, lonely, and sombre streets, which in many places are little more than tortuous staircases, often steep and ill-paved, are



essentially of the Middle Ages. It would be difficult to traverse a single street without finding a hundred new and fascinating features. Every step reveals a subject for an artist to dally with.

For the exploration of this old town you must ascend the Montée de Logettes from the Place du Cap, so you come beyond the old town gate to the seventeenth-century Rue Longue, which conducts to the fourteenth-century Port St Julien. In the Rue Longue is what was formerly a seventeenth-century palace belonging to the Princes of Monaco, and on the left a double flight of steps ascending to a charming terrace with two churches. One of these is the Church of St Michael, which dates from 1675, but has been rebuilt. The interior has an elaborately decorated gilt ceiling, and its organ is built behind the high altar. There is shown a processional cross of which the shaft is said to be a Turkish lance captured by Honoré I. at the battle of Lepanto in 1571. The church adjoining is that of the Pénitents Blancs, which has a number of eighteenth-century statues. The narrow Rue du Vieux Château ascends from this terrace through delightful old houses to the old cemetery established on the site of the ancient Castle of Mentone, and opening to an extensive view.

Between this and the new cemeteries runs the Boulevard de Garavan, a mile-long avenue with beautiful views, curving till it reaches the sea at the east end of the Baie de Garavan. Another fine avenue is the Promenade du Midi, near the market, which has become a national route and encircles the old town by the harbour till it joins the present road close to the Hôtel des Anglais, thus giving an uninterrupted drive by the sea-shore from the point of Cap Martin to the Italian frontier.

The chief tramway station of Mentone is the little Place San Rosch, whence runs the Avenue Félix-Faure, in which are shops and hotels. It is continued by the Rue St Michel to the Place du Cap (see above). The Hôtel de Ville lies a little to the north of the Avenue Félix-Faure. In it is established a museum open daily, 10 to 4, except Mondays, containing paintings and engravings and some remains from caves of the Rochers Rouges, referred to above. The Rue de la République begins here, and is continued westward by the Rue Gallieni, from the end of which

may be reached the old town, via the Rue de la Consolation. There are several interesting old houses in the Rue de Brea, which is a continuation of the Rue Gallieni. At No. 2 is the birthplace of John Brea, who was killed by insurgents in Paris in 1848. At No. 1, on the left, Pope Pius VII. stayed in 1814, and No. 3 was occupied for a time by Napoleon during the Italian campaign of 1796.

A visit should be made to the late Sir Thomas Hanbury's beautiful Botanic Gardens and Saracenic tower, an interesting restoration of a nineteenth-century building converted into a villa, situated at La Mortola, about 2 miles east of the Garavan. It is open to the public from Monday to Friday, from noon to sunset, at an admission of 2 francs, which is devoted to local charities. The grounds of 100 acres slope down to the beach in terraces, amid orange-, lemon-trees, and palms. A picture of the gardens is at Pergola. The house is built in an Italian style on the site of an ancient Saracenic castle, with white marble terraces and loggias, affording superb views of the Mediterranean. The rooms contain beautiful Renaissance furniture from the Chigi Palace of Rome, and a collection of Oriental treasures from China and Japan.

There are innumerable walks of great beauty in the vicinity of Mentone in each of the three main valleys, and the mountain spurs between them offer endless possibilities to those who enjoy walking. One of the most interesting places in the neighbourhood is *Ste Agnès*, a delightful old village with a ruined castle of the tenth century. It is reached in about 2½ hours by the valley of the Bolligo, and on 21st January of each year the village holds a fête, which is much visited by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. From *Ste Agnès* there is a path to *Gorbio*, which has a ruined castle and numerous old houses. *Castellar* is a fortified village which is worth visiting, if for nothing else than its extensive view. It is four miles to the north and is reached by a very pleasant road up the Val de Menton. There is held here an open-air fête in honour of St Sebastian on 20th January of each year. From Mentone to Sospel there is electric light railway thrice daily in an hour and a half, passing up the right bank of the Carei, via Castillon (p. 227). For Sospel, see p. 228.

The drive along the coast from Mentone to Bordighera is very pleasant. The Italian frontier is formed by a deep gorge, spanned by a bridge called the Pont St Louis. This ravine forms one of the sights of Mentone. Its sides are formed by hair-raising precipices, torn and splintered by tremendous convulsions. The crags which tower far above the head of the spectator are really in danger of toppling over, for the little streams of water which trickle down their bleak sides are slowly undermining their stability. Long grass, curious ferns, and creeping plants grow on the stone ledges and trail over the fissures. A path about two feet wide, which sometimes narrows to as little as twelve inches, winds round the abyss at a great height, and it is common to see the peasants walking rapidly along this perilous path with large bundles on their heads or backs. A torrent leaps into the gorge at its narrowest recess and tumbles in a succession of cascades from height to height until it reaches the stony bed below. At the narrowest part of the chasm it is crossed by the slender bridge which for many years formed the only means of communication at this point between the two countries.

About half a mile from the terminus of the tramway at Garavan are the Rochers Rouges, reached via the Promenade St Louis (see above). There is an adjacent prehistoric museum.







## THE ITALIAN RIVIERA

FROM Mentone the P.-L.-M. line skirts the sea, passes over the Italian frontier, as represented by the Torrent St Louis, and comes to Ventimiglia.

*Ventimiglia*, or *Vintimille* (Hôtel Suisse et Terminus, Hôtel Europe), has a population of about 8000, is the Italian frontier town, and in ancient times was a place of considerable military importance. Previous to the first French Revolution it formed the frontier town of Piedmont on the Genoa side, and its walls have witnessed many a conflict between the troops of the Counts of Provence and those of the Dukes of Savoy. It is situated on a hill overlooking the Roja, with the industrial new town between the station and the sea, and the delightful old town on a hill to the west of the Roja. It is famous for its flower market.

The *Cathedral* is one of the best specimens of medieval art in Liguria. It was damaged by an earthquake in 1222 and again in 1831, when it was closed until after the restoration in 1877. It has an ancient *Baptistery*, said to date from the fifth century, and overlooks a square from which there is a beautiful view. Another fine old church at Ventimiglia is that of *San Michele*, which was rebuilt in 1885. Some Roman columns, the choir, and portions of the ancient walls, are relics of the original structure. There are also some old frescoes. Outside the town are some remains of a Roman Theatre, and about half a mile to the west there is the picturesque *Porta Canarda*, while above the isolated rock known as the Scoglio Alto on the beach, rises the old *Citadel*, now used as a barracks.

There are a number of picturesque excursions to be had within a day's reach of Ventimiglia, especially to *Castello d'Appio*, and by the charming valley of the Roja. Turin may be reached from Ventimiglia by motor diligence twice a day to San Dalmazzo di Tenda (p. 231), whence

railway via Cuneo. Another route between Ventimiglia and Turin is by railway along the Riviera as far as Savona, and thence via Ceva, Bra, and Carmagnola (see p. 272). An electric tramway runs to Bordighera.

From Ventimiglia the line passes through olive groves and flower gardens and crosses the Vallecrosia, and the Nervia to Bordighera.

*Bordighera* (*Hotels*: Grand du Cap Ampeglio, Royal, Continental, Hesperia, Miramare, du Parc, d'Angleterre, Britannique, Pension Jolie) is an Italian village similar in character to nearly all the Italian towns of the Riviera. The town proper is constructed on the summit of the point which shelters the eastern bay, and its streets are paved and buttressed like those of old Mentone and old San Remo; but the reputation of the climate has attracted so many visitors that during the last few years a modern suburb has arisen, to which many English families yearly resort during the winter. The modern town lies to the west of the old town, Paese Alto, the higher ground being the chief residential quarter, but most of the shops are on the flat ground known as Borgo Marina, near the railway and sea. The hotels, largely patronised by English and German visitors, are numerous and comfortable in addition to being well managed and moderate in price. Many visitors, however, prefer to secure furnished villas and apartments, which may be hired for the season.

*Post and Telegraph Office* (in a new building), Piazza Giuseppe Mazzini (open 8 to 12.30 and 2 to 8). *British Vice-Consulate*. *English Church*.—All Saints, Via Bischoffsheim. Sunday Services, 10.30 and 3. *German Church*.—Via Bischoffsheim. Sunday service at 10 a.m.

*Golf Links*, about a mile and a half from the town (9 holes). *Lawn Tennis Club*.—Via Bischoffsheim. *International Free Library* (in a new building in the Strada Romana), containing over 11,000 vols. Open daily.

*Electric Trams* to Ventimiglia about every half-hour from opposite the Post Office. *Motor omnibuses* to San Remo (via Ospedaletti) and Ventimiglia.

*Municipal Casino*.—A new building opened in 1912. *Bathing Establishment*, with hot and cold sea-baths, recently opened. *Clubs and Societies*.—Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club, Musical Society, Mazagine Club, Chess Club, Hockey Club, Society for the Protection of Animals, Society for the Improvement of Bordighera, Reading Rooms at Berry's Bank, and the Museum.



*Climate.*—Persons in delicate health will find Bordighera among the most beneficial spots on the coast. According to Dr Sparks, the climate agrees in the main with that of other neighbouring health resorts, with this exception, that it receives more sea air. Dr Goodchild considers that it is better protected from the eastern winds than either Mentone or San Remo, but more exposed towards the west. The water supply and drainage are good. The mean temperature resembles that of the west bay of Mentone, while, being farther removed from the mountain tops, it has fewer rainy days. The climate is specially good for bronchial catarrh, bronchial asthma, pneumonia, chronic rheumatism, diabetes, Bright's disease, etc., and, in fact, all cases where an equable dry and bracing climate is required. During the winter months, from November to April, the mean temperature is 52° F.

Setting aside its advantages as a health resort, it will do no one any harm to spend a few days at Bordighera. Some slight disappointment may perhaps be felt on arrival at the station, but the natural beauties of the neighbourhood are such as will speedily compensate for it. In the principal street (the Via Vittorio Emanuele), running parallel to the seashore, is the Church of *Terrasanta*, planned by Garnier and finished after his death (1902). There is a commemorative tablet within, on the left wall. Parallel to the Via Vittorio Emanuele is the Strada Romana, in which are the palm gardens of the Hôtel Angst, and just beyond the Villa Etelinda, the *Museum*, built by Mr Clarence Bicknell, with a reading-room, concert-hall, and a collection of fossils, Roman and pre-historic remains, all found in Western Liguria (open daily). In the Via Bischoffsheim is a *Public Garden*, the *Victoria Hall* (1897), and a house (close to the English Church) on which a tablet records that it was built by George Macdonald, poet and preacher, who lived and worked there until 1902.

Bordighera is celebrated for its flowers, especially roses and carnations, which are exported in immense quantities to Austria and Germany. The neighbourhood is also unrivalled for the abundance and luxuriant growth of its palms, which are cultivated for profit, and which furnish the greater part of those used in the festivals of

the Roman Church. A monopoly of supplying these palms to the Vatican was conferred several centuries since under singular circumstances.

When the obelisk in front of St Peter's was erected, the work of raising the monument was considered so critical that the spectators were forbidden, under pain of impalement, to speak one word lest they should distract the engineer in charge of the works and thus imperil its completion. At a critical moment the rope stuck fast, and it was feared the weight of the stone would bring everything down with a crash, when a voice in the crowd cried, "Wet the ropes!" This was done, and the consequent tension of the ropes carried the work through. The Pope sent for the owner of the *vox clamans*, who proved to be a sailor. After reproving him for having put in jeopardy his life, and hearing his explanation, the Pontiff desired him to ask any favour of the Holy See. The favour asked by the sailor, and granted by the Pope, was the palm monopoly for his native town, Bordighera.

Visitors to Bordighera should visit the *Spianata del Capo*, by following eastwards the Strada Romana, a broad boulevard on the hillside, a few hundred yards from the sea. This thoroughfare, formerly a Roman road (the Via Aurelia), had been selected for a site whereon are constructed several very fine modern villas, including the *Villa Etelinda*, a beautiful Italian residence, which was at one time occupied by the Dowager Queen of Italy. A Latin inscription in coloured mosaic, commemorating Her Majesty's recovery from sickness, runs right round the cornice, above the first-floor windows. Following the boulevard, between gardens filled with superb palms and other exotics, the visitor arrives at the point, or Capo, whose summit is covered by the old town. Here let him turn and enjoy a view unrivalled on any part of the coast. Looking westward, you see the landscape filled with a vast forest of olive-trees, relieved in the near foreground by luxuriant palms, many of them 50 to 60 feet high, Norfolk Island pines, and, indeed, a jungle of tropical vegetation. The near coast-line is occupied by the resolute fort and harbour of Ventimiglia; then, beyond, another sweep of the coast, specked by the white villas

of Mentone; again beyond, the bold outlines of the principality of Monaco; still farther, the long sweeping promontories of Cap Ferrat and Antibes, both crowned with lighthouses; and, lastly, the blue outlines of the Estérel Mountains, westward of Cannes, half blended in the distance with the dazzling blue of sea and sky. On very clear days the Maure Mountains near Toulon may be seen, and also the Island of Corsica.

*Excursions.*—There are many beautiful walks and drives in the neighbourhood. Among them may be named walks to Torre dei Mostaccini, Cima di Santa Croce, Monte Nero, Sasso, Seborga. Carriage drives may also be taken to San Remo, to Ventimiglia—where, among other interesting features, may be seen the ruins of a Roman theatre. To *Borghetto* and *Vallebona*, *Vallecrosia* and *Perinaldo*, *Isolabona*, *Apricale*, and *Pigna*, and, above all, to the magnificent valley of the Roja by Airole, as far as the French frontier—an excursion which, for beauty of scenery, has no rival in any other part of the Riviera. The student of geology will find prolific beds of Pliocene fossils in the adjacent valleys.

Soon after leaving Bordighera the train halts at Ospedaletti.

*Ospedaletti*, or Ospedaletti Ligure (*Hotels*: Grand de la Reine, Miramare Palace Grand, Royal, Suisse, Pension Metropoli, Pension Riviera), is a delightful and popular resort, better shielded from the north and east winds than any other place along this coast. It has good hotels, pensions, and restaurants. The *Post Office* is in the Via Vittorio Emanuele. *Motor-buses* run to Bordighera and to San Remo, and *electric trams* connect with San Remo and Taggia. *English Church services* are held from January to May at the Hôtel Suisse. The principal public building of Ospedaletti is the *Casino*, with a café, restaurant, theatre, reading-room, and other facilities. The visitors' quarter, consisting of good hotels and villas, and quite separate from the fishing village, is situated on a slight eminence above the shores of a small bay half-way between Bordighera and San Remo.

The average mean temperature from November to April is about 53°, and although one of the mildest spots on

the Riviera, Ospedaletti is not relaxing, for although protected from the north winds it is not confined or shut in. The amount of sunshine even during the shortest day is at least nine hours, or an hour more than at Mentone, Nice, or Cannes. In the matter of climate, situation, and scenery, Ospedaletti has much in its favour, and will some day become a favourite winter resort. To attract visitors, two important financial companies, in 1883, built a fine Casino. This, however, has not lately been put to its full uses, owing to the restrictions imposed by the Government (see p. 264). At present there are few amusements, but, for invalids or for visitors seeking rest and quiet, there are many beautiful walks and drives, and for those economically inclined, it may be mentioned that the cost of living is less than at some of the more fashionable health resorts. Rufini's novel, *Dr Antonio*, deals with Ospedaletti (see p. 268).

Midway between Ospedaletti and San Remo, in a small bay, lies the old castle of *Pietralunga*, full of curiosities and historical associations. The castle itself was built on the site of an ancient monastery, and takes its name from the rock on which it stands. It was here that, about 1725, the Genoese Commissioner, Pinelli, landed his Corsicans to quell the rebellious natives of San Remo, storming the town from the rear.

The limited hotel accommodation at Ospedaletti is good, and the charges very moderate. Hotel-pensions and furnished apartments are to be found, affording fair accommodation at low rents. There are a few furnished villas to be let, the rentals of which, compared with larger towns on the Riviera, are very reasonable.

The principal excursion is to the strikingly situated mountain village of *Colla* or *Coldirodi*, over 1000 feet above sea-level. In the Town Hall beside the church is an interesting collection of paintings, containing a few original works by Guido Reni, Fra Bartolommeo, and Andrea del Sarto, and a large number of pictures by other masters, more or less genuine. The collection was bequeathed to his native town by the Abbé Rambaldi in 1864. The gem of the gallery is a Holy Family by Fra Bartolommeo. Colla can be reached by a carriage road of about 3 miles in length, though active walkers will prefer the bridle-path through

gardens of oranges and lemons, by which the village can be reached in half an hour.

Leaving Ospedaletti, the train passes through a tunnel in Capo Nero, emerging to San Remo.

## SAN REMO

San Remo proper, with a population of 21,000, originally a strongly fortified town, lies in the centre of a deep bay facing south. The Italian side of the bay is protected from east winds by the promontory known as Capo Verde, which rises to a height of 350 feet. The old town rises from the shore to the lower slopes of the Monte Bignone, a mountain over 4000 feet in height. The rapidly increasing popularity of San Remo as a health resort has developed, eastward and westward, along the shore, two charming modern suburbs. The eastern suburb lies on a gentle slope, and consists of a well-kept boulevard or thoroughfare, flanked on the upper side by beautiful private residences, each standing in its own gardens, and on the lower side, nearest the sea, by fine hotels and furnished villas, let wholly or in part to foreign visitors. The *Villa Zirio*, occupied by the Crown Prince Frederick William of Germany (1887-8), is in this part of the town. All of these houses have large gardens, filled with tropical vegetation, orange- and lemon-trees, and exotic flowers, which grow luxuriantly ; they are all double-fronted, facing north and south, and the southern rooms are delightfully sunny all through the winter and spring. The *Villa Thiem*, on the Berigo road, contains a good collection of pictures. Admission, Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 1.

The western town lies on a slope considerably more abrupt than the eastern. Close to the shore runs the railway ; immediately above it a long promenade, known as the Corso dell' Imperatrice, planted with fine palms and other tropical plants. Rising abruptly behind this promenade are terraces with beautiful tropical gardens, containing well-built modern hotels and villas. Above these, encircling the bay, are large groves of lemon-, orange-, and olive-trees, and again, above all, the lofty mountains of the Alpes-Maritimes, thickly covered with pine woods. The two modern suburbs are connected by a well-paved

modern street with several good shops, which form the lower part of the old town. Between this part and the sea is the *Public Garden*, where a band performs three times a week, and south of it a pier, which, projecting into the sea, forms a small port. A very handsome *Casino*, built by the Municipality, on rising ground facing south near the railway station, was opened in 1905 (p. 266). Notwithstanding the law forbidding gambling in Italy, the San Remo Commune has obtained a special licence, and there is therefore at present no restriction against gambling as far as that place is concerned.

The old town, probably founded by the Greeks, was by them called *Leucotea*; on becoming subject to the Romans in the reign of Augustus, B.C. 12, it was thereafter called *Matuzia*. In the ninth century it was taken by the Saracens, who held it for about one hundred years; but in 972, when they were expelled by Count Guglielmo of Florence, the Italian population returned, rebuilt the town, and named it in honour of their patron saint, San Romolo. In the fifteenth century it was sold to the Genoese Republic and renamed San Remo.

To convey anything like an adequate impression of this strange relic of medieval history is next to impossible. The visitor who wishes to explore this *terra incognita* enters a large quadrangle, in which are the Town Hall and Municipal Offices. At almost any hour of the day it is thronged by the Italian population, bent on the business of the day. The women generally are wrapped in the bright-coloured kerchief which the Italians so delight in, and the great majority carry large bundles on their heads. From this square rises a steep pebble-paved ascent, traversed every two or three yards by dwarf stone steps. The width rapidly diminishes with the ascent, until the way becomes a narrow court, covered in here and there by half subterranean arches. So confined are the limits that the visitor can scarcely realise that he is in a public street, but feels inclined to apologise for intruding on the privacy of the denizens.

Right and left on the highway are narrow doorways, many of them not wider than three feet, generally open, and disclosing a flight of stone steps less than two feet wide, sometimes winding upwards into the building, sometimes

winding downwards into the basement. Round nearly every door swarms of children play, while men and women sit on the steps, the latter generally knitting and the former smoking. Numbers of laden asses wait at the doors of houses (for no other beasts of burden can mount the steep ascent), while the stream of life flows up and down without cessation or interruption. As the visitor rises, streets exactly resembling the main ascent diverge right and left, always in one upward direction, and always presenting the same characteristics.

The buildings, which contain several storeys, are for the most part so close together that it seems as though opposite neighbours might easily shake hands across the street. They were evidently constructed for defence, the lower windows being barred and the upper floors loop-holed, while queer arched buttresses span the narrow way between the houses. Here and there the highway passes under strong vaulted arches, evidently of great antiquity, and formerly guarded by gateways, so that in case of attack the town could be defended by stages up to the highest point. At the top of the town a plateau is reached which commands very fine views of the bay, the valleys descending from the mountains to the coast, the lower olive-clad slopes of the mountains, and the upper slopes with their setting of dark-green pine forests. The valleys and the east and west sanctuary are extremely picturesque from this point. No visitor to San Remo should fail to make himself acquainted with the old town, whose warren-like buildings contain a population of nearly 10,000 souls.

The Church of *Madonna della Costa*, and the Hospital for Lepers, called *Il Leprosario*, are situated at the northern part of this eminence; and more prominently still, the *Villa Carbone*, with octagonal tower, from whose summit the Island of Corsica is often visible.

*Hotels.*—Grand Royal, Savoy, Grand Bellevue, Miramare Palace, Grand des Anglais, de l'Europe et de la Paix, de Londres, Méditerranée, Belvedere, Cosmopolitain, des Etrangers, Morandi's, Pension Fleuri.

*Post and Telegraph Office.*—Via Roma. An English mail arrives and departs twice a day, via Marseille or via Turin. *Cook's Office.*—Via Vittorio Emanuele (winter only).

*British Vice-Consulate.*—15 Via Vittorio Emanuele, 10 a.m. to 12.30. *Churches.*—(English) All Saints', Corso Matuzia; St John Baptist, Via Roma. Scotch Presbyterian, Corso dell' Imperatrice. Hours of Service generally, 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. *English Nursing Home.*—Sunny Bank, Berigo.

*Municipal Casino.*—Winter garden, restaurant, concerts, reading-rooms, gaming-rooms, club, and elegant theatre. The *Petit Casino* with its Bathing Establishment is a favourite resort of visitors, and has a charming terrace. Good concerts and fêtes, tennis and croquet. Carnival during the season. *Theatre* in the Via Principe Amedeo. Comedy and Italian Opera during the winter.

*Omnibuses.*—An omnibus runs from one end of the town to the other every half-hour. From the Piazza Colombo to Taggia ten or twelve times a day. To Ceriana once a day. To Ospedaletti six times a day. To Bordighera; to Bardalucca. From the Strada Corradi to Camporosso and Dolceacqua and Pigna. *Tramways* to Ospedaletti and Taggia. *Golf Links* near Taggia. *Carnival* festivities are held in the season. A Sports Club has been established where lawn tennis and hockey are played. There is a Book Club in the Via Umberto (open daily from 10.30 to noon); and at Gondolfo's, 21 Via Vittorio Emanuele, is a Circulating Library. Good boating and sailing can be had at a very moderate charge.

*Hotels and Pensions.*—(See also above.) San Remo is well supplied with hotels. Several of these are first-class hotels, with gardens situated on a hill facing the sea to the west of the railway station; others with large gardens, electric light, and all modern comforts, occupy commanding positions to the east of the town. The charges at these high-class fashionable hotels are not unreasonable, and cheaper hotels or comfortable pensions can be recommended east of the town, on the Berigo Road, and in the town itself, near the station. *Villas and Apartments.*—Visitors who prefer living in villas or apartments rather than in hotels have a choice of about two hundred villas and numerous furnished rooms. Villas, which as a rule are not very large, can be hired for the season, October to May, at varying prices. Application should be made to Thos. Cook & Son, who will recommend reliable house agents (see p. 177). Care must be taken to have a proper agreement and inventory prepared.

*Water.*—An exceptionally good and pure water supply is provided to all the hotels and better-class houses. The sources are at Argallo, beyond Bardalucca, 26 kilometres from San Remo, and consist of springs from the rock, 700 metres above sea-level.

The *climatic* differences between San Remo and Mentone are considerable. Beyond doubt certain spots on the eastern side of Mentone are warmer, both in spring and in winter; but, on the other hand, San Remo is more evenly



sheltered than Mentone, and northerly currents of air are scarcely felt. The late Dr Sparks, an English physician, who was the author of one of the most trustworthy works upon the Riviera, was of opinion that, from a medical point of view, there was little to choose between the two towns. The winds most felt at San Remo are those from the east and south-east. Dr Sparks also held that the mistral is not unknown in this part of the country, but concludes his remarks by saying that, as a health resort, San Remo is justly an established favourite.

The West Bay is drier, fresher, and more bracing and stimulating, and has always been popular amongst the English community; while the East Bay is warmer, moister, and more protected and sedative, and is therefore far more suitable to certain conditions of disease and temperament. There is a freer circulation of air at San Remo than at Mentone, and it is not so dry as at Nice, and hence generally less irritating to the lungs. The climate is not to be recommended for persons who are liable to cerebral congestion, nor for those having an apoplectic tendency, or in cases of hypertrophy or valvular disease of the heart, it being too stimulating.

The West Pier of the harbour commands a beautiful view of the town and the verdure-clad hills which overshadow it, and is relieved by the scarlet or white buildings, whose tops peep out among the luxuriant foliage of the wooded slopes. The highest buildings visible are those of the village of San Romolo, at the foot of Monte Bignone. At the *Giardino Pubblico*, containing fine tropical plants, the Municipal band plays three times a week. The *Giardino dell' Imperatrice*, at the west end of the Corso dell' Imperatrice, was laid out by desire of the late Empress of Russia, who visited San Remo previous to her last visit to Cannes. The Berigo Road, in the same direction, is a very beautiful thoroughfare, containing the finest villas.

The *Cemetery*, or Campo Santo, on the west side of the town, should be visited. The monuments it contains are mostly of marble, and the centre is planted with cypress-trees. The Cemetery has a fine view over the mountains. A Crematorium has been built.

*Neighbourhood.*—The walks in and about San Remo are numerous and of great beauty. Westward, *Capo Nero*,

*Coldirodi* or *Colla*, and *Ospedaletti* are easy of access; and eastward, *Poggio*, *Capo Verde*, *Bussana Vecchia*—entirely destroyed by the earthquake of 1887, and abandoned by its inhabitants, who built a new village lower down, called *Bussana Nuova*—*Taggia*, and *Ceriana*—all will repay the exertion of visiting them on foot. Strangers who cannot walk so far can hire donkeys in the town at moderate terms; otherwise they must content themselves with rambles among the tranquil thoroughfares which traverse the olive groves. Good pedestrians will find an ample variety of excursions among the Alpes-Maritimes, not omitting a walk or donkey ride four miles north of San Remo to San Romolo; thence the ascent of *Monte Bignone* (4235 feet) may be made in about 1½ hours. Guide not absolutely necessary, but desirable. The view from the summit is of great extent and splendour—one of the finest in Europe.

The excursions that can be made in carriages are but few, most of the roads lying along the mountain slopes, and following the coast-line. New roads have been made to *Varezzo* and *Peiragallo*, as well as in other directions, both eastward and westward, which afford greater variety. An extremely fine drive is that to *Taggia*, where resided the late Dr Rufini, author of *Dr Antonio*; 21 hours, there and back. Other excursions may be accomplished, to *Varezzo* by the valley of S. Martino, and to *Colla* by carriage, or by bridle-path, two miles (see p. 262). Automobile excursions are arranged daily throughout the season.

Leaving San Remo, the line traverses a tunnel in the *Capo Verde* to *Taggia*, the station for the fishing village of *Arma*, whence a road leads to the romantic *Bussana Vecchia*, perched on the top of a hill with interesting ruins created by the earthquake of 1887. The town of *Taggia* itself, which lies about two miles up the valley of the river, is a romantic little place with some fine old houses, and in its Dominican church some interesting early Genoa paintings.—The train now crosses the *Argentina* or *Fuimare di Taggia*, and passes the stations of *Santo Stefano-Riva Ligure* and *San Lorenzo al Mare*. The next station is *Oneglia*, an important centre of the olive trade, with a population of about 12,000. It is exposed to the cold

winds, but otherwise is beautifully situated. Oneglia was the birthplace of Andrea Doria, the Genoese admiral, surnamed the Father of his Country; and in September 1848, Garibaldi lodged in the Via Christina. Oneglia adjoins the smart little town of *Porto Maurizio*, and, indeed, the two together actually form one town, which since 1923 has been known as Imperia. Porto Maurizio is dominated by a fine eighteenth-century cathedral, and both it and its sister town have long breakwaters extending far into the sea. A very pleasant expedition may be made hence to Turin over the Colla di San Bartolomeo. After Oneglia a tunnel is entered which pierces the Capo Berta to *Diano Marina* (Hôtel Paradis), an olive-growing town which suffered considerable damage in the earthquake of 23rd February 1887. The next station is *Cervo San Bartolomeo*, followed by *Andora*, which lies in the fertile valley of the Merula, and has a good Romanesque church. A tunnel beneath the Capo Mele is now threaded to *Laigueglia*, whence a smooth beach extends all the way to the next station, Alassio.

*Alassio (Hotels: Grand Alassio, Grand Méditerranée, Victoria, Lido, Pension Igea)*, with a population of 6500, stands at the head of a beautiful bay, and is much visited both during summer and winter. It is a walled town with a thriving seaport, and is surrounded by orange and palm plantations. For many years a small English colony has been established here, attracted by the admirable climate and the beauty of the neighbourhood. It is sheltered by hills covered with carob, olive, and other trees from the north and north-west winds, but is somewhat exposed to the east winds, which, coming as they do off the snow from the Apennines, are sometimes very cold. The mean temperature of the season from October to May is 54.6, and of the three winter months 48.4. The town is quite free from dust or fog, and is a suitable winter residence for all lung diseases requiring a mild, dry climate.

There is an *English Church* near the station, where services are held during the season on Sundays, 10.30 a.m. and 3 p.m. A *Circulating Library* is connected with the Church. There is a *Municipal Casino*, and facilities for lawn tennis and other sports, good rabbit-shooting being available on Gallinaria Island. There are *motor omnibuses* to Laigueglia and Albenga.

The villas *Garibaldi*, *Rothschild*, and *Napier*, and the *Palazzo Rosso*, are worth visiting. In the *Villa Garibaldi* the great Italian liberator lived during the last few months of his life; and Napoleon I., when marching against the Austrians, is credited with having slept in the *Palazzo Rosso*, which contains a gallery of works by Van Dyck, Caracci, Gregghetti, Vatoni, and others. In the *Villa Santa Croce* a nursing institute has been established, where English trained nurses may be engaged, and a few patients are taken. There are very pleasant excursions to be had among the hills inland to the *Madonna della Guardia*; to *Monte Piscivino*, and to *Monte Bignone*.

Now skirting the promontory of *Santa Croce*, in view of the little *Isola Gallinaria*, the line comes to *Albenga* (*Hôtel Albenga*), a walled town which was anciently the Roman *Albengaunum*, a rival of Carthage. It has a population of 7500, but is not regarded as a healthy place, being subject to inundations from the *Capriano*. Seven medieval towers are still standing in the town, and the old walls may be traced, while outside the *Porta Mulino* are the extensive remains of the *Ponte Lungo*, a Roman bridge of ten arches. Notable among the towers are the leaning *Torre dei Grifi*, and the tower of the *Palazzo del Carretto*, in the *Piazza dei Leoni*. The *Baptistery* and part of the *Cathedral* date from the fifth century, the *Cathedral* being a fine Gothic structure with its *campanile* joined by an arch to the tower of the Sub-Prefecture. There is a good Gothic doorway in the tenth-century Romanesque Church of *Santa Maria in Fontibus*. Motor-car service connects *Albenga* with *Pieve di Teco*, a distance of 18 miles, connected up with the route from *Oneglia* to *Ormea*.

The line now passes through the plain of the *Centa*, notable for the asparagus grown there, which thrives also in winter. *Loano* (*Hôtel Vittoria*; *Hôtel Riviera Palace*) has a fine *Town Hall*, formerly the *Palazzo Doria*, built by *Alessi* in 1578. *Garibaldi's* mother, *Rosa Raimondi*, was born at No. 32 in the *Via Cavour*. To the north is the *Castello Doria*, which dates from 1602, and the suppressed monastery of *Monte Carmelo*, erected in 1609. It has a fine church and commands a good view. The line now continues beyond *Pietra Ligure*, which has an interesting

church and a ruined castle, to *Finale Marina*, an agreeable little town, with large orange gardens ; it is visited in summer for its sea-bathing. *Finale Marina* has a richly ornamented church dedicated to *St John the Baptist*, and gorgeous with frescoes, gilding, and multicoloured marbles, the design being attributed to Bernini. The large Genoese fortress above the *Villa Raimondi* dates from 1365. From *Finale Marina* it is a distance of one mile to *Finale Borgo*, a delightful little medieval town, which may be reached by omnibus ; here is the richly baroque Church of *Sta Biagi*. There is much interesting scenery in the district, and a number of fifteenth-century fortresses may be visited ; near by, just above *Finale Pia*, are several limestone caverns or grottoes in which a number of prehistoric remains have been found. The relics of three Roman bridges may be observed in the *Valle di Ponci* above *Verzi*, distant about one hour from *Finale Marina*.

The railway now pierces the *Capo di Noli* and continues to *Noli* (*Hôtel Italia*), a delightful little fishing town which was formerly a republic under the protection of Genoa. It is still partly surrounded by walls, and some of its rectangular towers remain. The narrow streets run parallel from east to west, the *Via Monasterio* leading up the mountains through groves of olives, pines, and vineyards. Near the station is a small thirteenth-century Romanesque basilica, and three miles to the south is the *Capo di Noli*, where, picturesquely situated on the edge of the cliff, is the Romanesque Church of *Santa Margherita*. *Noli* is followed by *Spotorno* (*Hôtel Palace, Miramare*), a resort notable for its fine sandy beach, and followed by *Bergeggi*, and a tunnel in the *Capo di Vado*, which emerges to a beautiful view of *Savona* and the coast as far as *Genoa*. The line passes *Vado*, which is connected by tramway with *Savona*, which town is now reached.

*Savona*, or *Savona Letimbro* (Hotels : *Svizzero-Roma, Savona, Moderno et Commercio, Riviera Palace, Continental*), has a population of something over 58,000. It is a busy and important seaport town, though its once spacious harbour was in 1528 blocked up by the Genoese by stones and hulks, so that it can only now admit vessels of about two hundred tons or less. There is a *British*

*Vice-Consul* established in the town, and *English Church services* are given in the St George's Chapel of the Seamen's Institute. It was known by the Romans as Savo, and in 205 B.C. it was occupied by the Carthaginians under Mago. In 641 it was destroyed by the Lombards, and later, in the Middle Ages, it became the marquiseate of the Alerami, and presently became a free city under the suzerainty of the Del Carretto until it fell to Genoa in 1528. In 1809 Pope Pius VII., a prisoner of Napoleon's, resided in the city. The town is delightfully situated amid lemon and orange groves, and for the greater part is modern and prosperous, with several handsome boulevards and broad streets.

*Post and Telegraph Offices* and the *Law Courts* are situated in a mansion opposite the *Cathedral*.

There are *motor-bus* services from Savona to *Sassello* and *Altari*; *electric trams* go from the station to the Piazza Leon Pancaldo, via El Corsi, etc.; a railway connects Savona with Turin, via Ceva, Bra, and Carmagnola (see p. 258), a distance of 91 miles, and by this route Savona may be reached from Paris in 27 hours, allowing for sleep at Turin. There are several theatres, good hotels, and restaurants.

The harbour may be reached from the station by the Via Paleocapa, the principal street of the town. This street passes on the left the *Teatro Chiabrera* and the sixteenth-century church of *San Giovanni Battista*, in which there is a picture of the Adoration by Dürer. At the end of this street rises the ancient *Torre Pancaldo*, so named after the navigator, who was Magellan's pilot; on the adjoining point is a Genoese fortress, now used as a prison, and, to the left, is the *Funivia*, the largest overhead teleferic railway in Europe. From the harbour the Via Quarda Superiore goes south-west through the old town to the Museum and Art Gallery, and also to the *Law Courts* and *Post Office*, opposite which stands the new *Cathedral*, which dates from 1604, and is called new only by comparison with the old cathedral, destroyed in 1542, portions of which are incorporated in the Genoese fortress referred to above. In the *Cathedral*, which has a fine façade, are a number of pictures worth noting, including one by Brea; the marble cross of the sixteenth century by Molinari, and the Renaissance pulpit by the same artist, assisted by Ant. Aprile, should be noted. In the

Sistine Chapel to the right of the cathedral is the tomb of the parents of Pope Sixtus IV., with figures of Sixtus and Julius II., his uncle, by Michele and Giovanni de Aria of Como. The large industrial quarter of Savona extends to the south-west of the station. The Viale Dante Alighieri runs by the side of the Public Gardens to the sea, and ends in a handsome terrace commanding a fine view. An agreeable excursion of about three miles may be made, either by carriage, motor, or railway, to the mountain sanctuary of *La Madonna di Misericordia*, the interior of which is dazzling with precious marbles. Railway to Alessandria, 65 miles, via *Acqui* (Hotels: Nuovo Terme, Vecchie Terme), a well-known resort notable for its hot and cold mineral springs and for its mud baths. Season from May to October.

After Savona comes now *Albissola*, anciently known as Alba Docilia, and now including three villages. It is noted for its pottery, and was the birthplace of Pope Julius II. Another Pope, Sixtus IV., was born at the next station, *Celle Ligure*, which is followed by *Varazze* (Grand Hotel, Delfino, Torretti), a large shipbuilding town at the mouth of the Teiro. It is the birthplace of Jacopo de Vorazini, the author of the *Golden Legend*, which is said to have been the work responsible for the conversion of Loyola from a soldier into a missionary and the founder of the Jesuits. Varazze is a bathing resort much frequented in summer by the Milanese, and the shore, which stretches hence to Arenzano, is well sheltered by a range of picturesque hills of which Monte Grosso is the most conspicuous. Leaving Varazze, the train continues past *Cogoleto*, sometimes in error described as the birthplace of Columbus, to *Arenzano* (Hotel: Grand), a small summer resort with excellent bathing facilities, an old castle, and with numerous very pleasant drives in the neighbourhood. *Voltri* is the next station. It is a flourishing town of 16,000 inhabitants, and contains a number of sulphur baths much frequented by the Genoese in summer. There are several highly adorned churches. The manufacture of paper was formerly carried on to a large extent. Electric trams skirt the coast from Voltri through to Genoa. Voltri is followed by Pegli.

*Pegli* (*Hotels*: Grand et Méditerranée, de la Ville et d'Angleterre, Italia) is much visited both as a winter and summer resort, being admirably sheltered and only  $5\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Genoa. It possesses an English Church, and on the sea front a Casino with a café, concert hall, and other features calculated to keep visitors amused. There are also a number of pleasantly situated villas, among which are the *Villas Rostan, Elena, Doria, and Pallavicini*, the latter being noteworthy for its beautiful Italian garden, which has a small underground lake, and from which there is a magnificent view. Permits to visit the *Villa Pallavicini* may be obtained at the Intendenza di Casa Durazzo-Pallavicini, Via Balbi, 1, at Genoa. *Pegli* is in communication with Genoa by electric tramway; another line runs to Voltri.

The line now goes on to *Sestri Ponente*, a large industrial centre beyond which rises a hill upon which is the chapel of the *Madonna del Gazo*, from which rises a colossal statue of the Virgin. Now comes *San Pier d'Arena*, a large industrial suburb with several palaces. In the *Palazzo Comunale* are several paintings of merit, including one of the Virgin by Castello; and in the *Palazzo delle Scuole*, the *Palazzo Spinola*, and the *Palazzo Stouli* are frescoes by Carlone. In a few minutes now the train halts at Genoa.

## GENOA

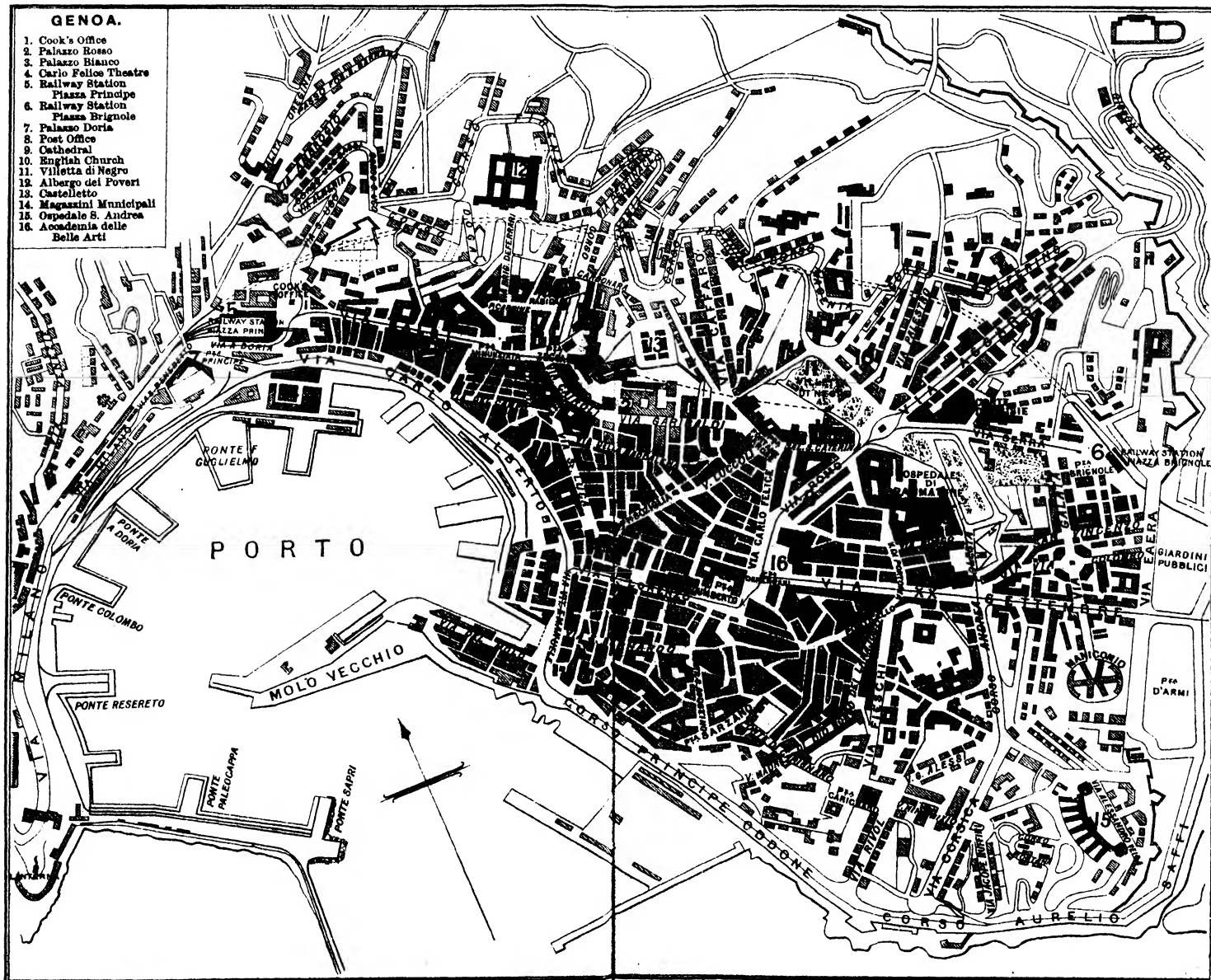
It might seem at first glance that Genoa offered less of Romance than do many other cities of Northern Italy. Here is no great presiding cathedral, no arcaded streets; none of that obvious aspect of the Middle Ages which pleasantly characterises Ferrara, Bologna, Florence, and Venice. A few narrow passages are seen, opening out from the *Via Garibaldi* and the neighbourhood of the half-obscured *Duomo*, but these, superficially, do not arouse much interest. One idly assumes them to be the slum quarters of the city. But the truth is that these narrow streets more directly relate to the Genoa of medieval days than does the line of palaces along the *Via Garibaldi*, and those in the *Via Balbi*, which make such an imposing entrance to the city when you drive from the *Principe* railway station.





# GENOA.

1. Cook's Office
2. Palazzo Rosso
3. Palazzo Bianco
4. Carlo Felice Theatre
5. Railway Station
6. Piazza Principe
7. Railway Station
8. Piazza Brignole
9. Palazzo Doria
10. Post Office
11. Cathedral
12. English Church
13. Villetta di Negri
14. Albergo dei Poveri
15. Castelletto
16. Magazzini Municipali
17. Ospedale S. Andrea
18. Accademia delle Belle Arti





None of these palaces existed before the sixteenth century, and streets of such width were unknown within the walls of Genoa. The life of this great city, whose navies threatened Venice, and whose colonies were established as far afield as Crimea, Syria, and North Africa, coursed through the narrow clefts which mount high from the sea, dividing great blocks of houses from one another by scarcely more than the width of a man's outstretched arms. "The streets are very narrow," writes Richard Lassels in 1670, "so that they use here few coaches, but many sedans and litters."

On the site of these narrow passages, winding darkly through the lofty dwellings of the old town—"for want of ground and earth, they make heaven pay for it; by taking it out in the height of their houses what they want in breadth and length"—stood the ancient settlement of the Ligurians, who founded Genoa at a period roughly contemporary with the building of Rome. Thus early it began, and its importance is attested by the part it played in the Second Punic War, when the city was destroyed by Mago the Carthaginian. Two hundred years later, that is, about the beginning of the present era, it was rebuilt.

Though off the highway followed by the earlier barbarian invasions of Italy, Genoa fell to the Lombards in 641, and its history during that period, and the subsequent Carolingian period, followed the lines of most of the Italian communes, which developed a keen civic consciousness and gained their freedom from contending princes and barons. In 926 Genoa was sacked by the Saracens, and it was as an outcome of these defensive wars that the city developed its naval prowess and introduced a popular constitution.

An alliance with Pisa, devised successfully to expel the Saracens from Sardinia, ended in a rivalry which had for its fruit the complete extinction of Pisa on the sea; and, at about the same time, Genoa secured all the advantages of the great carrying trade between Europe and the East, planting their colonies along the Spanish and Barbary coasts, and erecting powerful fortresses in the Levant.

The extraordinary prosperity of the city was established in spite of a long succession of bitter internal feuds between

the nobles and the people, and even between rival factions of the nobles, disputes which soon took the familiar hue of Guelph and Ghibelline. The government continued unstable until the appointment of the first Doge, Simon Bocanegra, and now the great external problem of the city was its famous rival, Venice. Alternate success and defeat ended by establishing undeniably the superiority of the Venetians, and Genoa began to lose much of its old power and independence, falling now under the power of France, now that of Milan.

Independence was once more achieved in 1528, when Andrea Doria threw off the French domination and restored the old form of aristocratic government, which lasted until the outbreak of the French Revolution and the creation of the Ligurian Republic. It was during Andrea Doria's reign that Genoa, by refusing to supply ships and seamen to Christopher Columbus, a citizen of the town, gave to Spain the possession of the great wealth of the New World. But she was partly repaid by the great profits she secured as banker to the crown of Spain, and as outfitters of the Spanish armies and navies both of the Old World and the New.

Resentment against the autocratic constitution restored by Andrea Doria broke out in 1547 under Gian Fieschi, and later under Giulio Cibo; the outbreak was soon got in hand, though not before Gianetto Doria, nephew of Andrea, had been slain and the leader of the rebels drowned in the harbour. The approaching disaster could not, however, be stayed, and one by one the colonial possessions of the city dropped off, until at last only Corsica remained; and Corsica was then sold to France, because the Genoese were powerless to suppress a Corsican revolt.

The Ligurian Republic, formed in 1802, soon fell under the domination of France, but in 1815, under the Treaty of Vienna, the city was joined to Piedmont. Thereafter it became a centre of the Revolutionary movement, directed by Giuseppe Mazzini, and including among its conspirators such men as the Ruffini brothers, the warrior-patriot Nino Bixio, and Goffredo Mameli, the author of the patriotic anthem, "*Fratelli d' Italia*." Genoa, indeed, played no inconspicuous part in the liberation of Italy. Garibaldi came of Genoese family, she sent her volunteers

to the "Cinque Giornate" of Milan, and from the rock of Quarto, just outside the town, the heroic "Thousand" set forth on their dare-devil expedition of 5th May 1860.

"The city is built in the hollow or bosom of a mountain, whose ascent is very steep, high, and rocky, so that, from the Lantern and Mole to the hill, it represents the shape of a theater; the streets and buildings so ranged one above another as our seats are in play-houses; but, from their materials, beauty, and structure, never was an artificial scene more beautiful to the eye, nor is any place, for the size of it, so full of well-design'd and stately palaces, as may be easily concluded by that rare book in a large folio which the great virtuoso and paynter Paull Rubens has published."—*Evelyn*.

"Horridos tractus, Boreæq'; linquens  
Regna Taurini fera, molliorem  
Advehor brumam, Genuæq'; amantes  
Litora soles.

"At least if they do not, they have a very ill taste; for I never beheld any thing more amiable: only figure to yourself a vast semi-circular bason, full of fine blue sea, and vessels of all sorts and sizes, some sailing out, some coming in, and others at anchor; and all round it palaces and churches peeping over one another's heads, gardens, and marble terraces full of orange and cypress trees, fountains, and trellis-works covered with vines, which altogether compose the grandest of theatres."—*Thomas Gray*.

"There are a great many beautiful palaces standing along the seashore on both sides of Genoa, which make the town appear much longer than it is, to those that sail by it. The city itself makes the noblest show of any in the world. The houses are most of them painted on the outside; so that they look extremely gay and lively, besides that they are esteemed the highest in Europe, and stand very thick together. The New Street is a double range of palaces from one end to the other, built with an excellent fancy, and fit for the greatest princes to inhabit."—*Addison*.

*Hotels*.—Grand Hotel Miramare; Bristol and Palace Hotel Eden; Savoy Majestic; Grand des Gênes; Isotta; de Londres et Continental; Concordia et France; Italia and Minerva; Pension Petracchi.

*Railway Stations.*—There are two Railway Stations at Genoa, the Western (Principe), in the Piazza Acquaverde, which is the main station for the arrival and departure of passengers (Hotel omnibuses meet trains), and the Eastern (Brignole), Piazza Giuseppe Verdi (only towards Pisa).

*Post and Telegraph Office* (open 8 a.m. to 9 p.m.).—Via Dante, Piazza Deferrari, behind the new Bourse.

*British Consul-General.*—Via Palestro; *U.S. Consul-General and Vice-Consuls.*—Via 20 Settembre, 42.

*Cook's Office.*—Via Arsenale di Terra (Piazza Acquaverde).

*English Church.*—Via Goito, 2. Services, 8.15, 11 a.m., and 5 p.m.

*Presbyterian Church.*—Via Peschiera, 4. Service, 11 a.m., Sunday.

*Physicians.*—Dr Wild (speaks English, French, and German), Corso Solferino, 17; telephone, 1683, Physician to Protestant Hospital; Prof. Mantovani, Via S. Ugo, 3. *Dentists.*—Mr Markus, Via Roma, 5; Mr Mordiglia, Via 20 Settembre, 14. *Chemists.*—Zerega (English prescriptions), Via Carlo Felice, 2. Pescetto, Via Balbi.

*Genoa Harbour Mission.*—Service, Sunday and Tuesday, 7.30 and 8 p.m.; 15, Via Milano; social entertainment, Friday, 8 p.m. *Seamen's Institute and Sailor's Home.*—73, Via Milano. Open daily, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

*Theatres.*—Carlo Felice, Piazza Carlo Felice (opera); *Politeama Genovese*, near Villetta di Negro. *Paganini*, Via Caffaro. In winter only. *Politeama Regina Margherita*, Via 20 Settembre. In summer only.

*Cafés-Concerts.*—Teatro Eden, Via Innocenzo Frugoni. Apollo, Via Fieschi.

*Cab Fares* in town are by taximeter. Fares for the course to Nervi and Pegli as may be agreed upon. For passengers disembarking from steamers the boat tariff is 1 lira per passenger, including 100 kilos of baggage, and 50 c. for every 50 kilos in excess. *Taxi-Autos.*—For the first 1200 metres, 1 l. 20 c., plus 20 c. for every 300 metres beyond. *Motor-buses* to Portofino, Vetta, and Rapallo; to Torriglia, Attone, and Bobbio.

*Electric Trams.*—Many start or end at the Piazza Deferrari. The most important is the tram from the Piazza Zecca to the Fort Castellaccio, 985 feet above the sea; every 10 or 15 minutes. Up to the station S. Nicolo the course is through a tunnel. At S. Nicolo change into the cable tram for Castellaccio. Although not admitted to the fort, magnificent views are had from various points. The next important tram starts from the Piazza Principe, and ascends to the western end of the Via Circonvallazione, whence it runs to the Piazza Manin, 330 feet above the sea, at the eastern end. The Campo Santo tram starts from the Piazza Deferrari and runs to the Cemetery by the Via Roma, the Via Assarotti, and the Piazza Manin, where it corresponds with the tram between the Piazza Principe and Piazza Manin. Trams every ten minutes between the Piazza Ferrari and the Piazza Principe, halting at the principal railway station. From the Piazza Caricamento to Pegli and Voltri in one direction and Rivarolo, Bolzaneto, and Pontedecimo in the other. From the Piazza Deferrari trams start every

15 minutes to Nervi (p. 293). The journey to Rivarolo has now been shortened  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles by means of a tunnel more than a mile in length, said to be the longest in existence for use by municipal electric service car lines.

*Funicular Railways* run from the Piazza della Zecca to Castellaccio and the summit of the fortifications ; to the Corso Magenta from the Piazza Portello ; and from the railway station (Piazza Principe) to Granarolo.

*Public Gardens, etc.*—The principal gardens are the *Acquasola*, Piazza Corvetto ; the *Villetta Dinegro*, Piazza Corvetto (fine view from bastion) ; gardens of the *Palazzo* (fine view from Belvedere) ; *Rosazza*, Via Milano ; *Villa Gropallo*, Piazza Manin. From the upper terminus of the Funicular Railway to Castellaccio (restaurants) the extensive sea and land views are magnificent.

*Steamers* run between Genoa and Spezia, Leghorn, Civita Vecchia, Naples, Sicily, Malta, Tunis, Nice, Algiers, Marseilles, Barcelona, Sardinia, Gibraltar, New York, London, Bremen, Odessa, Hamburg, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Ayres, Peru, Chili, Alexandria, Port Said, Bombay, Colombo, Shanghai, Singapore, Batavia, Japan, E. Africa, Australia. For particulars consult local time-tables. The majority of the steamers start from the new pier, Ponte dei Mille.

The principal station of Genoa is opposite the handsome Piazza Acquaverde, from which rises a nineteenth-century monument of Christopher Columbus ; hence the Via Balbi, lined with classical palaces (p. 288), conducts to the centre of the city. Behind the principal station is the *Piazza Principe* (with a monument to the Duke of Galliera, by Monteverde), and the harbour, which can be reached from the Piazza Acquaverde down the Via San Giovanni. In the Piazza del Connenda is the small early Gothic Church of *San Giovanni Battista* or *di Pre*, which dates from the thirteenth century ; it was originally a possession of the Knights of St John. Hence the Via Carlo Alberto skirts the harbour. The *harbour* is about two miles in diameter, and is now in process of being enlarged. It is protected by two moles, the Molo Vecchio or Old Mole, to the east, and the Molo Nuovo or New Mole, to the west. The opening of the harbour between the extreme points of the moles is about a third of a mile wide ; at the extremity of each mole is a light, and on a tongue of land to the south of the New Mole is a recently-erected lighthouse, the lantern of which is 520 feet above the level of the sea. It may be visited (admission 1 lira), and from its summit offers a magnificent prospect of Genoa and its neighbourhood. The new harbour of the inner basin has been pro-



vided with extensive quays and wharfage, due in large measure to the generosity of the Duke of Galliera, who left twenty million lire for the purpose, on condition that the government of the city advanced the remainder of the sum required. There is a monument to the Duke of Galliera in the Piazza del Principe, where also is the long *Palazzo Doria*.

The palace is beautifully situated, and is provided with agreeable gardens laid out with cypress- and orange-trees. The frescoes and general decoration of the palace were designed by Pierino del Gada, a pupil of Raphael. The palace was presented, in 1522, to Andrea Doria, "Father of his country," who had it remodelled in 1529. "The Duke of Doria's palace has the best outside of any in Genoa, as that of Durazzo is the best furnished within. There is one room in the first that is hung with tapestry, in which are wrought the figures of the great persons that the family has produced ; as perhaps there is no house in Europe that can show a longer line of heroes that have still acted for the good of their country."—*Addison*.

"One of the greatest here for circuit is that of the Prince d'Orias, which reaches from the sea to the sum'it of the mountaines. The house is most magnificently built without, nor less gloriously furnish'd within, having whole tables and bedsteads of massy silver, many of them sett with achates, onyxes, cornelians, lazulis, pearls, turquizes, and other precious stones. The pictures and statues are innumerable. To this Palace belong three gardens, the first whereof is beautified with a terrace, supported by pillars of marble ; there is a fountaine of eagles, and one of Neptune with other Sea-gods, all of the purest white narble ; they stand in a most ample basine of the same stone. At the side of this garden is such an aviary as Sir Fra. Bacon describes in his *Sermones fidelium*, or Essays, wherein grow trees of more than two foote diameter, besides cypresse, myrtils, lentiscs, and other rare shrubs, which serve to nestle and pearch all sorts of birds, who have ayre and place enough under their ayrie canopy, supported with huge iron worke, stupendious for its fabrick and the charge. The other two gardens are full of orange-trees, citrons, and pomegranads, fountaines, grotts, and statues ; one of the latter is a Colossal Jupiter, under which is the

sepulchre of a beloved dog, for the care of which one of this family receiv'd of the K. of Spaine 500 crownes a yeare during the life of that faithfull animal. The reservoir of water here is a most admirable piece of art ; and so is the grotto over against it."

[There is a cable tramway, near the upper Doria Garden a little to the south of the Piazza Principe, ascending to Granorolo, which has a restaurant and commands a fine view of the town and the coast for many miles. The Via San Benedetto leads from the Piazza Principe to the Via Milano, which goes on to the lighthouse, passing the Piazza di Nigro, where is situated the Palazzo Rosazza with pleasant gardens, and in the upper part a Belvedere commanding a wide view.]

Continuing along the harbour you pass through scenes of amazing maritime activity to the Piazza di Nigro, which is overlooked by the Villa Rosazza, which has a fine garden. The Via Milano continues to the Via Fantazzi, which conducts to the Molo Nuovo and the Molo Duca di Galliera. The Lanterna, or Lighthouse (see p. 279), is at the end of the Via Fantizzi.

In the opposite direction the Via Carlo Alberto conducts past the Harbourmaster's offices and the Customs House to the Piazza Banco S. Giorgio and the *Palazzo di San Giorgio*. The palace was originally the seat of the Capitani del Popolo, and in 1408 passed to the Società delle Compere di San Giorgio. Later it was occupied by the famous Banco di San Giorgio, the most ancient banking establishment in Europe, founded in 1346. The building is now occupied by the Harbour Board. The courtyard, with restored thirteenth-century staircases, is interesting ; so also are the Hall of the Capitano del Popolo and the Hall of Merchandise. Near by is the *Deposito Franco*, and, a little farther along, the Piazza Raibetta, whence the Via Vittorio Emanuele leads to the Piazza Cavour. Hence the Via del Molo leads by the fine Porta del Molo, a gateway built in 1550 by Gal. Alessi, to the Molo Vecchio, or Old Mole.

From the Piazza Cavour it is a step to the Piazza delle Grazie, and a little west of this is the Church of *Santa Maria di Castello*, a Romanesque structure, probably of the eleventh century, on the site of a Roman castle. Its interior, adorned with pictures, was restored about the

middle of the nineteenth century. Of the pictures, the most notable are probably L. Brea's Coronation of the Virgin, and an altarpiece by Sacchi. The ceiling frescoes of the cloisters are by Justus de Allamagna. A little to the north of this church is SS. *Cosmo e Damiano*. Although restored several times this building preserves its ancient aspect, and, within, contrives to be picturesque by the use of undressed stone. The notable pictures are a Madonna by B. da Modena, and a Descent from the Cross by G. Boos.

A little farther north is the charming little Church of *San Torpete*, a seventeenth-century building by Ant. Rocca. It adjoins the baroque Church of *San Giorgio*, which possesses a notable Pietà by Sanchez Coello, and three pleasing examples of the Art of Luca Cambiasa. Hence the Via San Lorenzo, and the cathedral of that name, are easily reached (p. 283).

North-east of Sta Maria di Castello (see p. 281) is the little Piazza Embriaci, in which is a vestige of the *Torre Embriaci*, once part of a twelfth-century castle. The Vico dei Giustiniani goes hence to the Via San Bernardo, whence the short Via San Donato leads to the Church of *San Donato*, a twelfth-century Romanesque building with antique columns and a fine *Adoration of the Magi*, by Josse van Cleve. There is also a Madonna attributed to Barnaba da Modena. There are several good doorways along the Via San Bernardo.

From San Donato the Salita Pollaiuoli goes north-east to the Piazza Umberto Primo. [Also from the San Donato runs the Vico di San Donato and Vico del Fico to the Piano de Sant' Andrea, whence you pass under the Gothic Porta Soprana to the Vico Dritto di Ponticello (No. 27 of which is the house reported to have been occupied by Columbus), which conducts to the Piazza Ponticello and the Via Venti Settembre. The Via Venti Settembre is a handsome street of arcaded shops. It leads down to the Piazza Deferrari, whence the Piazza Umberto.] The Piazza Deferrari is a busy tramway centre with an equestrian monument to Garibaldi by Rivalta, facing the large Carlo Felice Theatre. In this square, also, is the *Academy of Fine Arts*, founded by the Doria family. A large number of pupils attend the various art schools, and there is an interesting collection of pictures by Genoese artists. On

the first floor is the Public Library (9 a.m. to 10 p.m. ; holidays, 9 to 3) ; on the second floor is the Museo Chiossone, with a valuable collection of Japanese and Chinese antiquities. In this square also is the *Exchange* ; and one side of the Ducal Palace also abuts on to it. Another notable building is the Palace of the Navigazione Generale Italiana.

On one side of the Piazza Umberto I. is the Jesuit Church of Sant' Ambrogio, and, on the other, the Palazzo Ducale. *Sant' Ambrogio*, profusely decorated, was rebuilt in 1589 by Pellegrino Tibaldi and Giuseppe Valeriani, the façade being added in 1639. Of the sumptuous adornments in the interior there is an *Assumption*, by Guido Reni (third chapel on right, covered), and two works by Rubens, which should be noted. The Rubens are a Presentation in the Temple, over the High Altar, and, over the third altar on the left a splendid *St Ignatius healing the Sick*. To the right of the church is a house (in the Vico dei Notari) with a fine Renaissance portal.

On the north side of the Piazza rises the Palazzo Ducale, a grim old building once occupied by the Doges of Genoa. It was originally built in the thirteenth century, of which period the Torre del Popolo on the left is a reminder ; it underwent considerable change in the sixteenth century and was modernised in the eighteenth. It is now used by the Law Courts. Note the magnificent staircase, and the frescoes of certain rooms. "In the Doge's Palace," writes Addison, "are the rooms whence the great and little council, with the two colleges, hold their assemblies ; but as the state of Genoa is very poor, though several of its members are extremely rich, so one may observe infinitely more splendour and magnificence in particular persons' houses than in those that belong to the public."

A little farther along stands the *Cathedral*. The *Cathedral of San Lorenzo*, founded in 985, was re-erected in the Romanesque style about the year 1100. Early in the fourteenth century it was restored in the Gothic manner ; a Renaissance dome was placed above it by Galeazzo Alessi in 1567. In 1617 the choir was modernised, and in the nineteenth century the whole of the interior underwent restoration.

Alternate courses of black and white marble diversify

the lower part of the façade, in the manner of French Gothic churches, and the Romanesque portals giving entrance to the aisles are richly adorned with twelfth-fourteenth century sculptures. The *Campanile*, to the south of the church, was completed in 1522. The small Gothic oriel, built into the right aisle, was formerly in the Hospital of St John.

"The cathedral is dedicated to St Lorenzo. On St Lorenzo's Day we went into it, just as the sun was setting. Although these decorations are usually in very indifferent taste, the effect, just then, was very superb indeed. For the whole building was dressed in red; and the sinking sun, streaming in, through a great red curtain in the chief doorway, made all the gorgeousness its own. When the sun went down, and it gradually grew quite dark inside, except for a few twinkling tapers on the principal altar, and some small dangling, silver lamps, it was very mysterious."—*Dickens*.

Ordinarily, however, the cathedral is sombre. Entering the cathedral under a groined Gothic porch of black and white marble, you stand in the nave, which is separated from the side-aisles by handsome Corinthian columns, which support pointed arches. The *choir* is richly carved and gilt in modern style. In a chapel to the right of the choir is a *Crucifixion* with saints and angels. It is said to be Fed. Baroccio's masterpiece. In the chapel to the left of the choir are six pictures, and a statue of Fides, by Luca Cambiaso. Note the *statues*, by Gugl. della Porta, in the first chapel of the left aisle; the second chapel, that of *San Giovanni Battista*, is a fifteenth-century work containing relics of St John the Baptist in a thirteenth-century stone arca. (Ladies not admitted.) The six statues at the side are by Matteo Civitali; and Jacopo Sansovino is responsible for the Madonna and John the Baptist. Other sculptures are by Giacomo and Guglielmo della Porta. Note the exterior decoration, especially the fine reliefs executed by Dom. and Elia Gaggini and Giov. da Bissone. A richly carved late-Gothic screen divides this chapel from the rest of the church.

The sacristy, which may also be entered from 21 Via Tom. Reggio (and which is open Mondays and Thursdays, 1 to 4, fee 50 c.), is decorated with mural paintings, in-

cluding a Martyrdom of St Laurence (on the ceiling), by Tavarone. Note the bronze Coronation of the Virgin, on the altar; it is the work of G. B. Bianco, from a design by Fiasella. The Treasury contains the *Sacro Catino*, taken by the Crusaders at Cæsarea in 1101. Of this relic there are three different accounts, (1) that it was a vessel given by the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon; (2) that it contained the Paschal Lamb at the Last Supper; and (3) that it was the vessel in which Joseph of Arimathea received the blood which flowed from Christ's side. The relic was long supposed to be of emerald; in reality, however, it is only glass. The *Baptistery*, near the cathedral, is no longer in use.

From the Piazza Deferrari the Via Carlo Felice leads to the Piazza Fontane Marose and the Via Garibaldi, which is lined with some of the most magnificent of the Genoese palaces. To the right of the Piazza Fontane Marose is the Piazza Portello, whence a lift ascends to the Spianata Castelletto (p. 290), and the funicular railway which tours the Avenues known as the Circonvallazione a Monte, commanding a magnificent panoramic view of the city.

There are several old houses of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries to be observed round the Piazza Fontana Marose. Let us now begin the palaces of the Via Garibaldi. No. 1, on the right, is the *Palazzo Cambiaso*, said to be by Alessi. On the other side, No. 2, is the *Palazzo Gambaro*, by Ponzello, with a portal by Orsolino. No. 3 is the *Palazzo Parodi*, by Alessi; No. 4, the sixteenth-century *Palazzo Cataldi*, by Castello, with a notable interior loggia. The sixteenth-century *Palazzo Doria*, next the Cataldi, is not open to the public; opposite (No. 5) is the *Palazzo Spinola*, a late sixteenth-century palace, now used as the School of Commerce, and containing interesting frescoes and a few works by Van Dyck. No. 7 is the sixteenth-century *Palazzo Podestà*, by Castello. The late sixteenth-century *Palazzo Adorno* and the *Palazzo Serra* (by Lurago) are not open to the public.

On the right is the Piazza Municipale, with the *Palazzo Municipale*, or Town Hall (open daily, 2 to 5). This was formerly the *Palazzo Doria Tursi*, by Lurago, and is

notable for its magnificent *courtyard*, in which are busts of famous Italians. The *Sala Verde* preserves the violins of Paganini and Sivori; it also has the copies of three letters of Columbus, the originals having been placed in the plinth of his bust. Some interesting tapestries are shown and mosaic portraits of Columbus and Marco Polo. Frescoes from the life of the Doge Grimaldi adorn the vestibule.

On the left, still in the Via Garibaldi, is the *Palazzo Rosso*, known also as the Brignole-Sale Palace. It is a magnificent building of a reddish hue, and is attributed to the seventeenth-century architect, Lurago. It was presented to the town, with a priceless collection of pictures, by the Duchess of Ferrari and Galliera (p. 280), in 1874. The principal works exhibited in the gallery of the palace are on the third floor. Hand catalogues available in each room. (1) In the First Entrance Room.—Portraits of the Brignole-Sale family; (2) In the Alcove.—Further portraits. (3) *Sala della Gioventù*; Charity, by S. Bernardo; the Cook, of doubtful authorship, though a fine piece of work; Cleopatra, by Guercino. (4) *Sala Grande*—Lot and his Daughters, by Guidobono; Rape of the Sabines, by V. Castello. The ceiling of this room is decorated with the arms of the Brignoles and other Genoese families. (5) *Sala della Primavera*—Four pictures, Prince of Orange, an equestrian portrait of Antonio Brignole, a portrait of the Marchese Paolina Brignole, and a Christ bearing the Cross, all by Van Dyck; portrait of a Young Man, by Albrecht Dürer. (6) *Sala dell' Estate*—St Sebastian, by Guido Reni; the Raising of Lazarus, by M. Preti; Christ expelling the Traders from the Temple, by Guercino, who also has a Suicide of Cato; Landscapes by Hendrik Avercamp, and two pictures, one of St Thomas, one of St Paul, by Strozzi. *Sala dell' Autunno*—Frescoes by Piola: a fine Adoration of the Shepherds, by Bonifazio dei Pitati; Madonna, with the Infant Christ and Saints, by Guercino: a Madonna, and a Christ with a Globe, both by Guido Reni. *Sala dell' Inverno*—Frescoes by Piola; Portrait of a Venetian Lady, by P. Veronese; Holy Family, by Piola Pellegro; A Philosopher, by Spagnoletto. *Sala della Vite dell' Uomo*—Portrait of a Genoese Noble, by Van Dyck; Jeronima Brignole-Sale

and her Daughter, also by Van Dyck. These two pictures are masterpieces of the famous Flemish artist.

Opposite the Palazzo Rosso is the *Palazzo Bianco*, so named, like the Palazzo Rosso, from its colour. It was erected by Orsolino and Pongello in the sixteenth century, and is notable for its collections of artistic, scientific, and historical relics. (Open daily, except Monday, 10 to 4, 2 lire ; free on Sundays.) This palace was formerly the property of the Brignole-Sale family, and, like the Rosso, passed to the Galliera family, by whom it was bequeathed to the city in 1889. Catalogues may be had in each room.

*The Museum of Genoese History and Art* contains Pre-historic Ligurian relics ; objects from Genoa's ancient Necropolis ; Roman antiquities ; Medieval Tombs, including the fine *Tomb of Margaret of Luxembourg*, by Giov. Pisano ; Lombard and Ligurian sculpture of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Armour, ancient cannon and portulani, relics of Columbus, with a portrait, maps, and documents concerning the Genoese colonies ; a pall given to the cathedral by the Greek Emperor Michael Palæologus ; and views of Genoa and its buildings.

*The Gallery of Painting and Sculpture* is on the First Floor. The most important works in this collection are probably : Perseus and the Centaur, attributed to Giambologna ; G. David's Virgin and Child ; Jan Steen's Palm Sunday, and Feast in a Tavern ; a landscape, by Ruysdael ; Van Dyck's Christ with the Tribute Money ; Rubens' Venus and Mars ; a portrait by Nicholas Maes ; St Ursula, by Zurbaran ; Moretto's Virgin and Child ; Veronese's Crucifixion ; Filippino Lippi's beautiful Virgin with Saints Sebastian, John the Baptist, and Francis. Works of the Genoese schools are exhibited in Room VI. In Gallery I., Rooms VII. and VIII., are further Genoese works, and in Room VIII. is a collection of Genoese medals. In Gallery II. there are modern Genoese paintings and examples of the nineteenth-century Italian School, antiquities, ceramics and water-colours, and sketches by Luigi Vassallo, of whom there is a portrait by Bistolfi. There is also a *Museo del Risorgimento*, with souvenirs of the Italian wars of Independence ; and, in the garden, an *American Ethnographical Collection*.

You come now to the Piazza Meridiana, whence the



Via Cairoli leads to the Piazza or Largo della Zecca. No. 18 in the Via Cairoli is the *Palazzo Balbi*, erected in 1780, and still greatly admired for its staircases. From the Piazza Zecca you follow the Via Balbi to the Piazza dell' Annunziata. Here stands the *Church of the Annunciazione*, a former Capucin church, erected in 1587 by Giac. della Porta. The brick façade is unfinished, and has no important character except for the portal, which is held aloft by marble columns. The interior is sumptuous. It shows a well-proportioned basilica with a richly ornamented dome. Over the main entrance is a Last Supper by Procacini. There are several interesting representatives of seventeenth-century Genoese art, and in the sacristy is a good Descent from the Cross, by Maragliano. No. 24 in this square is G. B. Pellegrino's sixteenth-century *Palazzo Negrotto Cambiaso*, with frescoes by Tainrone.

In the Via Balbi, No. 4, you come to the *Palazzo Balbi di Senarega*, an early seventeenth-century mansion by Bartholomew Bianco, who is also responsible for the opposite palazzo, known as the *Durazzo Pallavicini*. The Balbi-Senarega Palace, to which admission is gained only on introduction, contains some important pictures, including two portraits and a group of the Holy Family, by Van Dyck; a Lucretia by Guido Reni, and a Christ and the Apostles, designed by Michael Angelo. In the *Palazzo Durazzo-Pallavicini* there is a pretty courtyard, on the left of which is a staircase by Tagliafichi. This palace, which may be visited only by special permission, contains some fine works of art transferred thither from the Palazzo Pallavicini. The most notable are: Three *Andrea del Sarto's*, an Adoration of the Magi, a Madonna and Saints, and a Silenus and the Bacchantes; there are two excellent examples of *Guido Reni's* works: Philip IV. of Spain, Christ on the Cross, and St Francis; a beautiful Madonna, known as the Madonna of the Column, ascribed to *Raphael*; a fine Marriage of St Catherine, by *P. Veronese*; and four works by Van Dyck—a Child dressed in White; Three Children and a Dog; Coriolanus and Vituria, a splendid work, of which the portraits are said to be those of James I. of England, his wife, and children, and a Lady and two Children.

Farther along, on the same side, is the seventeenth-

century palace, also by Bianco, now occupied as the *University*. A staircase leads from the handsome inner court to the Aula Magna, which is adorned with statues and reliefs by Giambologna. On the opposite site of the Via Balbi is the *Palazzo Reale* (open in winter, 10 to 4; in summer, 10 to 12 and 2 to 5.30; 2 lire. Free on Sundays, 1 to 5). The Palazzo Reale was built for the Durazzo family by G. A. Falcone and F. Cantone, in the seventeenth century. Numerous works of art may be observed in the interior. In the *Guard-room* are two battlepieces by Van de Velde. Two works by Luca Giordano should be observed in the Throne-room, and a Van Dyck portrait in the Audience Chamber. Ribera's St Francis, in the King's Bedchamber; Guido Reni's Magdalen and Titian's Madonna in the Queen's Bedchamber, should also be noted. There are some notable works in the Queen's Reception Room; among other important works are those of Palma Vecchio, Van Dyck, Sassoferrato, Guercino, Maratta, and Perin del Vaga in the Van Dyck Room; while paintings by Caravaggio, Strozzi, Guido Reni, and a possible Velasquez adorn the Dining-Room. The Palazzo Reale is the last important palace along the Via Balbi, which presently enters the Piazza Acquaverde, in front of the station (p. 278).

*From the Piazza Deferrari to the Circonvallazione a Monte.*—The Via Roma, an important traffic highway, leads out of the Piazza Deferrari to the Piazza Corvetto, passing on the right the *Galleria Mazzini* and taking a corner off the old Palazzo Spinola, now used as the Prefettura. The Piazza Corvetto is adorned with a large bronze equestrian *Statue of Victor Emmanuel II.*, from designs by Bargagli (1886), and to the left is the Mazzini monument, by Costa (1882). Hence it is a short distance to the agreeable little garden known as the *Villetta di Negro*, adorned with busts of famous Genoese citizens. There is also an interesting *Geological Museum* (open on application and on Thursdays from 2 to 5, admission free).

The Via Roma is continued by the Via Assarotti, which ascends past the sumptuous modern Church of Santa Maria Immacolata to the Piazza Marina, which rises 330 feet above the sea. Above the piazza is the modern Castello Mackenzie by Coppedè. The *Via di Circonvallazione* starts

from the west of the piazza. It is a magnificent thoroughfare, commanding an unequalled view. It goes under various names, commencing with Corso Principe Amedio, in which is the Church of San Bartolomeo degli Armeni, founded by Armenian monks in 1308. The *Santo Sudario* is a Byzantine work of great age, and in the apse is a triptych by Turino Vanni; paintings by Cambriaso adorn the sacristy.

The Corso Solferino follows. Note the medieval tower in the walls of Nos. 33, 35—the *Villa Gruber*. The route now becomes the Corso Magenta, and then the Corso Paganini, which leads to the Spianata Castelletto, whence there is a magnificent view (left from the Piazza Portello, p. 285). The route is now continued as the Corso Firenze, and runs north to the Church of *San Nicolò*, which has two paintings by G. A. Caslone. (There is a lift from the Piazza della Zecca to S. Nicolò, which then goes on, through orchards, to *Castellaccio*, a lovely viewpoint overlooking the Campo Santo and the Valley of the Bisagno.) From the restaurant, a little higher up, there is a view embracing the whole coast from Savona to Portofino. This view is of even wider extent above the old Forte Castellaccio.

The Corso Firenze presently becomes the Corso Ugo Bassi, which passes, on the left, the *Castello d' Albertis*, a reconstructed Ligurian castle; from the Corso Ugo Bassi a steep descent leads to the station.

From the Corso Ugo Bassi the Passo X Dicembre leads to the *Santuario d' Oregina*, whence there is a magnificent view, and a collection of relics dating from the expulsion of the Austrians in 1746. The Salita d' Oregina, via the Istituto Idografico, to the lower station of the Granarolo cog-wheel railway. This conducts to the Porta di Granarolo, below a small hill which commands another of the notable views to be obtained in Genoa. On the left of the line is the Via Napoli, reached from the San Rocco Station, and leading to the fourteenth-century Church of *San Rocco*, which has a Martyrdom of St Catherine, by Andrea Semini, and a Death of the Virgin, by Fiasella. West of San Rocco is S. *Francesco di Páola*, with a number of interesting paintings, including a Christ in the Manger, by Cambiaso.

The *Campo Santo*, or Staglieno Cemetery, may be

reached by tramway from the Piazza Deferrari, or by taking the Via Montaldo, which passes out from the city by the Porta San Bartolomeo, and then descends to the Valley of Bisagno and Staglieno. The entrance to the cemetery is about a mile and a half from the town (may be visited from November to February, 10 to 4, holidays 8 to 4; March, April, September, and October, 9 to 5, holidays 7 to 5; other months, 8 to 6, holidays 7 to 6). It is one of the largest cemeteries of its kind in Europe, and was designed in 1835 by C. Barabino. It has some fine monuments, which are worth studying as examples of modern Ligurian sculpture. Among them is Mazzini's tomb, with that of his mother opposite, and round about the monuments raised to members of Garibaldi's "Thousand." The *Pantheon* has a huge dome resting on sixteen black marble columns, each a single block 32 feet high. The interior is adorned with eight colossal statues—Adam, Eve, Moses, Ezekiel, Daniel, the Apostle John, the Archangel Michael, and the Virgin Mary. There are four altars round the walls, and, in the centre, an altar of pure white marble.

The return from the Campo Santo can be made by the Via di *Circonvallazione a Mare*, a splendid thoroughfare traversed by a tramway. It begins with the Via Canevari from the Campo Santo and continues to the Ponte Pila, where it descends the left bank of the Bisagno, past the hill on which stands Santa Maria di Carignano (see below), and skirting the sea. It descends, under the name of Corso Aurelio Saffi, to the docks, and leaves the Piazza Cavour (p. 281) under the name of the Via Odone.

From the Piazza Corvetto, you ascend to the Acquasola Park, from the south end of which you emerge to the Corso Andrea Podestà, leading to *Santo Stefano*, the Romanesque towers of which are a relic of the original church. The interior is especially notable for Giulio Romano's beautiful *Stoning of Stephen*, above the High Altar. It is considered to be one of this artist's best works.

Near Santo Stefano begins the Ponte Monumentale, a viaduct which goes above the Via Venti Settembre. You then follow the Corso Andrea Podestà to the Piazza Galeazzo Alessi, whence the Via Galeazzo Alessi leads to the Church of Santa Maria di Carignano. This church, built

for the Santi family, was begun in 1552 by Alessi and finished in 1603. Although with a square ground plan, and small lanterns to take the place of the minor domes, it is said to be an example in miniature of the plan adopted by Michelangelo and Bramante for St Peter's at Rome. Above the portal is the Assumption, and Saints Peter and Paul, by Claude David; in the first chapel on the right is a St Peter healing the Lame Man, by D. Piola; in the second, SS. Blasino and Sebastian, by Maratta; at the first chapel on the left a St Francis, by Guercino; at the third altar a fine Entombment, by Luca Cambiaso. On the high altar is a bronze Christ, by P. Tacca. The highest gallery of the dome, 370 feet above the sea, offers a beautiful view over the city and the coast.

The Via Nino Bixio goes from behind the church to the Via Corsica and the Piazza Nino Bixio. The monument and piazza commemorate the soldier-patriot Nino Bixio.

On the north-west side of the church is the Ponte Carignano (1718), spanning a street 100 feet below. "What is most striking here in point of architecture," says Archenholtz, "is the bridge of Carignan, which is almost suspended in the air, and deep below it are houses six stories high. The family of Carignan had a fine church built, which still goes by their name, and makes one of the finest in Genoa. Its situation upon a mountain was very incommodious for pious souls; the family there had the bridge built, which leads from the opposite mountain to the church." The bridge leads to the Piazza Sarzano and the harbour.

*Genoa to Pisa.*—This is a railway journey of about 102½ miles. Restaurant and sleeping cars are attached to the expresses. The first part of the route offers wonderful views, which, however, are frequently interrupted by tunnels. The Apuan Alps are brought well into the prospect beyond La Spezia, where the line leaves the coast. The winter climate of the Levantine Riviera is sunny and warm, but the temperature of the warmest places is usually lower than that of the sheltered spots on the Riviera di Ponente, or of the French Riviera. There is rather more rain, but less of the north-west winds.

A long tunnel commences the journey. Then, crossing

the Bisagno, you reach *Quarto dei Mille*, where a monument marks the starting-point of Garibaldi and his thousand on the expedition to Sicily which had such far-reaching results. Comes then Quinto al Mare, a small resort, followed by Nervi.

*Nervi* (*Hotels*: Eden, Savoy, Strand Miramare, de la Ville et Helvetia, Pension Bonera) is a very pleasant resort connected by tramway with Genoa. It is a small town of about 3500 inhabitants, surrounded by lemon groves and beautiful villas. On account of its sheltered position and mild climate, it is becoming a favourite winter residence. It is warmer and freer from wind than Pegli, and is much frequented by Italians in summer for the sea-bathing. Good Hotels and Pensions are numerous, and the surrounding scenery is beautiful in the extreme. Furnished apartments and villas can be hired for the season, and several physicians receive boarders. First-class concerts take place on the Corso, and an annual carnival and battle of flowers are held.

*Post and Telegraph Office* in the Via Corvello. *Electric trams* to Genoa every 15 minutes. *English Church* service on Sundays in the Eden Hotel. *English and German physicians*.

Then follow Bogliasco, Pieve Ligure, Sori, and Recco, the latter a starting-point for the excursions to Portofino (see below). Motor-buses run hence to Chiavari (p. 296), via Cicagna, and to *Monte di Portofino* (Grand Hotel). Now comes the little resort of *Camogli*, with its Castello Dragone. It is the nearest station to Ruta and San Rocco. The line now threads the Ruta Tunnel to Santa Margherita.

*Santa Margherita Ligure* (*Hotels*: Imperial Palace, Eden Grand Guglielmina, Continental, Miramare, Regina Elena, Santa Margherita, Pension Paraggi) is a pleasant, quiet, seaside town of 4000 inhabitants, frequented as a winter residence by English and Germans. Hotels and pensions, some with gardens on the seashore. The view is very fine on emerging from the tunnel, and skirting the Bay of Rapallo. The prettily situated fishing village of Portofino (Hotel Grande Splendide) is about three miles from Sta Margherita Ligure. (Motor-bus nine times daily.) There are very pleasant excursions among the beautiful hills and vales of the Portofino Promontory, and to Recco

(see p. 293), where a road ascends to *Ruta* (Hotel: Paradis), and thence to the Grand Hotel Portofino Vetta. Hence the summit of Monte di Portofino may be reached. It offers a magnificent view over the two Rivas, even to Elba, and, on occasions, Corsica.

*Rapallo* (Hotels: Grand Hotel New Casino, Bristol, Grand Hotel Verdi, Bellevue et des Anglais, Elizabetta, Savoia). The line comes now to Rapallo, frequented both as a summer and winter resort, and with numerous hotels and pensions.

*Post-Office* in the Corso Regina Elena. *English Church* in the Corso Regina Elena. *English Physician*. *Kursaal*.

Rapallo, in addition to being a climatic resort of considerable note, is with its arcades and towers extremely picturesque, while the neighbourhood is one of the most delightful along this coast. Of its antiquities the most important is the twelfth-century Collegiate Church. There is a delightful excursion to Santa Margherita, Ruta, and Portofino (p. 293), and another to the Monastery of Valle Christi, which is reached by the picturesque valley of the Bogo. The monastery has a fine tower dating from the early thirteenth century, and a short walk beyond this are relics of the Romanesque Church of Santo Maso. It is also interesting to visit the sixteenth-century pilgrimage Church of Madonna de Montallegro, distant about a mile and three-quarters. The monastery contains a number of frescoes by L. Cambiaso and C. Barabino; it also possesses a miraculous picture the arrival of which, also by miracle, is celebrated by a fête held yearly on the first three days of July. About twenty minutes' walk farther on we reach the summit of Monte Rosa, commanding a magnificent view. It is possible to return to Rapallo in under three hours by going south-east to Monte Castello Maddonetta and through the pine woods of Sant' Andrea to the Madonna delle Grazie. It is a magnificent road from Rapallo to Chiavari. In fact the road journey all along this coast is of unusual beauty, and it may be of interest to recall the following description by Dickens:—

“There is nothing in Italy more beautiful to me than the coast-road between Genoa and Spezzia. On one side, sometimes far below, sometimes nearly on a level with the road, and often skirted by broken rocks of many shapes,

there is the free blue sea, with here and there a picturesque felucca gliding slowly on ; on the other side are lofty hills, ravines besprinkled with white cottages, patches of dark olive woods, country churches with their light open towers, and country houses gaily painted.

"On every bank and knoll by the wayside, the wild cactus and aloe flourish in exuberant profusion ; and the gardens of the bright villages along the road are seen, all blushing in the summer-time with clusters of the Belladonna, and are fragrant in the autumn and winter with golden oranges and lemons.

"Some of the villages are inhabited, almost exclusively, by fishermen ; and it is pleasant to see their great boats hauled up on the beach, making little patches of shade, where they lie asleep, or where the women and children sit romping and looking out to sea, while they mend their nets upon the shore. There is one town, Camoglia, with its little harbour on the sea, hundreds of feet below the road, where families of mariners live, who, time out of mind, have owned coasting-vessels in that place, and have traded to Spain and elsewhere. Seen from the road above, it is like a tiny model on the margin of the dimpled water, shining in the sun. Descended into, by the winding mule-tracks, it is a perfect miniature of a primitive seafaring town ; the saltiest, roughest, most piratical little place that ever was seen. . . . The church is bright with trophies of the sea, and votive offerings, in commemoration of escape from storm and shipwreck. The dwellings not immediately abutting on the harbour are approached by blind low archways, and by crooked steps, as if in darkness and in difficulty of access they should be like holds of ships, or inconvenient cabins under water ; and everywhere there is a smell of fish, and seaweed, and old rope.

"The coast-road whence Camoglia is descried so far below, is famous, in the warm season, especially in some parts near Genoa, for fire-flies. Walking there on a dark night, I have seen it made one sparkling firmament by these beautiful insects : so that the distant stars were pale against the flash and glitter that spangled every olive wood and hillside, and pervaded the whole air."

On the railway journey between Rapallo and Chiavari it is impossible to observe very much owing to the length



of tunnel traversed. *Zoagli* (*Hotel*, Nave), a pretty little place at the mouth of a narrow valley, is passed before reaching *Chiavari* (*Hotel*, Negrino), a shipbuilding town with a population of about 12,500. It is situated near the mouth of the Entella, and has a number of attractive gardens and innumerable towers. Near the station is the cathedral Church of *Madonna dell' Orto*, dating from 1613, with a large modern portico. The bridge over the Entella is said to have been constructed by Napoleon in 1810. A pleasant excursion from Chiavari is by the road going north via Carasco into the *Sturla Valley*. Here are situated the villages of *Borgo-Nuovo*, whence a road goes north-east to the summer resort and pilgrimage centre of *Santa Maria del Taro*; and *Borzonasca*, whence may be visited the summer resort of *Prato Sopra la Croce*, a good starting-point for several interesting ascents.

After Chiavari the line continues by *Lavagna*, the birth-place of Pope Innocent IV., and presently reaches *Sestri Levante*, formerly the terminus of the railway. *Sestri Levante* (*Hotels*: Grand Hotel Jensch, Miramare, Europe, Nettuna) is beautifully situated on a promontory admirably adapted for sea-bathing, and popular as a resort both in the summer and winter. It was anciently known by the Romans as *Segesta Tiguliorum*. There is a very pleasant walk from the Piazza de Porta along the shore to the *Villa Piuma*, the gardens of which may be visited. A path leads hence to an old Genoese castle of the twelfth century. There are good views on the way to the old Campo Santo, which is reached by a road leading south from the Piazza del Porta. Among the numerous delightful excursions to be made from Sestri Levante is that to *Riva*, via the villages of Pila and San Bartolomeo, whence a path leads to the signal-station on a spur of *Monte Castello*, which embraces a delightful view of Riva and the coast. To the north-east is the *Passo del Bracco*, also visited, and the *Osteria Baracca*, whence it is possible to continue on to La Spezia. From Bracco the Spezia road to Baracca is through rather barren country, but the road thence to *Bonassola* and *Levanto* is very picturesque. The Spezia road, however, descends past *Carrodano Inferiore* to *Borghetto di Bara*, whence the road skirts the River Vara to

*Ricco*, then ascending to a magnificent view over Spezia, which lies but a short distance off.

The next station is *Riva Trigoso*, followed by *Moneglia*, the birthplace of the painter Cambiaso and the possessor of two castles. Then follows *Deiva*, *Framura*, *Bonassola*, with a ruined castle, and *Levanto*.

*Levanto* (*Hotels*: *Excelsior*, *Stella d'Italia* & *Savoy*) is a quiet little resort visited for its bathing and within a sheltered situation on the semi-circular bay, and contains the remains of its battlemented ramparts, a fine Gothic church of the fifteenth century, and a small public garden. In two-hours' climb to the east is the summit of *Monte Ve*, whence there is a wonderful view of the coast from *Portofino* to *Porto Venere* back to the Alps and, in clear weather, even to *Corsica*. *Baracca* (see p. 296) may be reached from *Levanto*. English Church services are held in *St Columba's Chapel* in *Levanto*.

The line now continues through a series of tunnels by the villages of the *Cinque Terre*, five villages noted for their wine and isolated from each other by lofty cliffs. These villages are *Monte Rosso*, with a church dating from 1307 and a Capuchin church with a Crucifixion said to be by *Van Dyck*; *Vernazza*, with relics of old fortifications and perilously situated on an overhanging cliff; then come *Manarola*, with a ruined castle, and *Corniglia* and *Riomaggiore*, each with an early fourteenth-century church. Beyond the *Biassa Tunnel* the line descends to *La Spezia*.

*La Spezia* (*Hotels*: *Reale Croce di Malte*, *Italia*, *Genova*) stands at the head of the Gulf of Spezia, in a beautiful situation between two fortified ranges of rock. It is further protected by the *Diga Subacquea*, an embankment nearly two miles long, constructed in 1874. It is a favourite bathing and boating place, with a delightful neighbourhood. Its most remarkable buildings are the old *citadel* and the castle of the *Visconti*. The strange phenomenon of the *polla*, a hemispherical swell in the sea caused by a submarine spring of fresh water, may be observed in the bay.

*Post and Telegraph Office* in the *Corso Cavour*; *British Consul* in residence; *English Church* in the *Via Principe Amedeo*, hold-

ing Sunday servcies at 10.30 and 3 p.m., in winter; *English physicians* are in practice.

*Omnibus* to Porto Venere (see below) in 1½ hours; electric trams to the railway station, to the harbour, to Chiappa, etc.; motor-buses to Calice al Cornoviglio; steamers to Porto Venere in 1 hour; to Genoa, to Leghorn, to Lerici, etc.

La Spezia (population 39,000) possesses one of the largest and safest harbours in Europe, and in recent years has become the great Dockyard and Arsenal of Italy, where the largest ironclads are made and repaired. The Royal Dockyard stands on an immense extent of ground, covered with modern docks, building slips, factories, engine-houses, etc., which can be visited, by permission obtained through the *British Vice-Consul*. La Spezia is situated in the midst of a beautiful country, and is much resorted to by Italian families in the summer for sea-bathing, and by English families in winter for its moderate climate. Resident English physicians in winter.

The town is well protected from cold winds, being surrounded on the land side first by hills from one to two thousand feet high, and behind these by the Apennines. There are well-made military roads over the hills through delightful scenery; and there is a splendid promenade and public garden called the Marina, formerly occupied by Government coalyards and warehouses. Sanitary arrangements are good, and there is a copious supply of excellent water brought from the Apennines. Excursions to the mountains should only be made after consulting the police authorities.

There is a very pleasant excursion from La Spezia to *Porto Venere*, reached either by steamer from the public gardens or by tramway to *Cadimare*, and thence a short distance on foot. Porto Venere was anciently the Portus Veneris, and is now a delightful village on the shore of the *Bocchetta* a narrow strait separating the Isola Palmaria from the mainland. It has a ruined church of San Pietro at the south end of the village. From the little square outside there is a fine view of Palmaria and the cliffs of Cinque Terre. Its twelfth-century Church of San Lorenzo, with interesting paintings and sculptures, is well worth a visit. A fine gold-veined black marble is quarried in the neighbourhood and at Palmaria for export. On the seaward

side of *Palmaria* is an interesting blue grotto which may be visited by boat, and near San Pietro is a little inlet known as Byron's Cove, where the poet is said to have commenced his swim across the gulf to Lerici. *Lerici* lies on the north shore of the gulf, and can be reached from La Spezia either by steamer or by tramway to Muggiano, and then a footpath leads past the San Bartolomeo shipyards. The road from *Muggiano*, the tramway terminus, passes along the lovely *Bay of Lerici*, the small fishing village of *San Terenzo*, which has an old castle. Beyond this, on a small cape, is the Casa Maccarani, the last home of Shelley. On the other shore stands the pretty little town of Lerici, noted as a sea-bathing and winter resort. In its Parish Church are two good paintings by Sarzana, and the campanile adjoining San Rocco dates from the fifteenth century.

Among other pleasant excursions in the neighbourhood is that to the *Forte della Castellane* via *Seno delle Grazie*; and to the *Passo delle Foce* and *Biassa*, which can be done by carriage in two hours and on foot in under three hours. The way zigzags north of the town to the Porta Castellazzo, then continues to the Passo delle Foce, on the main road to Genoa, crossing the main road; then take a by-road south to a little road which, commencing from a small pass beyond the summit of Monte Verrugoli, leading to Vernazza (p. 297), the descent may then be made to Biassa, and then to the Porta Pegazzano, whence La Spezia.

There is a railway from La Spezia to Parma via Borgotaro.

After leaving La Spezia the main line continues beyond Vezzano Ligure and Arcola to *Sarzana*, an interesting old town with a population of about 10,000. Formerly known as *Sergianum*, it fell into Genoese hands in 1496. It has indeed been the object of numerous attacks, having at one time or another been in the possession of the Romans, the Florentines, the Genoese, the French, and the Suabians. Since 1204 it has been the seat of a bishop, and was the birthplace of Pope Nicholas V. It has a lofty *Cathedral*, dating in the main from the fourteenth century; there are also a number of relics of the town walls and castle. In the cathedral there is an ancient painted crucifix from Luni, and in the Church of San Francesco is the tomb of Guarniero Castracini, whose powerful father was at one time master of Lucca, Pisa, and Pistoia, being nominated imperial governor

in Pisa with the title of Duke in 1327. There are several interesting excursions in the neighbourhood, one of great interest being that to the south-east along the *River Magra*, the mouth of which is extremely picturesque; close by are the relics of a monastery where Dante is said to have resided at one time.

A little farther along is *Luni*, with relics of its ancient Etruscan and Roman predecessor about a mile to the south, the original town having been destroyed by the Arabs in 1016. It was important enough for the entire district to derive its name of La Lunigiana from it. Now comes *Avenza*, dominated by a fourteenth-century castle of the Castracani (see above). Five miles away, reached by electric tramway, is *Marina Carrara*, a small bathing resort. *Carrara* is an important town of about 24,000 inhabitants, celebrated for its white marble, the famous quarries of which should be visited. The marble-sawing mills and workshops in the town should also be visited. The Romanesque and Gothic Cathedral, eleventh-thirteenth centuries, is interesting. The Accademia di Belle Arti contains Roman antiquities found in the quarries of Fantiscritti, and works by Carrara sculptors. The Church of the Madonna delle Grazie is sumptuously decorated in marble, which is also observed in much profusion in the Gothic Church of St Andrea, which dates from the thirteenth century. The marble quarries are in three narrow valleys in the direction of Monte Sagro (5740 feet), Monte Crestola, and Monte Grondice (5914 feet), and number about 650. The various quarries are connected by a private railway, and, when possible, permission is given for visitors to ride on the engine. The first branch of the railway goes to Piastra Station, at the foot of Monte Crestola, where some of the finest blocks of marble still are quarried. Another branch runs to Torano Station, by Monte Vettogli; and yet other branches to Tarnone-Colonnata and Rovaccione, near which are the Fantiscritti quarries, which furnish to this day, as they did even in the days of the Romans, splendid blocks of dazzling white marble. All the quarries are worked in the same way, and as it requires some six or seven hours to visit the different stations, in most cases it would probably be sufficient if the Piastra quarries alone are visited. The

offices of N. G. Conti, the chief engineer, from whom application should be made for permission to visit one of the quarries, are situated in the Via Roma. Continuing on the main line we come now to *Massa*, formerly the capital of the Duchy of Massa-Carrara, and situated at the foot of the Apuan Alps. To some extent it rivals Carrara for its marble quarries. The handsome Palazzo Cybo-Malaspina, now the Préfecture, was at one time the summer residence of Napoleon's sister, Eliza Bacciocchi. Two of the family tombs of the Malaspina are to be seen in the fifteenth-century cathedral, which also has a Madonna by Pinturicchio. The small bathing resort of *Marina* may be reached by tramway.

The next station is *Seravezza-Querceta*. Seravezza has a fine fifteenth-century cathedral and a *Palazzo Comunale* built for Cosimo di Medici. An electric tramway goes hence to the pleasant bathing resort of Forte dei Marmi and thence along the coast, via Il Fiumetto, to Biraggio (see below).

Now follows *Pietrasanta*, a small ancient town, the capital of the district of Versilia, and notable for its fine buildings. A relic of its fortifications may be observed in the Rocchetta. The fourteenth-century cathedral contains a pulpit and sculptures by Stagio Stagi. The fourteenth-century Gothic Church of *St Agostino* is as yet unfinished. The fine sixteenth-century doorway of the *Palazzo Pretorio* should be noted, and also the imposing castle known as the *Rocca*, which rises to the south-west of the town. The baptistery has a font by Donato Benti. There is a tramway service from Pietrasanta, via Il Fiumetto, to Viareggio and to Seravezza.

Soon after leaving Pietrasanta the line reaches *Viareggio* (*Hotels*: Méditerranée, Pens. Anglaise), about half an hour by rail (on the line to La Spezia and Genoa), a winter resort (pop. 22,000), with a climate resembling that of Pisa (p. 302). It is also much frequented in summer for sea-bathing.

*Post Office*, in the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele.

*English Church* in the Via Leonardo da Vinci.

*Tramways* from the station to the shore; to Pietrasanta; to Forte dei Marmi.

Pine woods extend about six miles along the coast. In

the Piazza Shelley is a monument, erected 1894, to the poet, whose tragic death took place on these shores.

The route now follows the shore, continuing past Torre del Lago and Migliarino, crossing the Serchio to Pisa, whose cathedral, baptistery, and campanile are observed as the train enters the station (see *Traveller's Handbook to Northern and Central Italy*).

From Pisa the line to Rome (208½ miles, taking 5½ to 7½ hours) runs through low lands at the mouth of the Arno to Leghorn, a distance of 12½ miles, taking thirty minutes.

*Leghorn* (Italian Livorno), now the capital of a province, with a population in 1921 of 114,813, was, until the sixteenth century, of very little importance. Now it is a busy seaport and bathing resort; but it is modern and without any special works of art, or other feature of direct interest to the ordinary tourist. Owing to the religious liberty accorded by the Medici family to Leghorn, which was built by them as an asylum for persecuted races, it soon was filled with Jews, Greeks, Moors, and a host of nondescripts. The trade of the town to the present day has been in the hands of the Jews. Mascagni, composer of the opera *Cavalleria Rusticana*, was born here.

Evelyn gives us a vivid picture of the town in his day. "Here, especially in this Piazza, is such a concourse of slaves, Turkes, Mores, and other nations, that the number and confusion is prodigious; some buying, others selling, others drinking, others playing, some working, others sleeping, fighting, singing, weeping, all nearly naked, and miserably chayn'd. Here was a tent, where any idle fellow might stake his liberty against a few crownes, at dice or other hazard, and, if he lost, he was immediately chayn'd and led away to the gallys, where he was to serve a tearm of yeares, but from whence they seldom return'd: many sottish persons in a drunken bravado would try their fortune in this way."

Here is another view: "Leghorn is fourteen miles from Pisa; a very pretty town, well fortified, and populous; with broad, straight, and well-built streets. The public square is handsome and the town pleasant. There may be 40,000 people of all nations in it: Greeks, Jews, Armenians, Catholics, and Protestants; but the Jews

number 6000 or 7000, and have the particular protection of the government. . . . In fine, we cannot see the town without having a good idea of the government of the Tuscan Grand-Dukes, who have made a flourishing town and fine harbour in spite of sea, air, and natural obstacles."—*Montesquieu*.

*Hotels*.—Palace, Terminus Corallo. *Post Office* in the Piazza Carlo Alberto. *British and American Consulates*. *English and Scottish Churches* in the Via Giuseppe Verdi. *Theatres*.—Politeama Livornese, Via A. Saffi; Lirico Avvalorati, Via S. Giovanni Nepomuceno; Rossini, Via del Fulgidi e Rossini; Goldoni, Via Goldoni. *Electric Trams* from the Central Station through the town and along the sea-front; also to Ardenza, Pisa, Montenero, Antignano. *Funicular Railway* from Antignano to Montenero. *Steamers* to Bastia (Corsica), Marseille, Nice, Genoa, Naples, Sicily, La Spezia, etc.

Leghorn, being a free port, is the great mart for all foreign goods required in this part of the country. It is a busy, bustling place, especially in the neighbourhood of the new harbour. The town is essentially modern and in striking contrast to other places in Italy, having broad streets, handsome squares, a few really fine public buildings, and a nineteenth-century look everywhere. In the summer season great numbers of visitors arrive here from Florence, Bologna, Rome, etc., the air being generally cool and pleasant, even during the heat of summer. In fact, the climate of Leghorn is good all the year round—not too cold in winter, nor too hot in summer. From the harbour good sea views are obtained, with the islands of Elba, Gorgona, and Capraja in the distance, and from the lighthouse there is a good view of the town.

From the Central Station the Vias G. Carducci, Emile Zola, and Tarderel lead to the Piazza Carlo Alberto, in which are statues of Ferdinand III. and Leopold II., more remarkable for their size than their artistic excellence. Thence a few steps bring you to the Piazza Guerrazzi, in which is the *Museo Civico e Archivio Storico* (open 10 to 4; gratuity), containing a small collection of pictures, antiquities, etc. The archives are on the first floor, the museum on the second; and there is also a statue of F. D. Guerrazzi. Farther on, the Via Vittorio Emanuele leads to the piazza of that name, in which is the



*Cathedral*, dedicated to St Caterina, which was restored in 1856. Its façade is the work of Inigo Jones, and it has a richly painted ceiling. The Via Vittorio Emanuele passes the statue of Victor Emmanuel II. and leads to the harbour where, on the quay, is a fine marble monument of the Grand Duke Ferdinand I., and four chained Turkish slaves in bronze. To the north is the *Fortezza Vecchia*, or Old Fort, and east of this the *Fortezza Nuova*, or New Fort.

Following the tram lines almost due south from the Cathedral, you come to the Piazza Cavour, in which is a marble statue of the famous statesman. In the Via Giuseppe Verdi (right) is the old *Protestant Cemetery* adjoining the English Church, where is the grave of Tobias Smollett, historian and novelist, who lingered through the summer of 1771 in the neighbourhood of Leghorn, and died on the 21st of October in that year. Here, too, is the grave of Francis Horner, the political economist, who died at Pisa, 8th February 1817.

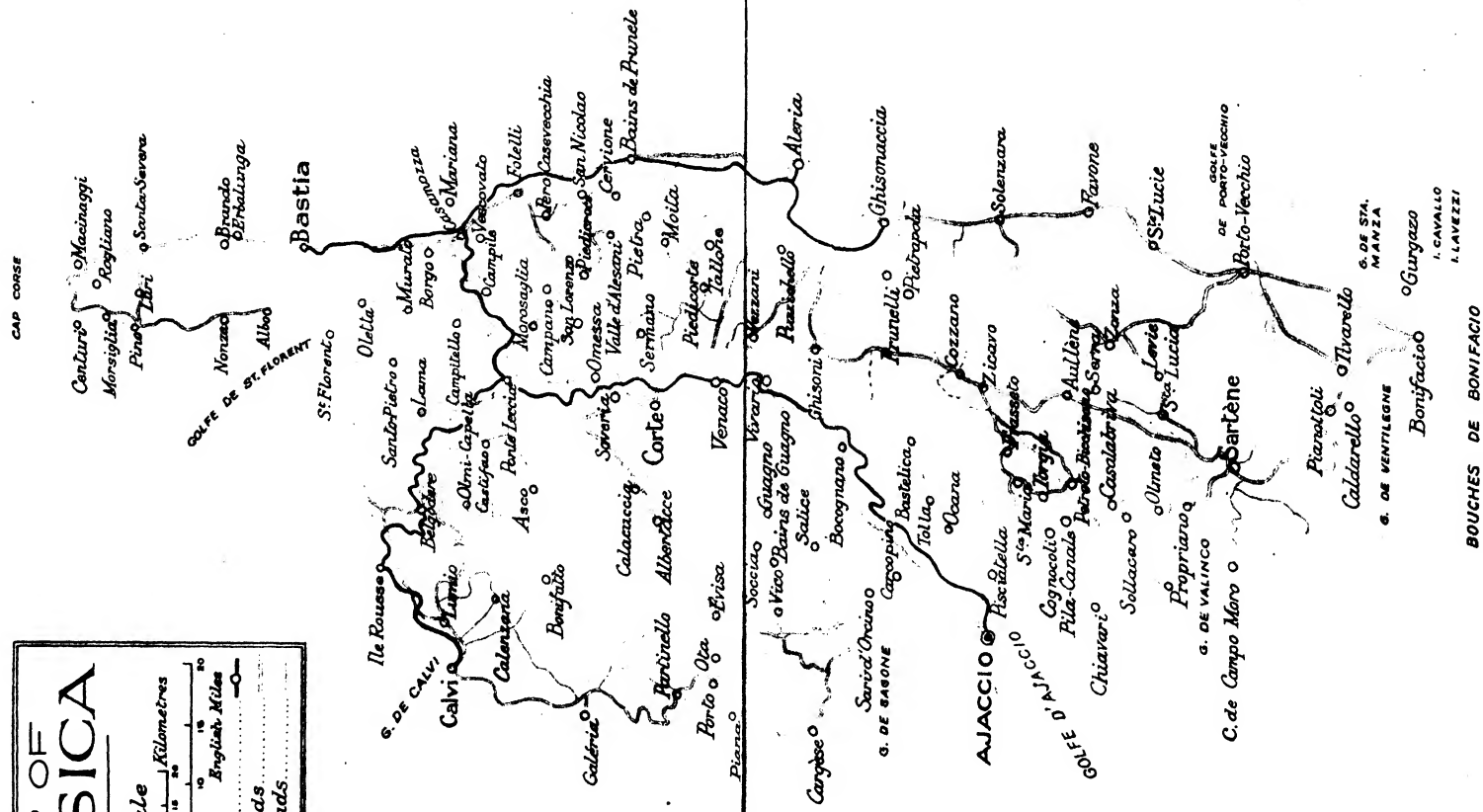
There is not much to detain the visitor at Leghorn, but a pleasant day may be spent there, occupied in boating in the harbour; strolling through the Corso Vittorio Emanuele to the Piazza, in which stands the Cathedral, and looking into the shop windows, which abound in curiosities and small works of art, especially in coral and alabaster. The evening could be agreeably spent in the Giardino dei Bagni, where during the bathing season a band plays daily. [The famous pilgrim resort of Montenero is only three miles distant; and the sulphur baths of La Puzzolenta are about five miles to the east of Leghorn.]



# MAP OF CORSICA

Scale  
Kilometres  
English Miles

Railways  
Principal Roads  
Secondary Roads





## CORSICA

CORSICA, known to the Greeks as Cynos and to the Romans as Corsica, is shaped as an irregular ellipse, with its axis running north to south, its greatest width being 83 kilometres and the circumference 490 kilometres. Next to Sicily and Sardinia it is the largest island of the Mediterranean, and is probably the most picturesque. Its rugged mountains, their summits snowcapped until the summer, its immense pine forests and oak woods, its groves of olives and chestnuts, its wide, aromatic fields of mysterious maquis, its precipitous ravines and gorges, the soft graciousness of its valleys, the endless bays and fjords of its coast, render it a land of unsurpassed natural variety and beauty. Its climate is that of Italy, to the coast of which it is much nearer than to that of France. It has been divided into three zones, first from 1 to 585 metres, where the warmth of the temperature approximates to that of the coasts of Italy and Spain; secondly from 585 metres to 1800 metres, where it corresponds to the climate of Provence, and thirdly from 1800 metres upwards, where the climate is compared with that of Norway. The best time for visiting the country is between the end of April and the end of June, and at no time of the year is it an unpleasant place of residence.

Corsica forms one of the 86 departments of France, with its chief towns Ajaccio and Bastia. In spite of this, except among the educated classes, the common tongue is an Italian dialect. The principal centres are Ajaccio, with a population of 22,000; Bastia, with a population of 32,000; Bonifacio, with a population of 4200; Calvi, with a population of 2200; Ile Rousse, with a population of 2000; Propriano, also with 2000, and Sartène, with a population of about 5000. *Means of transport* are comparatively good, the railways being adequately supplemented by excellent services of auto-cars exploited by the P.-L.-M.

Railway Company. One of these services, known as the Circuit des Calanche de Piana, leaves Ajaccio on Tuesday with this itinerary: Col de Sebastiano, Sagone, Cargèse, Piana, Evisa, Vico, and Calcatoggio, returning to Ajaccio in the evening. Another service makes the circuit in two days, on Fridays and Saturdays. Another, known as the Circuit de Bavella et Bonifacio, occupies two days, leaving Ajaccio on Sunday and Wednesday. The itinerary followed is Cauro, Olmeto, Sartène, Bonifacio, Porto Vecchio, Forest of Ospedale, Zonza, Col de Bavella, and Zicavo. The third service, the Circuit du Capurse, starts from Bastia on Sundays and Fridays with the itinerary: Erbalunga, Maimaggio, Pino, Nonza.

*History.*—There is little doubt that the earliest inhabitants of Corsica were the Ligurians, and the first civilised people the Phocæans of Ionia, who established the town of Aleria. The struggles for the possession of the island were long and arduous. Defeated by the Etruscans, the Phocæans had to retire as gracefully as they could; but the reign of Etruria was short-lived and the Carthaginians became masters. Then came the Roman conquest. Sulla established the colony of Aleria on the east coast, and Marius that of Mariana. For long the island was used as a place of banishment, and Seneca, the great philosopher, spent eight years here from 41-49 A.D. After the downfall of the Roman Western Empire, Corsica experienced many changes of government; the Vandals had it, then the Byzantines, with Goths, Saracens, and Pisans following in quick succession. Since 1769 the island has been a department of France, and its union with that nation has been rendered still closer owing to its connection with the family of Napoleon. As far back as 1300 Corsica came under the sway of the Genoese, and remained so until about 1729. The last of a number of adventurers was Baron Theodor Neuhof, under whom the natives revolted against the Genoese and proclaimed him King of Corsica, but he was forced to leave the island in the same year as that in which he landed at Aleria (1736). He returned twice to Corsica, but ultimately sought refuge in London, where he died in poverty and obscurity in 1756. His patriot successors, G. Gaffori and

P. Paoli, continued the struggle against the Genoese so successfully that the latter lost the whole island except Bastia. In 1768 the Genoese ceded Corsica to the French, who were, however, owing to the resistance offered, unable thoroughly to gain supremacy until 1794. After the French Revolution, from 1794 to 1796, the English took control of the island at the invitation of Paoli, but were expelled with little trouble; thenceforward Corsica has continued as a French possession. Paoli's bust is in Westminster Abbey.

Archæological monuments are comparatively rare and of little importance in Corsica. "Pauvres, nullement enthousiastes de dévotion, exploités par des gouverneurs avides, les Corses," says Mérimée, "n'ont jamais pu cultiver les arts. Chez eux point de grands édifices. 'Latissimum receptaculum casa est.' Ce mot de Sénèque est encore vrai de nos jours, car, pour produire des monuments, il eût fallu et le zèle religieux des peuples, et les richesses du clergé, et le faste des seigneurs. On ne doit donc chercher en Corse que des imitations ou des importation de leurs voisins plus heureux." There are but vague fragments of the Roman occupation—a few remains of baths and at Aleria the uncertain ruins of an amphitheatre. The Middle Ages are represented by Romanesque churches of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, which conserve the character of early Roman buildings. Again using Mérimée's words "The style adopted during the eleventh century in Corsica originates in my opinion in Tuscany, and the Byzantine churches of Pisa are the models from which the Corsican architects have taken their copies, though, of course, in much reduced scale. Between the churches of the two countries one observes only these differences, which are brought about by the inequality of resources."

The feudal castles of Corsican lords of the Middle Ages exist only in ruins. In general these castles were built on impregnable rocks; their walls were thick and their foundations were of the rock itself. Rarely were they flanked by towers, and their ramparts followed almost perfectly the contours of their natural foundation. It is probable that these castles were inaccessible except on foot, and one supposes that sufficient provisions were main-

tained within the walls to withstand very lengthy sieges ; very few men would have been sufficient to guard such unapproachable strongholds from the attacks of a whole army

There are no Renaissance churches to be found in Corsica, and the ecclesiastical buildings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries offer little or no interest.

*Approaches to Corsica.*—The distance from Leghorn to Bastia is about  $72\frac{1}{2}$  miles. There is a steamer service in from  $4\frac{1}{2}$  to 7 hours, maintained by the Fraissinet Line on Wednesdays, weekly, or by the Societa Marittima Italiana de Navigazione on Mondays, fortnightly. From *Marseille* there are also services of the Fraissinet Line to Ajaccio and Bastia twice a week, to each port on Mondays and Thursdays, and Wednesdays and Sundays respectively, in from 16 to 20 hours. From *Toulon* there is a service to Calvi and Ile Rousse every Saturday afternoon (alternate Saturdays to Ile Rousse and Calvi) in  $12\frac{1}{2}$  hours. From *Nice* there is a service to Calvi and Ile Rousse every Saturday in 9 hours ; to Ajaccio and Bastia weekly on Fridays and Saturdays respectively in about 9 or 10 hours. There is a fortnightly service from Genoa, via Leghorn, going on to Maddalena and Porto Torres in Sardinia ; and irregular services are in operation between Tunis, Ajaccio, and Bastia in July-September. An air service is maintained on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays of each week from Antibes to Ajaccio in two hours, returning the following day.

There is a railway between Ajaccio and Bastia, passing Vizzavona (Hôtel de la Forêt), Corte (Hôtel Park, du Nord et de l'Europe, Paoli), Ponte Leccia, and Casamozza—two through trains run daily in each direction—with branches (junction Ponte Leccia) to Ile Rousse (Hôtel Grand de l'Europe, du Château) and Calvi (Citadelle Inn, Christoph Colomb) and Ghisonaccia (junction Casamozza). Motor-cars run between Ajaccio and Vico, Ajaccio and Sartène (Hôtel César et de l'Univers, de Provence), Sartène and Ghisonaccia, Bastia and Morsiglia, Bastia and Santa Severa, Luri and Pino.

*Ajaccio* (population about 22,000) is the capital, the seat of a bishop, and one of the most important aerial ports of France. It is famous above all as being the birthplace of



the great Napoleon. It is frequented from October to May as a winter resort. Protected from the north and east winds by the surrounding heights and facing south, it offers similar advantages to Nice and Cannes. It does not possess a Casino, but is recommended to those requiring or desiring rest and quiet. The town is beautifully situated on an extensive bay.

*Hotels.*—Grand et Continental, des Etrangers, Solférino, De France.

*Railway Station* to the north of the town. *Post and Telegraph Office* in the Cours Napoleon. *British Consulate*, Cours Grandval. *English Church* of Holy Trinity (services 10.30 and 5, Nov. to April). *Motor-buses* to Sartène, Vico, Cargèse, Piana, Porto, Ota; to Zicavo (via Ste-Marie-Siché), etc.

The *Place des Palmiers* is adorned with a monumental fountain surmounted by a statue of Napoleon as First Consul. The Hôtel de Ville faces the Place and contains a small museum (the *Musée Napoléonien*) of Napoleonic relics, including the Emperor's baptismal certificate (gratuity). Following the *Avenue du Premier Consul*, a few steps bring us to the *Cours Napoléon* (right), which contains some interesting houses, including (17) the *Palace of the Pozzo di Borgo*, a distinguished Corsican family, and (12) the last home of Joachim Murat before his expedition to Calabria in 1815. The Rue St Charles, the third turning on the right out of the Rue Napoléon (left), leads to the *Place Letitia*, in which is Napoleon's house (gratuity), with an inscription. In it are shown the bedroom of Napoleon's mother, the couch on which he was born, his bedroom, study, etc.

Napoleon's father, Carlo Maria Bonaparte, was appointed secretary to Paoli at Corte, whence he fled (after the battle of Ponte Nuovo, 1769) to the Monte Rotondo. He subsequently returned to Ajaccio, where, on 15th August 1769, Napoleon was born. At his father's death the young Napoleon was sixteen years of age, and was studying at the Ecole Militaire, Paris. In 1791 Napoleon assumed the command of the Corsican battalions, and in that way began his military career. In the following year he broke off his connection with Paoli and left Corsica with his family. He visited his native land for the last time in 1799, on his return from Egypt.

Continuing in the same direction, we reach the *Cathedral of St Euphrase*, in which Napoleon was baptized in 1771. The interior decorations are mainly of white marble, and the high altar, brought from Lucca, was presented by Napoleon's sister, the Princess Bacciochi. Close to the cathedral is the *Place du Diamant*, the centre of traffic, in which rises an equestrian statue of the Emperor, and figures of his four brothers in bronze by Barye. A military band plays here on summer evenings.

The Rue Fesch runs north-west from the Place des Palmiers (parallel with the Cours Napoléon, leading to the railway station), and in it is the *Palais Fesch*, in which lived Cardinal Fesch, Napoleon's uncle. It contains a library (admission, 12-4, except Thursdays, 8-10 and 1-3; closed Fridays and Sundays), founded by Lucien Bonaparte; a picture-gallery (first floor), open Sundays and Thursdays, free, other days on application; | the Imperial Chapel, built by Napoleon III. in 1855, with the tombs of Napoleon's mother and of Cardinal Fesch. The street forks into the Cours Napoléon, and, continuing towards the station, in the Place Abbattucci, is the fine statue of General Abbattucci, a Corsican who fell while defending Hüningen. Opposite the statue, in the Avenue Colonna, is the *Palais de Justice*. Retracing our steps towards the Place du Diamant, we pass the Church of *St Roch*, the *Villa Sebastiani*, and the *Theatre* (right). The *Prefecture* is in the Rue Général Fiorella, a little farther on (right). The next street (right) is the Avenue du Premier Consul, continued by the Cours Grandval, passing (left) the Military Hospital. This leads to the *Place du Casone*, in which is the monument of the Centenary of Napoleon's death, 1921. Skirting the shore and beginning at the Place du Diamant is the *Boulevard Lantivy*, much frequented in the afternoon, and affording fine views.

*Neighbourhood.*—It is a charming walk or drive from the Place du Casone (see above) to the spring of *Salario* (2½ miles) on the slopes of Monte Salario, from which fine views of the town, harbour, gulf, and mountains are obtained. A continuation of the Boulevard Lantivy, the Parata Road, skirts the sea for about eight miles, passing the *Chapelle des Grecs*, dating from 1632, the cemetery, the *Chalet du Cycle*, the *Chalet of Barbicaca*, noted for its

oranges, the *Pavillon Ariadne*, the *Chalet of Scudo*, *Vignola*, and arriving at the *Tour de la Parata*, an old Genoese stronghold on a rock connected with the mainland by a narrow causeway. The sea view from here, especially in rough weather, is magnificent. Opposite are the four *Iles Sanguinaires* or *Sagonaires* (from Sagone), of which the largest (not very interesting) may be visited by boat (*cf.* A. Daudet's *Lettres de mon Moulin*).

Another favourite excursion from Ajaccio is the *Pointe de Pozzo di Borgo* ( $7\frac{1}{2}$  miles). The route at first is the same as that to Bastia. It then ascends to the left, and at the Col de Faccia di Campo we again turn left, passing the ruins of the *Tours de Monticchi* (fourteenth century). The excursion ends at the *Château de la Punta*, built from the remains of the Tuileries at Paris, and in imitation of the central pavilion of that palace. The château is shown on application (gratuity), and contains pictures, tapestry, library, etc. There is a fine view from the château terrace, but a still finer one is to be had from the summit of the mountain, to which there is a footpath. A still longer excursion ( $12\frac{1}{2}$  miles) is to the village of Cauro (see below).

*Ajaccio to Sartène and Bonifacio.*—Distance to Sartène, 53 miles; Sartène to Bonifacio, 34 miles; total 87. The trip to Bonifacio may also be made by steamer, stopping at Propriano. Service twice weekly (Wednesday and Saturday to Propriano, and Saturday and Monday from Propriano to Bonifacio). The route runs inland for the most part until Propriano is reached. It crosses the railway at the station of *Campodiloro* and then the Gravone. Farther on (7 miles) the Prunelli is crossed by the Pont de Piscatella. Then the valley of the Mutoleggio is traversed, and, after passing *Barracone*, the prettily situated village of *Cauro* (see above) is reached.

There is a daily automobile service from Ajaccio to Cauro and Bastelica, the birthplace of the patriot Sampiero, who was assassinated in 1567. From Bastelica the easy ascent of Monte Renoso may be made in summer.

At the *Moulin d'Apa* (20 miles) the road to Zicavo diverges to the left. This road is followed as far as *Sta-Maria-Siché*, a small place once the property of Sampiero (see above).

There is an automobile service from Sta-Maria-Siché to *Zicavo* (17 miles in 5 hours), passing the *Bains de Guitera*. The finest view in Corsica is to be obtained from the summit of *Monte Incudine*, which may be ascended from *Zicavo*.

Beyond *Grosseto-Prugna* the road crosses the Taravo and passes *Petreto-Bicchisano*, *Casalabriva*, and the *Col de Celaccia*, descending to the Gulf of Valinco, via *Olmeto*. (Near *Olmeto* is *Sollacaro*, the scene of Dumas' novel of *The Corsican Brothers*.) *Propriano* (45 miles), on the Gulf of Valinco, is the port at which the steamers from Ajaccio (see above) call. The road now ascends to *Sartène* (53 miles). The old town (pop. about 5000), dating from the sixteenth century, is a curious agglomeration of streets turning and zigzagging in all directions, "a labyrinth of dark passages, dovetailed one into another, and whose architect seems to have been a cat playing with a ball of thread." Shortly before reaching *Roccapina* (67 miles), we have an admirable view of the gulf of that name. *Pianottoli* (73 miles) comes next, and a little beyond half-way from that place we obtain a fine view of the town of Bonifacio.

*Bonifacio* (population 4200; Hôtel des Etrangers, de France) is picturesquely situated on a rocky peninsula about a mile long by about an eighth of a mile wide. The promontory projects into the sea like the prow of a ship, opposite to Sardinia, from which it is separated by the Bouches de Bonifacio. The rock is crowned by an ancient citadel gained by an immense staircase of 174 steps, cut in the rock at the time of the siege by King Alphonse V. of Aragon in 1420, without, it is said, the knowledge of the besieged. We ascend to the town either by a flight of steps or the street at the end of the quay. The former cathedral of *Santa Maria Maggiore*, in the Pisan style, is in the centre of the town. A fragment of the True Cross, stored in the sacristy, is carried in procession through the town on Good Friday and other special dates, and during storms. To the left of the Place de Fondaco is the Church of St Dominic, with an unfinished tower, built by the Templars. Near the end of the promontory are the Churches of *St Francis* and *St Anthony*. Close to the barracks is a well 210 feet deep, excavated in 1855-6, with a spiral stairway of 337 steps. The most remarkable

natural curiosity in the neighbourhood is the grottoes in the cliffs, hollowed out by the sea. One of these, the *Grotte du Sdragonato*, which may be visited in an hour by boat, is a vast circular cave, the floor of which is formed by a lake reflecting many colours. It bears some resemblance to the famous Blue Grotto at Capri. (The first section (to Solenzara) of the railway connecting Ghisonaccia with Bonifacio, is under construction.)

*Bonifacio to Bastia.*—*Motor-bus to Ghisonaccia* (58 miles in 5 hours), thence by railway (53½ miles in 4 hours). The road runs near the coast the whole way, passing *Chiova d'Asino*, *Porto Vecchio* (an old walled town, population 3350), *Sta Lucia de Porto Vecchio*, *Favona*, *Solenzara*, *Travo*, *Mignataja*, and *Ghisonaccia-Ville*. Train is taken from *Ghisonaccia-Gare*, the present terminus of the line from Bastia. (Motor-bus to *Vivario-Gare*, on the line between Ajaccio and Corte, in 2 hours 40 minutes; also to Ghisoni, 14 miles in 1 hour, through three picturesque defiles.

The first station is *Puzzichello* (4½ miles), then comes *Aleria* (7½ miles). Between the station and the sea is the *Etang de Diane*, the port of Aleria in Roman times. From the *Pont du Tavignano* there is a road through the valley of Tavignano to Corte (see p. 317).

At *Tallone* 11½ miles) we enter the malarious plain of Aleria, leaving it at *Bravone*. At *Alistro* (20 miles), we are close to the coast, which is skirted as far as *Padulella*. From *Prunete* (24½ miles), a sea-bathing resort between Alistro and Padulella, there is an automobile service to *Cervione* (4½ miles in ½ hour), which has an interesting church. The railway now trends inland to *Folelli-Orezza* (23½ miles), from which there is a conveyance to Orezza (14 miles), a watering-place with two cold chalybeate springs. *Arena-Vescovato* (38 miles) is the station for *Vescovato*, where Murat took refuge after his exile from Naples in 1815. It is the chief place in the fertile Casinca district. *Casamozza* (40 miles) is the junction for *Ponte Leccia*, on the line between Corte, Ile Rousse, and Calvi. About 4 miles from Casamozza is the site of the ancient city of *Marcana*, whose ruins are visible on the sea-shore. They include those of a beautiful chapel and of a church named *La Canonica*, a basilica in the Lombard style. After passing several unimportant stations — *Borgo*,

*Luciana, Bigluglia, and Furiani*—Bastia (53½ miles) is reached.

*Bastia* (population about 32,000) is the busiest commercial town in the island, and down to 1811 was its capital.

*Hotels*.—Imperial, de France, Brizzi.

*Post Office* in the Boulevard Paoli. *British Vice-Consulate* in the Boulevard Albert Premier. *Theatre* in the Boulevard de l'Opéra. *Automobiles* make the tour of Cap Corse (itinerary: Santa Severa, Luri, Monsiglia, Pino, Nonza, St. Florent), 82 miles in 9¾ hours. *Motor-buses* to Nonza and Pino, Mon., Thurs., and Sats., in 4¼ hours. *Steamers* to Marseille, Nice, Leghorn, St Florent, Porto Torres, Tunis (see p. 308).

The town is dominated by the Genoese citadel, round which zigzag ancient picturesque streets above the old port. Two parallel straight streets, the Boulevard Paoli and the Boulevard de l'Opéra, traverse the town. In the former is the *Theatre*, in which are the Museum and Library; in the latter is the *Sub-Prefecture*, and between it and the harbour are the *Hôtel de Ville*, the Churches of the *Conception*, *St John the Baptist* (with several ancient tombs), *St Roch*, and the Place St Nicolas, in which is a statue of Napoleon. From the Place there is a fine view of the Isles of Elba and Monte Cristo (history and legend). Close to the citadel is the chapel of *Ste Croix* (with rich marble decorations), the Church of *Ste Marie*, and the *Donjon*. Close to the Boulevard du Palais are the *Lycée* and the Church of *St Charles*, and between it and the citadel, the Churches of the Saint Nom de Marie and St Joseph.

The immediate neighbourhood of Bastia offers very agreeable walks through groves of orange-, lemon-, and olive-trees on the slopes of the picturesque heights that overlook the town, especially on the north side. These include *Cardo* (2½ miles), where the residents have built attractive summer villas, *Ste Lucie* (2½ miles), a pilgrim resort, and the stalactite grotto of *Brando* (4½ miles). Longer excursions are: *St Florent*, a small seaport charmingly situated, 15 miles by the direct road, or 19½ miles via the *defile of Lancone* and over the *Col de San Stefano*. (There is a fortnightly service of coastal

steamers between St Florent and Ile Rousse on Mondays, in about 1½ hours.) Close to St Florent, on an eminence, are the ruins of the cathedral (Sta Maria Assunta) of the medieval town of *Nebbio*. The tour of *Cap Corse* is a favourite automobile excursion. The peninsula is about 25 miles in length and 7 to 10 miles broad, and is traversed lengthwise by the Serra Mountains, of which the highest are Monte Stello and the Cima della Follice. On the outward journey the east coast is followed, returning by the western side. There is a good road. We pass the villages of *Brando-Lavasina*, where there is a stalactite cavern (see p. 314), *Erbalunga*, *Marine de Sisco*, *Marine de Pietra-Corbara*, and *Marine de Porticciolo*. At *Santa Severa* begins the charming valley of the Luri, in which there is a luxuriant growth of grapes, oranges, and lemons.

Here a road (about 10 miles) crosses the peninsula, passing *Luri* and the *Col de Ste-Lucie*. Near by is a ruin called the *Tower of Seneca* (Seneca is said to have spent seven years in Corsica in exile) which commands a splendid view.

At *Macinaggio*, near the end of the peninsula, the road leaves the coast and trends inland until it reaches the *Col de la Serra*, where a magnificent view of the west coast and Cap Corse meets the traveller's gaze. Off the point lies the islet of *Giraglia*, with a lighthouse. Passing *Rogliano* and *Ersa*, the route turns southwards and follows the west coast to *Centuri*, *Morsiglia*, and *Pino*, where the cars stop for lunch. (Here another road crosses the peninsula to Santa Severa.) The convent has a fifteenth-century statue of the Virgin and some paintings. *Minervio* and *Marinca* are the next two villages, and then comes *Nonza*, curiously perched on a precipitous cliff (480 feet) overlooking the sea, and with a watch-tower on the summit. At the Col de San Bernardino the direct road from Bastia to St Florent is joined via the *Col de Teghime*. The auto-cars visit St Florent before returning to Bastia.

The road from St Florent to Ile Rousse crosses the Aliso and then the lonely Désert des Agriates, a pastoral district. From the *Col de Lavezze* (or Cerchio) there is a good view of this curious region. Eight or nine miles farther on the seashore is reached and followed for the rest of the way. *Ile Rousse* (Hôtel d'Europe,

Grand Hotel) was founded by Paoli in 1758, and a monument to him has been erected opposite the church. The lighthouse is surrounded by some red rocks from which the town takes its name. Close by is the hill of *Sta-Reparata*, surmounted by a derelict church from which there is a fine view : best in the evening. The village of *Corhara*, with a deserted convent, about three miles from Ile Rousse, should be visited. From it a splendid view is obtained over the *Balagna*, a district called the Garden of Corsica, from its immense plantations of olive-, orange-, and lemon-trees. There is also a motor service from St Florent to Ile Rousse, fortnightly on Mondays at noon, arriving about 1.45 p.m.

*Bastia to Ile Rousse and Calvi, via Casamozza and Ponte Leccia.* Distance 75 miles, in 5 hours, changing at Ponte Leccia.—For Bastia to Casamozza see p. 313, route reversed. At Casamozza we leave the Ghisonaccia line (p. 313), and turn inland (right) to Ponte Leccia, passing *Prunelli di Casamozza*, *Barchetta*, and *Ponte Nuovo*, where Paoli was finally defeated by the French in 1769. The stations passed between the junction of Ponte Leccia and Ile Rousse (see above) are *Pietralba*, *Novella*, *Palasca*, *San Gavino*, *Belgodère*, and *Regina*. From Ile Rousse the line follows the coast to Calvi. *Algaiola* is a picturesque old town, the central point of the fertile district of the Balagna (see above). *Calenzana-Lumio* is the station for the village of Lumio, with its orange plantations.

*Calvi* (Hôtel Christophe Colomb, Colombani), an ancient town (population 2300), and the nearest town to the Continent, was an important place during the Genoese period. In 1794 it was besieged by the English, and defended by the French commandant, Casabianca, who blew up his ship rather than surrender (*cf.* Mrs Hemans' poem, "Casabianca"). In this engagement Nelson lost an eye. A house in the Rue Colombo is pointed out (erroneously) as being the birthplace of Columbus. In the lower town is the railway station ; the *Sub-Prefecture*, and the church, the old *Cathedral*, dating from 1528, and recently restored, are in the upper town, to which the Boulevard Géry leads from the quay. Here also is the citadel or Genoese fortress, now in ruins.

Steamers from Calvi or Ile Rousse to Marseille and Toulon ply once in alternate weeks, also similarly to Nice. There is also a waterplane service from Calvi to Antibes on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8 o'clock in 2 hours, returning Tuesdays, Thurs-



days, and Saturdays at the same hour. Automobile service daily from Calvi to Galeria, 23 miles to the south, also to Calenzana, 7½ miles inland (east).

*Bastia to Ajaccio (by railway), via Ponte Leccia and Corte.*—Distance 98 miles, in 6 to 8 hours. Passengers may break their journey at Vizzavona on producing their through tickets to the stationmaster at Vizzavona. For the journey from Bastia to Casamozza, see p. 313; from Casamozza to Ponte Leccia, see p. 316, Bastia to Ile Rousse and Calvi; from Ponte Leccia to Ajaccio, see below, Calvi to Ajaccio.

*Calvi to Ajaccio (by rail), via Ponte Leccia and Corte.* Distance about 115½ miles in 9 hours, leaving Calvi about 9 and changing trains at Ponte Leccia. From Calvi to Ponte Leccia, see p. 316, route reversed.

Passing Francardo (5 miles), Omessa (9 miles), and Soveria (11 miles), and, traversing a bare and desolate region, we reach (16½ miles) Corte (Buffet Hotel, Parc Hotel), which is the largest inland town (population about 5800) in the island, and almost in the centre of the northern portion. It was the capital during the short rule of P. Paoli (1792-6).

Automobile services to Francardo and Calacuccia (26 miles) through the *Scala Santa Regina* defile and to Piedicorte-di-Gaggio (20½ miles). The *Scala Santa Regina* is a rocky gorge about 7½ miles long on the road from Corte to Evisa, overhanging the left bank of the Golo torrent, between the bridge of *Castirla*, or *Pont du Diable*, and the village of Calacuccia, at the foot of *Monte Cinto* (8890 ft.), which may be ascended in about 7½ hours with a guide: very fatiguing.

The town, dominated by a lofty citadel, is picturesquely situated on the Tavignano. There is a bronze statue of the patriot in the Place Paoli, and a statue of General Gaffori, another patriot, whose wife held the *Maison Gaffori* against the Genoese in 1750, until her husband came to her relief. In the Place du Duc de Padoue is a statue (erected 1868) to General Arrighi de Casanova.

A number of interesting excursions may be made from Corte. (1) To the romantic Restonica valley, with its cascades and chestnut woods. At the head of the valley rises (2) *Monte Rotondo* (8775 feet), most conveniently ascended in July or August. The

ascent occupies about 8 hours with a guide. Two days are usually devoted to the excursion, the view from the summit, a magnificent panorama extending over the greater part of the island, being clear only in the early morning. (3) Another auto-car excursion (74 miles there and back) is to the *Gorge of Inzecca*, via Vivario, returning via the *Col de Sorba*. (4) During the season the P.-L.-M. autocars run from Corte to Ajaccio, via the *Scala Santa Regina*, the forests of *Valdoniello*, and *Aitone*, the *Col de Vergio*, *Evisa*, *Porto*, the *Calanche de Piana*, and vice versa.

Before reaching Vizzavona the stations of *Poggio-Riventosa*, *Venaco*, *Vecchio*, and *Vivario* are passed. (From Vivario there is an automobile service to Ghisonaccia in 2 hours.) The next station (*Tattone*) is close to Monte Rotondo. Ascending the Vacchio valley we are at *Vizzavona*. The town is finely situated on the edge of a forest. (*Hotels*: Grand de la Forêt, Moderne.) The forest of Vizzavona is the most attractive of all the Corsican forests. It is crossed by two principal torrents, the Anione and the Fulminato, and by numerous streams in which trout are very plentiful. Emile Bergerat said of them that for a gourmet they were worth the crossing [from France], and "even a little shipwreck besides." The Anione and the Fulminato meet near the railway station, to form the Vecchio, whose deep gorges are remarkably beautiful. The spectacle enjoyed from the railway is magnificent indeed, and the neighbourhood is attractive at any season of the year. In summer its shade tempers the sun's rays deliciously, and the air is balmy with the balsamic emanations from the pines. In the autumn the red and gold tints of the beeches give to the forest a fairylike aspect, and tempt the painter's palette, and when the winter covers it with a white mantle, winter sports may be indulged in. In the springtime charming walks may be enjoyed under the marvellous foliage of the beeches and pines. The forest walks are numerous and varied, and frequent signposts render a guide unnecessary.

From Vizzavona as a centre the following ascents, with guides, may be made: *Monte Renoso* (7730 ft.), by the Col de Palmente or the Gravone valley; *Monte d'Oro* (7850 ft.), by the sheepfolds of Tortetto or Puzatello; *Monte Rotondo* (8775 ft.), by Tattone and the valley of Manganello.

A tunnel,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles long, under the Col de Vizzavona, is

threaded to *Bocognano*, a large village surrounded by chestnut woods. Then come *Tavera*, *Ucciani*, *Mezzana*, *Caldaniccia*, *Campodiloro*, before reaching Ajaccio (p. 308).

*Ajaccio to Piana, Porto, Ota.*—Distance 55 miles in 6½ hours, by automobile service. Itinerary: *Mezzavia*, *Afa*, *Listincone*, *San Sebastiano*, *Calcatoggio*, *Tiuccia*, *Liamone*, *Sagone*, *Confina*, *Cargèse*, *Chioni*, *Sologna*, *St Martin*, *Piana*, *Porto*.

The Bastia route is followed as far as Mezzavia, where we turn to the right under the Ajaccio aqueduct. The *Col de Listincone* (780 feet) is mounted, and then (10½ miles) the *Col de San Sebastiano* (1360 feet), whence there is a beautiful view. From *Calcatoggio* (13½ miles) we descend to the seashore at the mouth of the Liamone, on the beautiful Gulf of Sagone. To the right is the ruined Geneose *Tower of Capigliolo*. From *Sagone* (24 miles) there is a road to *Vico*. The route follows the coast to *Cargèse* (31½ miles), on the promontory that separates the Gulf of Sagone from the Gulf of Pero. Turning inland, *Piana* (44 miles; Grand Hôtel des Rochers Rouges, Continental) is reached. This is one of the most beautifully situated villages on the whole west coast. Above the Gulf of Porto, between the village of Piana and the hamlet of *Porto*, the road traverses the defile of the *Calanche*, one of Nature's masterpieces. For a distance of about a mile it is a chaotic mass of fantastically shaped, gigantic red granite rocks. "It is," says Emile Bergerat, "the heaping of Pelion on Ossa, a sort of celestial upheaval of coloured granite: monoliths of all shapes, round, oval, square, oblong, dice, ridges, basins, tibias, mushrooms, gourds, and I know not what else!" The groups are variously named: the Bishop's Cross, the Vulture, the Vicar and the Curates, the Bear's Head, the Mother and Daughter, the Dog's Head, etc. From *Ota* there is a road to *Evisa*, and there is also a motor conveyance to *Partinello*, via *Porto*, about 9 miles, in 3 hours. *The P.-L.-M. autocars run during the season from Ajaccio twice a week as follows: in one day (on Tuesdays) to Piana, returning via Evisa, Vico, and Calcatoggio, and in two days (on Fridays and Saturdays), stopping at Piana for the night and proceeding thence next morning.*

*Evisa* (Hôtel Gigli) is an agreeable summer resort and a

good centre for exploring the pine *Forest of Attone*, about 3 miles from the village. From Evisa to Vico the route is via *Cristinacce* and the *Col de Sevi* (3600 feet), whence there is an extensive and beautiful view. *Vico* (Hôtel des Gourmets et de France) is a picturesque old town (population about 1700), whence during the season a motor-bus plies to *Guagno-les-Bains* (7 miles), with warm sulphur springs. We are soon at *Calcatoggio* (see above), and from this point return to Ajaccio by the same route as that traversed on the outward journey.

*Ajaccio to Zonza and Zicavo.*—The P.-L.-M. autocars make the excursion to Zonza twice a week (Sundays and Wednesdays) in 11 hours, halting 2½ hours at Bonifacio; the return journey from Zonza (on Mondays and Thursdays) is via the *Col de Bavella* and Zicavo (8 hours). The whole trip is called the *circuit de Bavella et de Bonifacio*. The outward route to Bonifacio, via Olmeto, Sartène, and Bonifacio to Porto Vecchio, has already been described (pp. 311–13). From Porto Vecchio the road is through the *Forest of Ospedale*, and the car arrives at the summer resort of Zonza (Hôtel du Tourisme) about 6 p.m., leaving next morning for the *Col de Bavella*, returning to Zonza, and then proceeding almost due north to Zicavo (Hôtel Leandri), another prettily situated town, from which *Monte Incudine* (7010 feet) may be ascended in about 6 hours with a guide. The view from the summit is considered the finest in Corsica. A stay of about two hours is made at Zicavo before returning to Ajaccio, in about 2½ hours.

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ALTHOUGH by no means exhaustive, the following list of books will give the traveller a sound foundation for any extensive reading on the various aspects of the districts treated in this volume.

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**Cevennes.**—"Travels with a Donkey," by R. L. Stevenson; "A Book of the Cevennes" and "Deserts of Southern France," by S. Baring-Gould.

**Corsica.**—"Corsica, the Scented Isle," by Dorothy Archer.

**Provence.**—"Rambles in Provence," by Francis Miltoun; "A Wayfarer in Provence," by E. I. Robson; "Provence and Languedoc," by C. Headlam; "Avignon," by T. Okey; "A Tour through Old Provence," by A. S. Forrest; "Old Provence," by T. A. Cook; "Romantic Cities of Provence," by M. Caird; "In Troubadour Land," by S. Baring-Gould.

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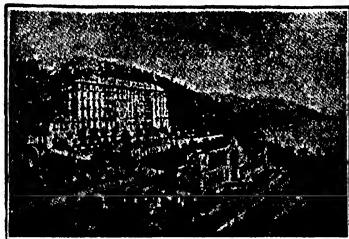
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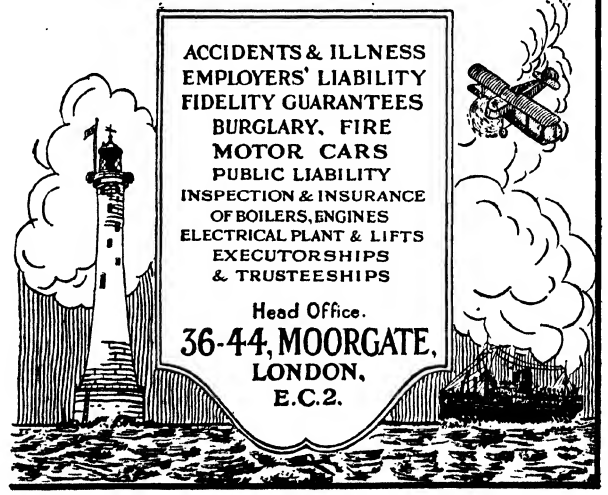
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